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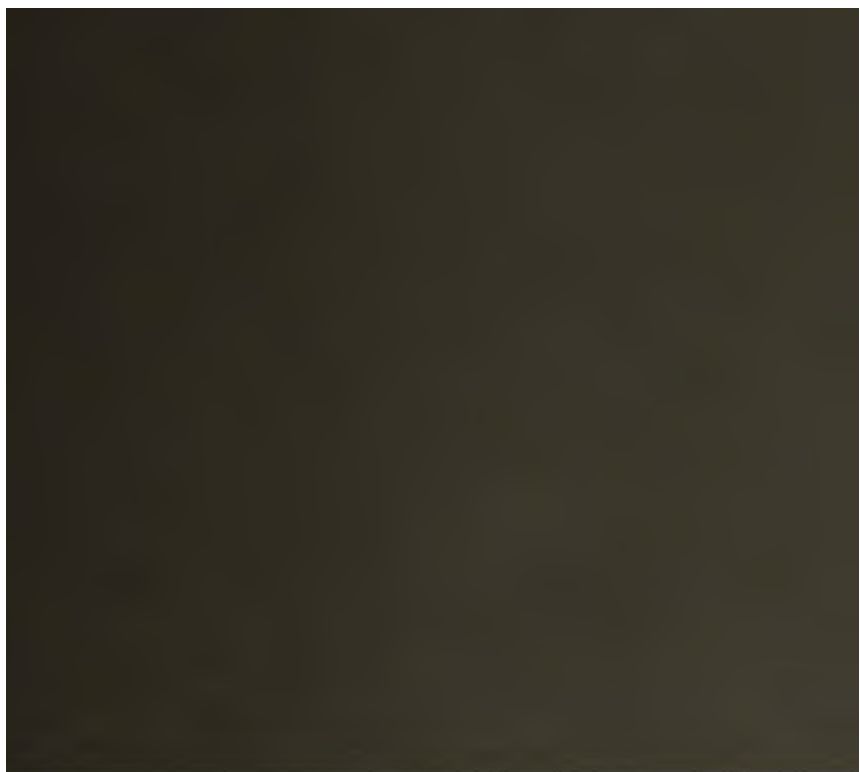
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Minola Grey.

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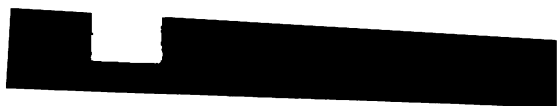
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Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1877.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER I.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

THE little town of Dukes-Keeton, in one of the more northern of the midland counties, had in its older days two great claims to consideration. One was a park, the other a sweetmeat. The noble family whose name had passed through many generations of residence at the place had always left their great park so freely open to every one that it came to be like the common property of the public; and the town had grown into fame by the manufacture of the sweetmeat which bore its name almost everywhere in the track of the meteor-flag of England. But as time went on various other places took to manufacturing the sweetmeat so much better, and selling it so much more successfully than "Keeton," as the town was commonly called, could do, that "Keeton" itself had long since retired from the business, and was content to import the delicacy which still bore its own name in consignments of canisters from Manchester or London. During many years the heir of the noble family had deserted the park, and had never come near it or near England even, and everything that gave the town a distinct reason for existence seemed to be passing rapidly into tradition. It had lain out of the track of the railway system for a long time,

and when the railway system at length enclosed it in its arms the attention seemed to have come too late. All the heat of life appeared to have chilled out of Dukes-Keeton in the meantime, and it lay now between two railways almost as inanimate and hopeless a lump as the child to whom the Erl-king's touch is fatal in his father's arms.

The park, with its huge palace-like, barrack-like house, not a castle and too great to be called merely a hall, lies almost immediately outside the town. From streets and shops the visitor passes straightway through the gates of the great enclosure. Every stranger who has seen the house is taken at once to see another object of interest. In the centre of the park was a broad, clear space, made by the felling and removing of every tree, until it spread there sharp and hard as a burnt-out patch in a forest. Gravel and small shells made the pavement of this space, and thus formed a new contrast with the turf, the grasses, and the underwood of the park all around. In the midst of this open space there rose a large circular building: a tower, low in height when the bulk enclosed by its circumference was considered, and standing on a great square platform of solid masonry with steps on each of its sides. The tower itself reminded one of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, or some other of the tombs that still stand near Rome. It was in fact the mausoleum which it had pleased the father of the present owner to have erected for himself during his lifetime. He lavished money on it, cared nothing for the cost of materials and labour, planned it out himself, watched every detail, and stood by the workmen as they toiled. Within he had prepared a lordly reception-room for his dead body when he should come to die. A superb sarcophagus of porphyry, fit to have received the remains of a Cæsar, was there. When the work was done and all was ready the lonely owner visited it every day, unlocked its massive gate, and went in, and sat sometimes for hours in his own mausoleum. He was growing insane, people thought, in these later days, and they counted on his soon becoming an actual madman. So far, however, he showed no greater madness than in wasting his money on a huge tomb, and wasting so much of his time in visiting it prematurely. The tomb proved a vanity in a double sense. For the noble owner was seized with a sudden mania for travel, and resolved to go round the world. Somewhere in mid-ocean he was attacked by fever, or what alarmed people called the plague, *and he died, and his body had to be committed without much*

delay or ceremonial to the sea. He had built his monument to no purpose. He was never to occupy it. It stood a vast and solid gibe at the vanity of its founder.

Over the great gate through which the mausoleum was entered were three heads sculptured in stone. One was that of a man in the prime of manhood, with lips and eyebrows contracted and puckered, forehead wrinkled, and eyes full of anxious strain, all telling of care, of pain, of sleepless struggle against difficulty, watchfulness to ward off danger. This was Life. The next was the face of the same man with the eyes closed and the cheeks sunken, and the expression of one who had fallen into sleep from pain—the struggle and agony gone indeed, but their shadow still resting on the brows and the lips: and that of course was Death. The third piece of carving showed the same face still, but now with clear eyes looking broadly and brightly forward, and with features all noble, serene, and glad. This was Eternity. These three faces were the wonder and admiration of the neighbourhood, and had been for now some years back employed to solve the problem of existence for all the little lads and lasses of Keeton who might otherwise have failed sometimes to see the harmonious purpose working in all things. The sculptor had it all his own way, and took care that Life should have the worst of it. Keeton was in almost all its conditions a place of rather sleepy contentment, and its people could be trusted to take just as much of the moral as was good for them, and not to carry to extremes the lesson as to the discomfort and dissatisfaction of the probationary life-period. Otherwise there might perhaps be a chance that impressionable, not to say morbid, persons would desire to hurry very rapidly through the dark and anxious vestibule of Life in order to get into the broad bright temple of Eternity.

Some thought like this was passing through the mind of Miss Minola Grey, who sat on the steps of the tomb and looked up into the faces illustrative of man's struggle and final success. Life had long been wearing a hard and difficult appearance to her, and she would perhaps have been glad enough sometimes if she could have got into the haven of quiet waters which in the minds of so many people and in so many symbolic representations is made to stand for Eternity. She was a handsome graceful girl, rather tall, fair-haired, with deep blueish-grey eyes which seemed to darken as they looked earnestly at any one—eyes which might be described in Matthew Arnold's words as "too expressive to be blue, too lovely to be grey"—with a broad forehead, from which the hair was

thrown back in disregard of passing fashions. Perhaps it was her attitude, as she leaned her chin upon her hand and looked up at the mausoleum—perhaps it was the presence of that gloomy building itself—that made her face seem like an illustration of melancholy. Certainly her face was pale and a little wanting in fullness, and the lips were of the sort that one can always think of as tremulous with emotion of some kind. This was a beautiful summer evening, and all the park around was green, sunny, and glad. The little dry bare spot on which the tomb was built seemed like a grey and withering leaf on a bright branch. And the figure of the girl was more in keeping with the melancholy shadow of the mausoleum than the joyousness of the sun and the trees and the whole scene all around.

Indeed there was a good deal of melancholy in the girl's mind at that moment. She was taking leave of the place: she had come to say it a farewell. That park had been her playground, her studio, her stage, her world of fancy and romance and poetry since her infancy. She had driven her brother as a horse there, and had played with him at hunting lions. She had studied landscape drawing there from the days when a half staggering stroke with some blotches out of it was supposed to represent a tree, and a thing shaped like the trade mark on Mr. Bass's beer bottles stood for a mountain. As she grew up she came there to read and to idle and to think. There she revelled in all the boundless fancies and extravagant ambitions of a clever, half-poetic child. There she was in turn the heroine of every book that delighted her, and the heroine of stories which had never been put into print. Heroes of surpassing beauty, strength, courage, and devotion had rambled under these trees for years with her, nor had the new comer's presence ever been made a cause of jealousy or complaint by the one whom his coming displaced. They were a strange procession of all complexions and garbs. Achilles the golden-haired had been with her in his day, and so had the melancholy Master of Ravenswood: and the young Djalma, the lover of Adrienne, of the "Juif Errant," forgotten of English girls to-day; and Nello, the proud gondolier lad with the sweet voice who was loved by the mother and the daughter of the Aldinis; and the unnamed youth who went mad for Maud; and Henry Esmond, and Stunning Warrington, and Jane Eyre's Rochester, and ever so many else. Each and all of these in turn loved her and was passionately loved by her, and all had done great things for her; and for each she had *done* far greater things. She had made them victorious, crowned

them with laurels, died for them. It was a peculiarity of her temperament that when she read some pathetic story it was not at the tragic passages that her tears came. It was not the deaths that touched her most. It was when she read of bold and generous things suddenly done, of splendid self-sacrifice, of impossible rescue and superhuman heroism, that she could not keep down her feelings and was glad when only the watching untell-tale trees could see the tears in her eyes.

She had, however, two heroes chief over all the rest whose story she found it impossible to keep apart, and whom she blended commonly into one odd compound. These were Hamlet and Alceste, the "Misanthrope" of Molière. It was sometimes Alceste who offered to be buried quick with Ophelia in the grave; and it was often Hamlet who interjected his scraps of poetic cynicism between the pretty and scandalous prattlings of Célimène and her petticoaterie. But perhaps Alceste came nearest to the heart of our young maid as she grew up. She said to herself over and over again that "*C'est n'estimer rien qu'estimer tout le monde.*" She refused "*d'un cœur la vaste complaisance qui ne fait de mérite aucune différence,*" and declared that "*pour le trancher net, l'ami du genre humain n'est point du tout mon fait.*" No doubt there was unconscious or only half conscious affectation in this, as there is in the ways of almost all young people who are fond of reading: and her way of thinking herself a girl-Alceste would probably have vanished with other whims, or been supplanted by fancies of imitation caught from other models, if everything had gone well with her. But several causes conspired as she grew into a woman to make her think very seriously that Alceste was not wrong in his general estimate of men and their merits. She was intensely fond of her mother, and when her mother died her father married again, his second wife being a young woman who put him under the most absolute control, being not by any means an ill-natured person, but only strong-willed, serene, and stupid. Then her brother, to whom she was devoted, and who was her absolute confidant, went away to Canada, declaring he would not stand a stepmother, and that as soon as his sister grew old enough to put away domestic control he would send for her; and he soon got married and became a prominent member of the Dominion Legislature, and in none of his not over-frequent letters said a word about his promise to send for her. Now her father was some time dead; her stepmother had married Mr. Saulsbury, an elderly Nonconformist minister, who was shocked at all the ways of Alceste's admirer,

and with whom she could not get on. It would take a very sweet and resigned nature to make one who had had these experiences absolutely in love with the human race, and especially with men; and Alceste accordingly became more dear than ever to Miss Grey.

Now she was about to leave the place and to open of her own accord a new chapter of life. She had to escape at once from the dislike of some and the still less endurable liking of others. She was determined to go, and yet as she looked around upon the place and all its dear sweet memories filled her, it is no wonder if she envied the calmness of the face that symbolised eternal rest. At last she broke down and covered her face with her hands and gave herself up to tears.

Her quick ears, however, heard sounds which she knew were not those of the rustling woods. She started to her feet and dried her eyes hastily. Straight before her now there lay the long broad path through the trees which led up to the gate of the mausoleum. The air was so exquisitely pure and still that the footfall of a person approaching could be distinctly heard by the girl although the new-comer was yet far away. She could see him, however, and recognise him, and she had no doubt that he had seen her. A thought of escape at first occurred to her; but she gave it up in a moment, for she knew that the person approaching had come to seek her, and must have seen her before she saw him. So she sat down again defiantly and waited. She did not look his way, although he raised his hat to her more than once.

As he comes near we can see that he is a handsome, rather stiff-looking man, with full formal dark whiskers, clearly cut face, and white teeth. His hat is very shiny. He wears a black frock coat buttoned across the chest, and dark trousers and dainty little boots and grey gloves, and has a diamond pin in his neck-tie. He is Mr. Augustus Sheppard, a very considerable person indeed in the town. Dukes-Keeton, it should be said, has three classes or estates. The noble owners of the park and the guests whom they used to bring to visit them in their hospitable days made one estate. The upper class of the town made another estate; and the working people and the poor generally made the third. These three classes (there were at present only two of them represented in Keeton) were divided by barriers which it never occurred to any imagination to think of getting over. Mr. Augustus Sheppard was a leading man *among the townspeople*. His father was a solicitor and land-agent *of old standing*, and Mr. Augustus followed his father's profession,

and now did by far the greater part of its work. He was a member of the Church of England of course, but he made it part of his duty to be on the best terms with the Dissenters, for Keeton was growing to be very strong in Dissent of late years. Mr. Augustus Sheppard had done a great deal for the mental and other improvement of the town. It was he who got up the Mutual Improvement Society, and made himself responsible for the rent of the hall in which the winter course of lectures, organised by him, used to take place; and he always gave a lecture himself every season, and he took the chair very often and introduced other lecturers. He always worked most cordially with the Reverend Mr. Saulsbury in trying to restrict the number of public-houses, and he was one of the few persons whom Mrs. Saulsbury cordially admired. He had a word of formal kindness for every one, and was never heard to say an ill-natured thing of any one behind his or her back. He was vaguely believed to be ambitious of worldly success, but only in a proper and becoming way, and far-seeing people looked forward to finding him one day in the House of Commons.

As he came near the mausoleum he raised his hat again, and then the girl acknowledged his salute and stood up.

"A very lovely evening, Miss Grey."

"Yes," said Miss Grey, and no more.

"I have been at your house, Miss Grey, and saw your people; and I heard that possibly you were in the park. I thought perhaps you would have been at home. When I saw you last night you seemed to believe that you would be at home all the day." This was said in a gentle tone of implied reproach.

"*You* spoke then of walking in the park, Mr. Sheppard."

"And I have kept my word, you see," Mr. Sheppard said, not observing the implied reason for her change of purpose.

"Yes, I see it now," she answered, as one who should say "I did not count upon it then."

Of all men else, Minola Grey would have avoided him. She knew only too well what he had come for. She would perhaps have disliked him for that in any case, but she certainly disliked him on his own account. His formal and heavy manners impressed her disagreeably, and she liked to say things that puzzled and startled him. It was a pleasure to her to throw some paradox or odd saying at him and watch his awkward attempts to catch it, and then while he was just on the point of getting at some idea of it to bewilder him with *some new enigma*. To her he seemed to be

what he was not, simply a sham, a heavy piece of hypocrisy. Formalism and ostentatious piety she recognised as part of the business of a Nonconformist minister, in whom they were excusable, as his grave garb would be, but they seemed insufferably out of place when adopted by a layman and a man of the world who was still young.

"I am glad to have found you at last," Mr. Sheppard said, with a grave smile.

"You might have found me at first," Minola said, quoting from Artemus Ward, "if you had come a little sooner, Mr. Sheppard. I have only lately escaped here."

"I wish I had known, and I would have come a great deal sooner. May I take the liberty of sitting beside you?"

"I am going to stand, Mr. Sheppard. But that need not prevent you from sitting."

"I should not think of sitting unless you do. Shall we walk a little among the trees? This is a gloomy spot for a young lady."

"I prefer to stand here for a little, Mr. Sheppard, but don't let me keep you from enjoying a walk."

"Enjoying a walk?" he said, with a grave smile and solemn emphasis. "Enjoying a walk, Miss Grey—, and without you?"

She deliberately avoided meeting the glance with which he was endeavouring to give additional meaning to this polite speech. She knew that he had come to make love to her; and though she was longing to have the whole thing done with, as it must be settled one way or the other, she detested and dreaded the ordeal, and would have put it off if she could. So she did not give any sign of having understood or even heard his words, and the opportunity for going on with his purpose, which he had hoped to extract, was lost for the moment. In truth, Mr. Sheppard was afraid of this girl, and she knew it, and liked him none the more for it.

"I have been studying something with great interest, Mr. Sheppard," she began, as if determined to cut him off from his chance for the present. "I have made a discovery."

"Indeed, Miss Grey? Yes—I saw that you were in deep contemplation as I came along, and I wondered within myself what could have been the subject of your thoughts."

She coloured a little and looked suddenly at him, asking herself whether he could have seen her tears. His face, however, gave *no explanation*, and she felt assured that he had not seen them.

"I have found, Mr. Sheppard, that some of the weaknesses of men are alive in the insect world."

"Indeed, Miss Grey? Some of the affections of men do indeed live, we are told, in the insect world. So beautifully ordained is everything"—

"The affectations I meant, not the affections of men, Mr. Sheppard. Could you ever have believed that an insect would be capable of a deliberate attempt at imposture?"

"I should certainly not have looked for anything of the kind, Miss Grey. But there is unfortunately so much of evil mixed up with all"—

"So there is. I was going to tell you that as I came here and passed through the garden my attention was directed—is not that the proper way to put it?"—

"To put it, Miss Grey?"

"Yes; my attention was directed to a large, heavy, respectable blue-bottle fly. He kept flying from flower to flower and burying his stupid head in every one in turn and making a ridiculous noise. I watched his movements for a long time. It was evident to the meanest understanding that he was trying to attract attention and was hoping the eyes of the world were on him. You should have seen his pretence at enjoying the flowers and drinking in sweetness from them—and he stayed longest on the wrong flowers!"

"Dear me! Now why did he do that?"

"Because he didn't know any better, and he was trying to make us think he did."

"But, Miss Grey—a fly—a blue-bottle! Now really—how did you know what he was thinking of?"

"I watched him closely—and I found him out at last. Have you not guessed what the meaning of the whole thing was?"

"Well, Miss Grey, I can't say that I quite understand it just yet; but I am sure I shall be greatly interested on hearing the explanation."

"It was simply the imposture of a blue-bottle trying to pass himself off as a bee! It was man's affectation put under the microscope!"

Mr. Sheppard looked up at her in the hope of catching from her face some clear intimation as to whether she was in jest or earnest and demeaning himself accordingly. But her eyes were cast down and he could not make out the riddle. Driven by desperation, he dashed in, to prevent the possible propounding of another before he had time to come to his point.

"All the professions of men are not affectations, Miss Grey! Oh no: far from it indeed. There are some feelings in our breasts which are only too real!"

She saw that the declaration was coming now and must be confronted.

"I have long wished for an opportunity of revealing to you some of my feelings, Miss Grey, and I hope the chance has now arrived. May I speak?"

"I can't prevent you from speaking, Mr. Sheppard."

"You will hear me?"

He was in such fear of her and so awkward about the terms of his declaration of love that he kept clutching at every little straw that seemed to give him something to hold on to for a moment's rest and respite.

"I had better hear you, I suppose," she said, with an air of profound depression, "if you will go on, Mr. Sheppard. But if you would please me, you would stop where you are and say no more."

"You know what I am going to say, Miss Grey—you must have known it this long time. I have asked your natural guardians and advisers, and they encourage me to speak. Oh, Miss Grey—I love you—may I hope that I may look forward to the happiness of one day making you my wife?"

It was all out now and she was glad. The rest would be easy. He looked even then so prosaic and formal that she did not believe in any of his professed emotions, and she was therefore herself unmoved.

"No, Mr. Sheppard," she said, looking calmly at him, straight in the face. "Such a day will never come. Nothing that I have seen in life makes me particularly anxious to be married; and I could not marry you."

He had expected evasion, but not bluntness. He knew well enough that the girl did not love him, but he had believed that he could persuade her to marry him. Now her point-blank refusal completely staggered him.

"Why not, Miss Grey?" was all he could say at first.

"Because, Mr. Sheppard, I really much prefer not to marry you."

"There is not any one else?" he asked, his face for the first time showing emotion and anger.

The faint light of a melancholy smile crossed Minola's face. He grew more angry.

"Miss Grey—now, you must tell me that! I have a right to ask—yes: and your people would expect me to ask. You must tell me *that*."

"Well," she said, "if you force me to it, and if you will have an answer, I must give you one, Mr. Sheppard. I have a lover already, and I mean to keep him."

Mr. Sheppard was positively shocked by the suddenness and coolness of this revelation. He recovered himself, however, and took refuge in unbelief.

"Miss Grey, you don't mean it, I know—I can't believe it. Why, I have known you and seen you grow up since you were a child. Mrs. Saulsbury couldn't but know"—

"Mrs. Saulsbury knows nothing of me: we know nothing of each other. I *have* a lover, Mr. Sheppard, for all that—do you want to know his name?"

"I should like to know his name, certainly," the breathless Sheppard stammered out.

"His name is Alceste"—

"A Frenchman!" Sheppard was aghast.

"A Frenchman, truly—a French gentleman—a man of truth and courage and spirit and honour and everything good. A man who wouldn't tell a lie or do a mean thing, or flatter a silly woman, or persecute a very unhappy girl—no, not to save his soul, Mr. Sheppard. Do you happen to know any such man?"

"No such man lives in Keeton." He was surprised into simple earnestness. "At least I don't know of any such man."

"No; you and he are not likely to come together and be very familiar. Well, Mr. Sheppard, that is the man to whom I am engaged, and I mean to keep my engagement. You can tell Mrs. Saulsbury if you like."

"But you haven't told me his other name."

"Oh—I don't know his other name."

"Miss Grey! Don't know his other name?"

"No: and I don't think he has any other name. He has but the one name for me, and I don't want any second."

"Where does he live, then—may I ask?"

"Oh yes—I may as well tell you all now, since I have told you so much. He only lives in a book, Mr. Sheppard; in what you would call a play," she added with contemptuous expression.

"Oh, come now—I thought you were only amusing yourself." A smile of *reviving satisfaction* stole over his face. "I'm no

much afraid of a rival like that, Miss Grey—if he is my only rival.”

“I don’t know why you talk of a rival,” the young woman answered, with a scornful glance at him; “but I can assure you he would be the most dangerous rival a living man could have. When I find a man like him, Mr. Sheppard, I hope he will ask me to marry him; indeed, when I find such a man I’ll ask him to marry me—and if he be the man I take him for he’ll refuse me. I have told you all the truth now, Mr. Sheppard, and I hope you will think I need not say any more.”

“Still I’m not quite without hope that something may be done,” Mr. Sheppard said. “How if I were to study your hero’s ways and try to be like him, Miss Grey?”

A great brown heavy velvety bee at the moment came booming along, his ponderous flight almost level with the ground and not far above it. He sailed in and out among the trees and branches, now burying himself for a few seconds in some hollow part of a trunk and then plodding through air again.

“Do you think it would be of any use, Mr. Sheppard,” she calmly asked, “if that honest bee were to study the ways of the eagle?”

“You are not complimentary, Miss Grey,” he said, reddening.

“No: I don’t believe in compliments: I very much prefer truth.”

“Still there are ways of conveying the truth—and of course I never professed to be anything very great and heroic”——

He was decidedly hurt now.

“Mr. Sheppard,” she said, in a softer and more appealing tone, “I don’t want to quarrel with you or with anybody, and please don’t drive me on to make myself out any worse than I am. I don’t care about you, and I never could. We never could get on together. I don’t care for any man—I don’t like men at all. I wouldn’t marry you if you were an emperor. But I don’t say anything against you; at least I wouldn’t if you would only let me alone. I am very unhappy sometimes—almost always now; but at least I mean to make no one unhappy but myself.”

“That’s what comes of books and poetry and solitary walks and nonsense! Why can’t you listen to the advice of those who love you?”

She turned upon him angrily again.

“Well, I am not speaking of myself now, but of your—your people, who only desire your good. Mr. Saulsbury, Mrs. Saulsbury”——

"Once for all, Mr. Sheppard, I shall not take their advice; and if you would have me think of you with any kindness at all, any memory not disagreeable and—and detestable, you will not talk to me of their advice. Even if I had been inclined to care for you, Mr. Sheppard, you took a wrong way when you came in their name and talked of their authority. Next time you ask a girl to marry you, Mr. Sheppard, do it in your own name."

He caught eagerly at the kind of negative hope that seemed to be held out to him.

"If that's an objection," he began, "I assure you that I came quite of my own motion, and I am the last man in the world to endeavour to bring any unfair means to bear. Of course it is not as if they were your own parents, and I can quite understand how a young lady must feel"—

"I don't know much of how young ladies feel," Minola said quietly, "but I know how I feel, Mr. Sheppard, and you know it too. Take my last word. I'll never marry you. You only waste your time, and perhaps the time of somebody else as well—some good girl, Mr. Sheppard, who would be glad to marry you and whom you will be quite ready to make love to the day after to-morrow."

Her heart was hardened against him now, for she thought him mean and craven and unmanly. Perhaps according to her familiar creed she ought rather to have thought him manly, meanness being man's proper attribute. She did not believe in the genuineness of his love, and in any case no thought was more odious to her than that of a man pressing a girl to marry him if she did not love him and was not ready to meet him half way.

There was a curious contrast between these two figures as they stood on the steps of that great empty tomb. The contrast was all the more singular and even the more striking because the two might easily have been described in such terms as would seem to suggest no contrast. If they were described as a handsome young man (for he was scarcely more than thirty) and a handsome young woman the description would be correct. He was rather tall, she was rather tall; but he was formal, severe, respectable, and absolutely unpicturesque—she was picturesque in every motion. His well-made clothes sat stiffly on him, and the first idea he conveyed was that he was carefully dressed. Even a woman would not have thought, at the first glance at least, of how *she* was dressed. She only impressed one with a sense of the presence of graceful and especially emotional womanhood. The longer one

looked at the two the deeper the contrast seemed to become. Both, for example, had rather thin lips; but his were rigid, precise, and seeming to part with a certain deliberation and even difficulty. Hers appeared, even when she was silent, to be tremulous with expression. After a while it would have seemed to an observer, if any observing eye were there, that no power on earth could have brought these two into companionship.

"I won't take this as your final answer," he said, after one or two unsuccessful efforts to speak. "You will consider this again, and give it some serious reflection."

She only shook her head, and once more seated herself on the steps of the monument as if to suggest that now the interview was over.

"You are not walking homeward?" he asked.

"I am staying here for awhile."

He bade her good morning and walked slowly away. A rejected lover looks to great disadvantage when he has to walk away. He ought to leap on the back of a horse, and spur him fiercely and gallop off; or the curtain ought to fall and so finish up with him. Otherwise, even the most heroic figure has something of the look of one sneaking off like a dog told imperatively to "go home." Mr. Sheppard felt very uncomfortable at the thought that he probably did not seem dignified in the eyes of Miss Grey. He once glanced back uneasily, but perhaps it was hardly a relief to find that she was not looking in his direction.

CHAPTER II.

THE EVE OF LIBERTY.

MISS GREY remained in the park until the sun had gone down, and the stars, with their faint light, seemed as she moved homeward to be like bright sparkles entangled among the higher branches of the trees. She had a great deal to think of, and she troubled herself little about the mental depression of her rejected lover. All the purpose of her life was now summed up in a resolve to get away from Keeton and to bury herself in London.

She knew that any opposition to her proposal on the part of those who were still supposed to be her guardians would only be founded on an objection to it as something unwomanly, venturesome, and revolutionary, and not by any means the result of *any* grief for her going away. Ever since her mother's death and

her father's second marriage she had only chafed at existence, and found those around her disagreeable, and no doubt made herself disagreeable to them. She had ceased to feel any respect for her father when he married again, and he knew it and became cold and constrained with her. Only just before his death had there been anything like a revival of their affection for each other. He had been a man of some substance and authority in his town, had built houses, and got together property, and he left his daughter a not inconsiderable annuity as a charge upon his property, and placed her under the guardianship of the elderly and respectable Nonconformist minister, who, as luck would have it, afterwards married his young widow. Minola had seen so many marriages during her short experience, and had disliked two at least of them so thoroughly, that she was much inclined to say with one of her heroes that there should be no more of them. For a long time she had made up her mind that when she came of age she would go to London and live there. She still wanted a few months of the time of independence, but the manner in which Mr. Augustus Sheppard was pressed upon her by himself and others made her resolve to anticipate the course of the seasons a little, and go away at once. In London she made up her mind that she would lead a life of enchantment: of delightful and semi-savage solitude, in the midst of the crowd; of wild independence and scorn of all the ways of men, with books at her command, with the art galleries and museums, of which she had read so much, always within easy reach, and the streets which were alive for her with such sweet and dear associations all around her.

Miss Grey knew London well. She had never yet set foot in it, or been anywhere out of her native town; but she had studied London as a general may study the map of some country which he expects one day to invade. Many and many a night, when all in the house but she were fast asleep, she had had the map of London spread out before her, and had puzzled her way through endless intricacies of its streets. Few women of her age, or of any age, actually living in the metropolis, had anything like the knowledge of its districts and its principal streets that she had. She felt in anticipation the pride and delight of being able to go whither she would about London without having to ask her way of any one. Some particular association identified every place in her mind. The living and the dead, the romantic and the real, history and fiction, all combined to supply her with labels of association, which she might mentally put upon every quarter and

district, and almost upon every street which had a name worth knowing. As we all know Venice before we have seen it, and when we get there can recognise everything we want to see without need of guide to name it for us, so Minola Grey knew London. It is no wonder now that her mind was in a perturbed condition. She was going to leave the place in which so far all her life, literally, had been passed. She was going to live in that other place which had for years been her dream, her study, her self-appointed destiny. She was going to pass away for ever from uncongenial and odious companionship, and to live a life of sweet, proud, lonely independence.

The loneliness, however, was not to be literal and absolute. In all romantic adventures there is companionship. The knight has his squire, Rosalind has her Celia. Minola Grey was to have her companion in her great enterprise. It had not occurred to her to think about the inconvenience or oddness of a girl living absolutely alone in London, but without any forethought on her part the kindly destinies had provided her with a comrade. Having lingered long in the park and turned back again and again for another view of some favourite spot, having gathered many a leaf and flower for remembrance, and having looked up many times with throbbing heart at the white trembling stars that would shine upon her soon in London, Miss Grey at last made up her mind and passed resolutely out at the great gate and went to seek this companion. She was glad to leave the park now in any case, for in the fine evenings of summer and autumn it was the custom of Keeton people to make it their promenade. All the engaged couples of the place would soon be seen there under the trees. When a lad and lass were seen to walk boldly and openly together of evenings in that park, and to pass and repass their neighbours without effort at avoiding such encounters, it was as well known that they were engaged as though the fact had been proclaimed by the town-crier. A jury of Keeton folk would have assumed a promise of marriage and proceeded to award damages for its breach if it were proved that a young man had walked openly for any three evenings in the park with a girl whom he afterwards declined to make his wife. Minola did not care to meet any of the joyous couples or their friends, and even already the twitter of voices and the titter of feminine laughter were beginning to make themselves heard among the darkling paths and across the broad green lanes of the park.

From the gates of the park one passed, as has been said already,

almost directly into the town. The town itself was divided in twain by a river, the river spanned by a bridge which had a certain fame from the fact of its having been the scene of a brave stand and a terrible slaughter during the Civil Wars after Charles the First had set up his standard at Nottingham. To be sure there was not much left of the genuine old bridge on which the fight was fought, nor did the broad, flat, handsome, and altogether modern structure bear much resemblance to the sort of bridge which might have crossed a river in the days of the Cavaliers. Residents of Keeton always, however, boasted of the fact that one of the arches of the bridge was just the same underneath as it had always been, and insisted on bringing the stranger down by devious and grassy paths to the river's edge in order that he might see for himself the old stones still holding together which had perhaps been shaken by the tramp of Rupert's troopers. On the park side of the bridge lay the genteeller and more pretentious houses, the semi-detached villas and lodges and crescents of Keeton; and there, too, were the humbler cottages. On the other side of the bridge were the business streets and the clustering shops, most of them old-fashioned and dark, with low beetling fronts and narrow panes in the windows, and only here and there a showy and modern establishment, with its stucco front and its plate glass. The streets were all so narrow that they seemed as if they must be only passages leading to broader thoroughfares. The stranger walked on and on, thinking he was coming to the actual town of Dukes-Keeton, until he walked out at the other side and found he had left it behind him.

Minola Grey crossed the bridge, although her own home lay on the side nearest the park, and made her way through the narrow streets. She glanced with a shudder at one formal official-looking house of dark brick which she had to pass, and the door of which bore a huge brass plate with the words "Sheppard and Sheppard, Solicitors and Land Agents." Another expression of dislike or pain crossed her handsome, pale, and emotional face when she passed a little lane, closed at the farther end by the heavy sombre front of a chapel, for it was there that she had even still to pass some trying unsympathetic hours of the Sunday listening to a preacher whose eloquence was rather too familiar to her all the week. At length she passed the front of a large building of light coloured stone, with a Greek portico and row of pillars and high flight of steps, and which to the eye of any intelligent mortal had "Court House" written on its very face. Miss Grey went on and

passed its front entrance, then turning down a narrow street of which the building itself formed one side, she came to a little open door, went in, ran lightly up a flight of stone steps, and found herself in dun and dimly lighted corridors of stone.

A ray or two of the evening light still flickered through the small windows of the roof. But for this all would seemingly have been dark. Minola's footfall echoed through the passages. The place appeared ghostly and sad, and the presence of youth, grace, and energetic womanhood was strangely out of keeping with all around. The whole expression and manner of Miss Grey brightened, however, as she passed along these gaunt and echoing corridors. In the sunlight of the park there seemed something melancholy in the face of the girl which was not in accord with her years, her figure, and her deep soft eyes. Now in this dismal old passage of damp resounding stone she seemed so joyous that her passing along might have been that of another Pippa. The place was not very unlike a prison, and an observer might have been pleased to think that, as the light step of the girl passed the door of each cell and the flutter of her garments was faintly heard, some little gleam of hope, some gentle memory, some breath of forgotten woods and fields, some softening inspiration of human love, was borne in to every imprisoned heart. But this was no prison: only the Court House where prisoners were tried; and its rooms, occupied in the day by judges, lawyers, policemen, public, suitors, and culprits, were now locked, empty, and silent.

Minola went on, singing to herself as she went, her song growing louder and bolder until at last it thrilled finely up to the stone roofs of the grim halls and corridors. For Minola was of that temperament to which resolve of any kind soon brings the excitement of high spirits, and she sang now out of sheer courage and purpose.

Presently she stopped at a low, dark, oaken door which looked as if it might admit to some dingy lumber-room or closet; and this door opened instantly and she was in presence of a pretty and cheerful little picture. The side of the building where the room was set looked upon the broadest and clearest space in the town, and through the open window could be seen distinctly the glassy grey of the quiet river and even the trees of the park, a dark mass beneath the pale summer sky. Although the room was lit only by the twilight, in which the latest lingering reflection of the sunset still lived, it looked bright to the girl who had come from the heavy dusk and gloom of the corridors with their roof-windows and their rows of grim doors. A room ought to look

bright, too, when the visitor on just appearing on its threshold is rushed upon and clasped and kissed and greeted as "You dear dear darling." Such a welcome met Miss Grey, and then she was instantly drawn into the room, the door of which was closed behind her.

The occupant of the room who thus welcomed Minola was a woman not far short probably of forty years of age. She was short, she was decidedly growing fat, she had a face which ought from its outlines and its colour to be rather humorous and mirthful than otherwise, and a pair of very fine, deep, and consequently somewhat melancholy eyes. These eyes were the only beauty of Miss Mary Blanchet's face. She had not good sight, for all their brightness. When any one talked with her at some little distance across a room, or even across a broad table, he could easily see by the irresponsive look of the eyes—the eyes which never quite found a common focus with his even during the most animated interchange of thought—that Miss Blanchet had short sight. But Miss Blanchet always frankly and firmly declined to put on spectacles. "I have only my eyes to boast of, my dear," she said to all her female advisers, "and I am not going to cover them with ugly spectacles, you may be sure." Hers was a life of the simplest vanity, the most innocent affectation. Her eyes had driven her into poetry, love, and disappointment. She was understood to have loved very deeply and to have been deserted. None of her friends could quite remember the lover, but every one said that no doubt there must have been such a person. Miss Blanchet never actually spoke of him, but she somehow suggested his memory.

Miss Blanchet was a poetess. She had published by subscription a volume of verses, which was favourably noticed in the local newspapers and of which she sent a copy to the Queen, whereof Her Majesty had been kindly pleased to accept. Thus the poetess became a celebrity and a sort of public character in Dukes-Keeton, and when her father died it was felt that the town ought to do something for one who had done so much for it. It made her custodian of the Court House, entrusted with the charge of seeing that it was kept clean, ventilated, water-besprinkled, that when assizes came on the judges' rooms were fittingly adorned and that bouquets of flowers were placed every morning on the bench behind which they sat. This place Miss Blanchet had held for many years. The rising generation had forgotten all about her poetry, and indeed as she seldom went out of her own little domain had for the most part *forgotten her existence*.

When Minola Grey was a little girl her mother was one of Miss Mary Blanchet's chiefest patronesses. It was in great measure by the influence of Minola's father that Miss Blanchet obtained her place in the Court House. Little Minola thought her a great poetess and a remarkably beautiful woman, and accepted somehow the impression that she had a romantic and mysterious love-history. It was a rare delight for her to be taken to spend an evening with Miss Blanchet, to drink tea in her pretty and well-kept little room, to walk with her through the stone passages of the Court House, and hear her repeat her poems. As Minola grew up she outgrew the poems, but the affection survived; and after her mother's death she found no congenial or sympathetic friend anywhere in Keeton but Mary Blanchet. The relationship between the two curiously changed. The tall girl of twenty became the leader, the heroine, the queen; and Mary Blanchet, sensible little woman enough in many ways, would have turned African explorer or joined in a rebellion of women against men if Miss Grey had given her the word of command.

"I know your mind is made up, dear, now that you have come," Miss Blanchet said when the first rapture of greeting was over.

Minola took off her hat and threw it on the little sofa with the air of one who feels thoroughly at home. It may be remarked as characteristic of this young woman that in going towards the sofa she had to pass the chimney-piece with its mirror, and that she did not even cast a glance at her own image in the glass.

"Mary," she asked gravely, "am I a man and a brother that you expect me to change my mind? You are not repenting, I hope?"

"Oh no, my dear. I have all the advantages, you know. I am so tired of this place and the work—dear me!"

"And I hate to see you at such work. You might almost as well be a servant. Years ago I made up my mind to take you out of this wretched place as soon as I should be of age and my own mistress."

"Well, I have sent in my resignation, and I am free. But I am a little afraid about you. You have been used to every luxury—and the carriage—and all that."

"One of my ambitions is to drive in a hansom cab. Another is to have a latch-key. Both will soon be gratified. I am only sorry for one thing."

"What is that, dear?"

"That we can't be Rosalind and Celia; that I can't put on man's clothes and liberty."

"But you don't like men—you always want to avoid them."

Miss Grey said nothing in defence of her own consistency. She was thinking that if she had been a man she would have been spared the vexation of having to listen to Mr. Augustus Sheppard's proposals.

"I suspect," Miss Blanchet said, "that people will say we are more like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza."

"Which of us the Sancho?"

"Oh, I, of course; I am the faithful follower."

"You—poor little poetess, full of dreams and hopes and unselfishness! Why, I shall have to see that you get something to eat at tolerably regular intervals."

"How happy we shall be! And I shall be able to complete my poem! Do you know, Minola," she said, confidentially, "I do believe I shall be able to make a career in London. I do indeed! The miserable details of daily life here pressed me down, down," and she pressed her own hand upon her forehead to illustrate the idea. "There in freedom and quiet I do think I shall be able to prove to the world that I am worth a hearing!"

This was a tender subject with Miss Grey. She could not bear to disturb by a word the harmless illusion of her friend, and yet the almost fierce truthfulness of her nature would not allow her to murmur a sentence of unmeaning flattery.

"One word, Mary," she said; "if you grow famous, no marrying—mind!"

Little Miss Blanchet laughed and then grew sad, and cast her eyes down.

"Who would ask me to marry, my dearest? And even if they did the buried past would come out of the grave—and"—

She slightly raised both hands in deprecation of this mournful resurrection.

"Well, I have all to go through with my people yet."

"They won't prevent you?" Miss Blanchet asked, anxiously.

"They can't. In a few months I should be my own mistress; and what is the use of waiting? Besides they don't really care—except for the sake of showing authority and proving to girls that they ought to be contented slaves. They know now that I am no slave. I do believe my esteemed stepfather—or step-stepfather, if there is such a word—would consent to emancipate me if he could do so with the proper ceremonial—the slap on the cheek."

The allusion was lost on Miss Blanchet.

"Mr. Saulsbury is a stern man indeed," she said, "but very good; that we must admit."

"All good men, it seems, are hard, and all soft men are bad."

"What of Mr. Augustus Sheppard?" Miss Blanchet asked gently. "How will he take your going away?"

"I have not asked him, Mary. But I can tell you if you care to know. He will take it with perfect composure. He has about as much capacity for foolish affection as your hearthbroom there."

"I think you are mistaken, Minola—I do indeed. I think that man is really"—

"Well. Is really what?"

"You won't be angry if I say it?"

Minola seemed as if she were going to be angry, but she looked into the little poetess's kindly wistful eyes, and broke into a laugh.

"I couldn't be angry with you, Mary, if I had ten times my capacity for anger—and that would be a goodly quantity! Well, what is Mr. Sheppard really—as you were going to say?"

"Really in love with you, dear."

"You kind and believing little poetess—full of faith in simple true-love and all the rest of it! Mr. Sheppard likes what he considers a respectable connection in Keeton. Failing in one chance he will find another, and there is an end of that."

"I don't think so," Miss Blanchet said, gravely. "Well, we shall see."

"We shall not see *him* any more. We shall live a glorious, lonely, independent life. I shall study humanity from some lofty garret window among the stars. London shall be my bark and my bride, as the old songs about the Rovers used to say. All the weaknesses of humanity shall reveal themselves to me in the people next door to us and over the way. I'll study in the British Museum! I'll spend hours in the National Gallery! I'll lie under the trees in Epping Forest! I *think* I'll go to the gallery of a theatre! *Liberté, liberté chérie!*" And Miss Grey proceeded to chant from the "Marseillaise" with splendid energy as she walked up and down the room with clasped hands of mock-heroic passion.

"You said something about a man and a brother just now, dear," Miss Blanchet gently interposed. "I have something to tell you about a man and a brother. *My* brother is back again in *London*."

Miss Blanchet made this communication in the tone of one who is trying to seem as if it would be welcome.

"Your brother? He has come back?" Miss Grey did not like to add "I am so sorry," but that was exactly what she would have said if she had spoken her mind.

"Yes, my dear—quite reformed and as steady as can be, and going to make a great name in London. Oh, you may trust to him this time, you may indeed."

Miss Grey's handsome and only too expressive features showed signs of profound dissatisfaction.

"I couldn't help telling him that we were going to live in London—one's brother, you know."

"Yes, one's brother," Miss Grey said, with sarcastic emphasis. "They are an affectionate race, these brothers! Then he knows all about our expedition? Has he been here, Mary?"

"Oh, no, dear; but he wrote to me—such beautiful letters! Perhaps you would like to read them?"

Miss Grey was silent, and was evidently fighting some battle with herself. At last she said—

"Well, Mary dear, it can't be helped, and I dare say he won't trouble to come very often to see *us*. But I hope he will come as often as you like, for you might be terribly lonely. I don't care to know anybody. I mean to study human nature, not to know people."

"But you have some friends in London, and you are going to see them."

"Oh—Lucy Money; yes. She was at school with me, and we used to be fond of each other. I think of calling to see her, but she may be changed ever so much, and perhaps we shan't get on together at all. Her father has become a sort of great man in London, I believe—I don't know how. They won't trouble us much, I dare say."

The friends then sat and talked for a short time about their project. It is curious to observe that though they were such devoted friends they looked on their joint purpose with very different eyes. The young woman, with her beauty, her spirit, and her talents, was absolutely sincere and single-minded, and was going to London with the sole purpose of living a free secluded life, without ambition, without thought of any manner of success. The poor little old maid had her head already filled with wild dreams of fame to be found in London, of a distinguished brother, a bright career, publishers seeking for everything she wrote, and

her name often in the papers. Devoted as she was to Miss Grey, or perhaps because she was so devoted to her, she had already been forming vague but delightful hopes about the reformed brother which she would not now for all the world have ventured to hint to her friend.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

LATE that same night a young man stepped from a window in one of the rooms on the third floor of the Hôtel du Louvre in Paris, and stood in the balcony. It was a balcony in that side of the hotel which looks on the Rue de Rivoli. The young man smoked a cigar and leaned over the balcony.

It was a soft moonlight night. The hour was late and the streets were nearly silent. The latest omnibus had gone its way, and only now and then a rare and lingering *voiture* clicked and clattered along, to disappear round the corner of the place in front of the Palais Royal. The long line of gas lamps looking a faint yellow beneath the hotel and the Louvre Palace across the way seemed to deepen and deepen into redder sparks the farther the eye followed them to the right as they stretched on to the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées. To the left the young man leaning from the balcony could see the Tower of St. Jacques standing darkly out against the faint pale blue of the moonlight sky. The street was a line of silver or snow in the moonlight.

The young man was tall, thin, dark, and handsome. He was unmistakably English, although he had an excitable and nervous way about him which did not savour of British coolness and composure. He seemed a person not to take anything easily. Even the moonlight and the solitude and the indescribably soothing and philosophic influence of the contemplation of a silent city from the serene heights of a balcony did not prevail to take him out of himself into the upper ether of mental repose. He pulled his long moustaches now and then until they met like a kind of strap beneath his chin, and again he twisted their ends up as if he desired to appear fierce as a champion duellist of the Bonapartist group. He sometimes took his cigar from his lips and held it between his fingers until it went out, and when he put it into his mouth again he took several long puffs before he quite realised the fact that he *was puffing at what one might term dry stubble*. Then he pulled

out a box of fusees and lighted his cigar in an irritated way, as if he were protesting that really the Fates were bearing down upon him rather too heavily, and that he was entitled to complain at last.

"Good evening, sir," said a strong full British voice that sounded just at his elbow.

The young man, looking round, saw that his next door neighbour in the hotel had likewise opened his window and stepped out on his balcony. The two had met before, or at least seen each other before once or twice. The young man had seen the elder with some ladies at breakfast in the hotel, and that evening he and his neighbour had taken coffee side by side on the boulevards and smoked and exchanged a few words.

The elder man's strong, rather undersized, figure showed very clearly in the moonlight. He had thick, almost shaggy, hair, of an indefinable dark brownish colour—hair that was not curly, that was not straight, that did not stand up, and yet could evidently never be kept down. He had a rough complexioned face, with heavy eyebrows and stubbly British whiskers. His hands were large and reddish-brown and coarse. He was dressed carelessly—that is, his clothes were evidently garments that had cost money, but he did not seem to care how he wore them. Any garment must fall readily into shapelessness and give up trying to fit well on that unheeding figure. The Briton did not seem exactly what one would at once assume to be a gentleman. Yet he was not vulgar, and he was evidently quite at his ease with himself. He looked somehow like a man who had money or power of some kind, and who did not care whether people knew it or did not know it. Our younger Briton had at the first glance taken him for the ordinary English father of a family, travelling with his womankind. But he had not seen him for two minutes at the breakfast table before he observed that the supposed heavy father was never in a fuss, had a way of having all his orders obeyed without trouble or misunderstanding, and, for all his strong British accent, talked French with entire ease and a sort of resolute grammatical accuracy.

"Staying in Paris?" the elder man said—he too was smoking—when the younger had replied to his salutation.

"No; I am going home—I mean I am going to England—to-morrow."

"Aye, aye? I almost wish I were too. I'm taking my wife and daughters for a holiday. I don't much care for holidays myself. I hadn't time for enjoyment of such things when I could enjoy them, and of course when you get out of the way of enjoying yourself

you never get into it again ; it's a sort of groove, I suppose. Anyhow, we don't ever enjoy much, our people. You are English, I suppose ?"

"Yes, I am English."

"Wish you weren't ? I see."

Indeed the tone in which the young man answered the question seemed to warrant this interpretation.

"Excuse me ; I didn't say that," the young man said, a little sharply.

"No, no ; I only thought you meant it. We are not bound, you know, to keep rattling up the Rule Britannia always among ourselves."

"I can assure you I am not at all inclined to rattle the Rule Britannia too loudly," the young man said, tossing the end of his cigar away and looking determinedly into the street with his hands dug deeply into his pockets.

The elder man smoked for a few seconds in silence, and looked up and down the long straight line of street.

"Odd," he said abruptly. "I always think of Balzac when I look into the streets of Paris, and when I give myself time to think. Balzac sums up Paris for me."

"Yes," said the younger man, talking for the first time with an appearance of genuine interest in the conversation ; "but things must be greatly changed since that time even in Paris, you know."

"Changed ? Not a bit of it. The outsides of course. The Louvre over there was half a ruin the other day, and now it's getting all right again. That's change, if you like to call it so. But the heart of things is just the same. Balzac stands for Paris, believe you me."

"I don't believe a word of it—not a word ! I mean—excuse me—that I don't agree with you."

"Yes, yes : I understand what you mean. I'm not offended. Well ?"

"Well—I don't believe a bit that men and women ever were like that. You mean to tell me that people were made without hearts in Paris or anywhere else ? Do you believe in a place peopled by cads and sneaks and curs—and the women half again as bad as the men ?"

The young man grew warm and the elder drew him out, and they discussed Balzac as they stood in the balcony and looked down on silent moonlighted Paris. The elder man smoked and smiled and shrugged his shoulders good-humouredly. The

younger was as full of gesture and animation as if his life depended on the controversy.

"All right," the elder said at last. "I like to hear you talk, but Paris is Balzac to me still. Going to be in London some time?"

"I suppose so: yes," in a tone of sudden depression and discontent.

"I wish we might meet some time. I live in London, and I wish you would come and see me when we get back from our—holiday we'll call it."

The young man turned half away and leaned on the balcony as if he were looking very earnestly for something in the direction of the Champs Elysées. Then he faced his companion suddenly and said—

"I think you had much better not have anything to do with me; I should only prove a bore to you, or to anybody."

"How is that?"

"Well—in short I'm a man with a grievance."

"Aye, aye? What's your grievance? Whom has it to do with?"

The young man looked up quickly as if he did not quite understand the brusque ways of his new acquaintance, who put his questions so directly. But the new acquaintance seemed good-humoured and quite at his ease, and evidently had not the least idea of being rude or over-inquisitive. He had only the way of one apparently used to ordering people about.

"My grievance has to do with the Government," the young man said with a grave politeness, almost like self-assertion.

"Government here: in France?"

"No, no: our own Government."

"Aye, aye? What have they been doing? *You* haven't invented anything—new cannon—flying machine—that sort of thing?"

"No: nothing of that kind—I wish I had—but how did you know?"

"How did I know what?"

"That I hadn't invented anything."

"Why, I knew it by looking at you. Do you think I shouldn't know an inventor? You might as well ask me how I know a man has been in the army. Well, about this grievance of yours?"

"I dare say you will know my name," the young man said with a sort of reluctant modesty, which contrasted a little oddly with the quick movements and rapid talk that usually belonged to

him. Then his manner suddenly changed and he spoke in a tone of something like irritation, as if he had better have the whole thing out at once and be done with it—"My name is Heron—Victor Heron."

"Heron—Heron?" said the other, turning over the name in his memory. "Well, I don't know I'm sure—I may have heard it—one hears all sorts of names. But I don't remember just at the moment."

Mr. Heron seemed a little surprised that his revelation had produced no effect. He had made up his mind somehow that his new friend was mixed up with politics and public affairs.

"You'll remember Victor Heron of the St. Xavier's Settlements?" he said decisively.

"Heron of the St. Xavier's Settlements? Ah, yes, yes. To be sure. Yes, I begin to remember now. Of course, of course. You're the fellow who got us into the row with the Portuguese or the Dutch, or who was it? About the slave trade, or something? I remember it in the House."

"I am the fool," Mr. Heron went on volubly—"the blockhead, the idiot, that thought England had principles, and honour, and a policy, and all the rest of it! I haven't lived in England very much. I'm the son of a colonist—the Herons are an old colonial family—and you can't think, you people always in England, how romantic and enthusiastic we get about England, we silly colonists, with our old-fashioned ways. When I got that confounded appointment—it was given in return for some old services of my father's—I believe I thought I was going to be another sort of Raleigh, or something of the kind."

"Just so; and of course you were ready to tumble into any sort of scrape. You were called over the coals—snubbed for your pains?"

"Yes—I was snubbed."

"Of course: they'll soon work the enthusiasm out of you. But that's a couple of years ago—and you weren't recalled?"

"No. I wasn't recalled."

"Well, what's your grievance then?"

"Why—don't you see?—my time is out—and they've dropped me down. My whole career is closed—I'm quietly thrown over—and I'm only twenty-nine!" The young man caught at his moustache with nervous hands and kicked with one foot against the rails of the balcony. He gazed into the street, and his eyes sparkled and twinkled as if there were tears in them. Perhaps

there were, for Mr. Heron was evidently a young man of quicker emotions than young men generally show in our days. He made haste to say something, apparently as if to escape from himself.

"I am leaving Paris in the morning."

"Then why don't you go to bed and have a sleep?"

"Well, I don't feel like sleeping just yet."

"You young fellows never know the blessing of sleep. I can sleep whenever I want to—it's a great thing. I make it a rule though to do all my sleeping at night, whenever I can. You leave Paris in the morning? Now that's a thing I don't like to do. Paris should never be seen early in the morning. London shows to the best advantage early; but Paris—no!"

"Why not?" Mr. Heron asked, stimulated to a little curiosity.

"Paris is a beauty, you know, a little on the wane, and wanting to be elaborately made up and curled and powdered and painted, and all that. She's a little of a slattern underneath the surface, you know, and doesn't bear to be taken unawares—mustn't be seen for at least an hour or two after she has got out of bed. All the more like Balzac's women."

Perhaps the elder man had observed Mr. Heron's sensitiveness more closely and clearly than Heron fancied, and was talking on only to give him time to recover his composure. Certainly he talked much more volubly and continuously than appeared at first to be his way. After a while he said, in his usual style of blunt but not unkindly inquiry—

"Any of your people living in London?"

"No—in fact I haven't any people in England—few relations now left anywhere."

"Like Melchisedek, eh? Well, I don't know that he was the most to be pitied of men. You have friends enough, I suppose?"

"Not friends exactly—acquaintances enough, I daresay—people to call on, people who remember one's name and who ask one to dinner. But I don't know that I shall have much time for cultivating acquaintanceships in the way of society."

"Why so? What are you going to London to do?"

"To get a hearing, of course. To make the whole thing known. To show that I was in the right, and that I only did what the honour of England demanded. I trust to England."

"What's England got to do with it? England is only so many men and women and children all concerned in their own affairs and not caring twopence about you and me and our wrongs."

Besides, who has accused you? Who has found fault with you? Your time is out, and there's an end."

"But they have dropped me down—they think to crush me."

"If they do it will be by severely letting you alone: and what can you do against that? You can't quarrel with a man merely because he ceases to invite you to dinner: and that's about the way of it."

"I'll fight this out for all that."

"You'll soon get tired of it. It's beating the air, you know. Of course, if you want to annoy the Government you could easily get some of us to take up your case—no difficulty about that—and make you the hero of a grievance and a debate, and so on."

"I want nothing of the kind! I don't want any one to trouble himself about me, and I don't care to be taken in hand by any one. If Englishmen will not listen to a plain statement of right, why then—— But I know they will."

The conviction itself was expressed in the tone of one who by its very assertion protests against a rising doubt and tries to stifle it.

"Very good," said the other. "Try it on. We shall soon see. I have a sort of interest in the matter, for I had a grievance myself, and I have still, only I went about things in a different way—looking for redress, I mean."

"What did you do?"

"It's a longish story, and quite a different line from yours, and it would bore you to hear, even if you understood it. I got into the House and made myself a nuisance. I put money in my purse; it came in somehow. I watch the department that I once belonged to with the eye of a lynx. Well, I shall look out for you and give you a hand if I can, always supposing it would annoy the Government—any Government—I don't care what."

Mr. Heron looked at him with wonder and incredulity.

"Terrible lack of principle, you think? Not a bit of it; I'm a strong politician: I stick to my side through thick and thin. But in their management of departments, you know—contracts, and all that—Governments are all the same; the natural enemies of man. Well, I hope to see you. I am going to have a sleep. Let me give you my address—though in any case I think we are certain to meet."

They parted with blunt expression of friendly inclination on the one side and a doubtful, half-reluctant acknowledgment on the other. Heron remained standing in his balcony looking at the

changes of the moonlight on the silent streets and thinking of his career and his grievance.

The nearer he came to England the colder his hopes seemed to grow. Now upon the threshold of the country he had so longed to reach he was inclined to linger and loiter and to put off his entrance. Everything that was so easy and clear a few thousand miles off began to show itself perplexed and difficult. "When shall I be there?" he used to ask himself on his homeward journey. "What have I come for?" he began to ask himself now.

Times had indeed changed very suddenly with Victor Heron. He had come into the active world perhaps rather prematurely. When very young, under the guidance of an energetic and able father who had been an administrator of some distinction in England's service among her dependencies, he had made himself somewhat conspicuous in one of the colonies; and when an opportunity occurred, after his father's death, of offering him a considerable position, the Government appointed him to the administration of a new settlement. It is hardly necessary for us to go any deeper into the story of his grievance than he has already gone himself in a few words. Except as an illustration of his character we have not much to do with the story of his career as an administrator. It was a very small business altogether; a quarrel in a far-off, lately appropriated, and almost wholly insignificant scrap of England's dominions. Probably Mr. Heron was in the wrong, for he had been stimulated wholly by a chivalrous enthusiasm for the honour of England's principles and a keen sense of what he considered justice. The Government had dealt very kindly with him in consideration of his youth and of his father's services, and had merely dropped him down.

This to a young man like Heron was simply killing with kindness. He could have stood up stoutly against impeachment, trial, punishment, any manner of exciting ordeal, and commanded his brave heart to bear it. But to be quietly allowed to go his way was intolerable, and, being accused of nothing, he was rushing back to England to insist on being accused of something. A chief of any kind in a small dependency is a person of overwhelming greatness and importance in his own sphere. Every eye there is literally on him. He diffuses even a sort of impression as if he were a good deal too large for his sphere, like the helmet of such portentous size in the court-yard of Otranto. To come down all at once to be an ordinary passenger to England, an ordinary "No. 257, au 3me" at the *Hôtel du Louvre* in Paris, an obscure personage

getting out at the Charing Cross Station and calling a hansom, nobody caring whence he has come or capable, even after elaborate reminder, of calling to memory his story, his grievance, or his identity—this is something to try the soul of a patient man. Mr. Heron was not patient.

He was a young Quixote out of time and place. He never could let anything alone. He could not see a grievance without trying to set it right. The impression that anybody was being wronged or cheated affected and tormented him as keenly as a discordant note or an inharmonious arrangement of colours might disturb persons of loftier artistic soul. In the colonies queer old ideas survive long after they have died out of England, and the traveller from the parent country often comes on some ancient abstraction there as he might upon some old-fashioned garment. Heron started into life with a full faith in the living reality of divers abstractions which we in England have long since dissected, analysed, and thrown away. He believed in and spoke of Progress and Humanity and brotherhood and such like vaguenesses as if they were real things to work for and love. People who regard abstractions as realities are just the very persons to turn solid and commonplace realities into shining and splendid abstractions. Young Heron regarded England not as an island with a bad climate where some millions of florid men made money or worked for it, but as a sort of divine influence inspiring youth to noble deeds and patriotic devotion. He was of course the very man to get into a muddle when he had anything to do with the administration of a new settlement. If the muddle had not lain in his way he would assuredly have found it.

He had so much to do now on his further way home in helping elderly ladies on that side who could not speak French, and on this side who could not speak English: in seeing that persons whom he had never set eyes on before were not neglected at buffets, left behind by trains, or overcharged by waiters: in giving and asking information about everything, that he had not much time to think about the St. Xavier's Settlements and his personal grievance. When the suburbs of London came in sight with their trim rows of stucco-fronted villas and cottages and their front gardens ornamented with the inevitable evergreens, a thrill of enthusiasm came up in Heron's breast, and he became feverish with anxiety to be in the heart of the great capital once again. Now he began to see familiar spires and domes and towers, and then again huge *unfamiliar roofs* and buildings that were not there when he was in

London last, and that puzzled him with their presence. Then the train crossed the river, and he had glimpses of the Thames and Westminster Palace and the Embankment with its bright garden-patches and its little trees, and he wondered at the ungenial creatures who see in London nothing but ugliness. To him everything looked smiling, beautiful, alive with hope and good omen.

Certainly a railway station, an arrival, a hurried transaction, however slight and formal, with a Customs officer, are a damper on enthusiasm of any kind. Heron began to feel dispirited. London looked hard and prosaic. His grievance began to show signs of breaking out again amid the hustling, the crowd, the luggage, and the exertion, as an old wound might under exactly similar circumstances if one in his haste and eagerness were to strain its hardly closed edges.

It was when he was in a hansom driving to his hotel that Heron, putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, drew out a crumpled card which he had thrust in there hastily and forgotten. The card bore the name of

“MR. CROWDER E. MONEY,
Victoria Street,
Westminster.”

Heron remembered his friend of Paris. “An odd name,” he thought; “I have heard it before somewhere. I like him! He seems a manly sort of fellow.”

Then he found himself wondering what Mr. Money’s daughters were like, and wishing he had observed them more closely in Paris, and asking whether it was possible that girls could be pretty and interesting with such an odd name.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL ADVENTURES IN WAR TIME.

IT was on a dull evening of the 22nd of August, 1870, when with an amount of luggage which looked absurdly small for a continental trip I drew up at the Charing Cross Station and asked for a ticket by the mail train to Paris.

How different was the scene from that remembered in other days! There was no difficulty about registering luggage: it seemed an actual relief to the porters to have luggage to register; and when I arrived at Dover and went on board the boat there was but one other first class passenger.

The war was at its height. The first brilliant dream of a French advance to Berlin had met with a rude check. Wörth and Speicherén had been followed by Mars la Tour and Gravelotte. One hundred and fifty thousand men, the flower of the French army, lay surrounded about Metz. MacMahon's defeated force was reorganising at Chalons. Douay's corps and the divisions of De Failly's corps not engaged at Wörth were in good order. Trochu's corps, which was about to embark for the purpose of creating a diversion in North Germany, had been hastily recalled, and thus a respectable force of fresh troops was rapidly concentrating on the plains of Attila.

But the future looked black indeed. Prince Frederic Charles and Steinmetz's army blocked Bazaine in Metz. The Crown Prince of Saxony was moving on Verdun with the Guards' 4th and 12th corps, whilst the Crown Prince's army, fresh from its victory at Wörth, was marching by Nancy and Bar le Duc, and its advanced posts had already reached Vitry. Such was the military status.

But the political horizon looked blacker still for France. The Emperor Napoleon, no longer an emperor except in name, was wandering about without a kingdom to govern or an army to command, whilst at Paris the weakest of military and political advisers counselled the brave-hearted Empress, who still stood boldly at her post. And there, with the enemy at the gate, when every feeling but patriotism should have been hushed, the spirit of revolution hung gloomily over the capital and paralysed all practical and useful action.

I knew the German and French armies well, and had many friends in both; but I had fought side by side with the latter in the Crimea, and as a soldier that decided my sympathies.

Chalons was as familiar to me as Aldershot, and connected with very pleasant memories. Often had I "assisted" at those manoeuvres which it was so fondly hoped would pave the way to future victories. I had spent many happy days at the Quartier Général with the brave and kind-hearted Marshal who was now reorganising that scattered army, and only the year before had visited the camp when under the command of General Bourbaki.

Both France and Prussia had refused the presence of foreign officers, but the temptation at last became too strong. I felt sure that if I could but get to Marshal MacMahon he would at least let me have one glance at passing events, and, having got leave of absence until the end of the month, I was now on my way to Paris.

How dismal everything looked when we landed at Calais! The long, narrow, and generally crowded and bustling refreshment room was utterly gloomy and deserted as I and my one fellow traveller sat down alone with four waiters to attend upon us. But they told us it was very different with the boats going to England: every steamer was crowded and extra boats were running daily.

In Paris I found much less known about the armies than was commonly current in England: everybody seemed dazed by misfortune, but utterly ignorant of passing events. I drove at once to the Strasbourg Station and booked myself for Chalons. By mid-day I was rumbling through the streets of the quaint town, and once more found myself at the "Cloche d'Or." But even this picturesque old inn, with its ancient balconies and old-fashioned but ever civil hostesses, was changed. I had expected to find the usual state of bustle that attends the proximity of a large army, but it looked deserted.

The utter calm seemed unnatural, for although Mourmelon, the camp, lay sixteen miles away, Chalons was nearly always crowded. But here no one knew anything. Some said that MacMahon had moved to St. Ménéhould and was about to repeat the triumph of Valmy; some said that he was at Rheims: others that he was falling back on Paris. One thing was evident to me: the army was not at Mourmelon; and after sifting evidence as much as possible I decided on trying St. Ménéhould.

There was some *difficulty in getting a conveyance*, but at length

a light covered phaeton appeared with a cobby little roan horse that did not look like rapid progress. My driver was a sharp, intelligent man, who informed me that he belonged to the Mobiles, that he had not yet been called up, but feared each day the order would come.

We got on to one of those great straight French *chaussées* which led from Chalons to St. Ménéhould, and, rather tired with my journey, I leaned back and was quickly in the land of dreams. I had probably been about an hour thus peacefully engaged when the sudden stopping of the carriage awoke me. We had drawn up in front of a little white *auberge* which stood by itself on the right of the road, and my first impression was that we had stopped to bait the horse, but I soon saw that something unusual had happened. Two men were talking eagerly to my driver and pointing to the rear of the *auberge*.

On inquiring what was the matter my driver, in a most anxious tone, exclaimed—

“Monsieur, nous sommes perdus; les Prussiens sont ici.”

I laughed at his fears, but he pointed to the telegraph wire which ran by the side of the road. It had been cut, and a telegraph post had been pulled down. I still thought that this might have been caused by some accident, but my driver was positive.

“Yes, yes, monsieur,” he said; “they are here, just behind the house. You shall see them if you will not believe.”

And there, sure enough, within four hundred yards of us, stood a party of about twenty German dragoons.

I immediately told the coachman to drive on. In a few moments he said—

“Ils vont nous arrêter, monsieur. Ils arrivent, ils arrivent.”

I told him to say we were going from Chalons to St. Ménéhould, and to answer any questions that were asked. The hood of the phaeton was up and I could not see what was happening, but in another minute a voice cried—

“Halte!”

An officer and two men rode up, and the following dialogue passed with the driver:—

“Where do you come from?”

“Chalons.”

“Where are you going?”

“St. Ménéhould.”

“How far is it to Chalons?”

"About three leagues."

"Are there any troops there?"

"Only a few men in the barracks; the regiments have gone."

"You may go."

These questions were all asked in good French, and directly the permission was given my driver lost no time in taking advantage of it.

About a mile farther on we came to a village, "Courtisols." The people were all in a state of excitement, and it was evident that the Prussian party had passed. It appeared that they had been there about half an hour before and had stopped to get some wine and something to eat.

We drove on, and I immediately saw that I was on the wrong tack. MacMahon could not be at St. Ménéhould with German dragoons miles in his rear. I therefore determined to turn off at the road to Suippes, which branched to the left at a few miles distance, and thus to make my way to Mourmelon.

I was well acquainted with the Suippes and Mourmelon road, and knew that we should pass the Imperial quarters, where I had stayed with the Marshal for nearly a fortnight on a former visit; but as we drew near I was completely puzzled.

In all directions there were large fires burning, not camp fires, but evidently important buildings being consumed. The head-quarters were on fire from one end to the other, and the intendance stores beyond the camp were burning fiercely and lighting up all the country round.

Yet not a man was to be seen. What could it all mean? I felt sure no Prussians could have reached Mourmelon. Had MacMahon fallen back upon Paris and burnt his camp? It was evidently the correct strategical movement under the circumstances; but then I must have seen some signs of the retreating army at Epernay, for he would scarcely have retreated with his whole force by Soissons when two main roads and two lines of railway were open to him.

I determined to push into the village of Mourmelon, and I drove to Madame Marillier's, where I had so often stayed during short visits to the camp. Mourmelon was not deserted; on the contrary, it was remarkably full. Madame Marillier had not a room to spare, but would send out and try to get one if I was not particular. I asked for information. "Where was the Marshal? Where was the army?" Again no one knew, except that they had started in the direction of Rheims.

"And these fires?" I said. "The head-quarters are on fire, everything is burning."

"Ah, ces misérables de trainards!" they replied; "they are burning and pillaging everywhere."

"Could I have a carriage at daybreak to take me to Rheims?"

"Yes," they thought so; and having sent out, they at last secured one. I went down to see the driver myself, and arranged with him to call me at four o'clock, and to be ready to start at half-past four. Then I went to the place where I had been told I was to sleep. No room was ready, but a woman who let me in immediately proceeded to wake up two poor little children who were to yield up their bed to me. This I would not allow, and with a thankful and sleepy glance the little ones nestled back into their bed and were soon asleep again. I rolled myself up in my rug in the sitting-room, and with my saddle-bags as a pillow was soon as happily unconscious as I should have been in the most comfortable of feather beds.

I woke with a sort of idea that I had overslept myself, and, striking my repeater, found it was already a quarter past four. Then I had to arouse my driver, and it was five o'clock before we left Mourmelon on our way to Rheims. We had to pass the stores of the intendance. Many buildings had been burnt, but I saw by daylight that the fires were not so general as they had appeared at night. Along the road there was every sign of a demoralised army. Men were lurking amongst the burning stores. Small parties of two or three were loitering about the houses by the roadside with their knapsacks so loaded with plundered things that they could hardly carry them. And in this respect a French soldier differs from almost every other. Directly the English soldier goes on a campaign, unless strictly watched he will gradually get rid of everything that he does not consider absolutely requisite, and will lighten himself to the utmost. But when the bonds of discipline are relaxed a Frenchman will load himself like a pack-horse.

As we pushed on towards Rheims the signs of demoralisation did not diminish. There were men of numberless regiments, Zouaves, Chasseurs, Linesmen, and Indigènes, wandering about the country apparently with no fixed purpose. Many were drunk and singing by the roadside. Some were trying to drive overloaded carts that the poor animals could not move. In other places upset waggons and dead horses half blocked the road.

On reaching Rheims I found the town full of troops, but could

see at a glance that MacMahon's army was not there. I went to the hotel opposite the beautiful old cathedral, and immediately asked the waiter for news. "Where was the army?"

He knew nothing—thought it was at Rheims.

"But, my good man," I said, "there may be 20,000 men in Rheims; but where is the main army?"

He had not an idea—nobody had any idea.

A happy thought struck me. I got a *fiacre* and drove to the railway station, and for an hour patiently watched the trains. All trains laden with materials of war arrived from Paris and went on towards Mézières. Sick men went back towards Paris. At last I had solved the military problem: MacMahon was advancing to the relief of Metz.

I immediately went back to the hotel, got my luggage, and having by dint of a *douceur* enlisted in my cause one of the railway officials, he promised that I should get on to Mézières in a train that would shortly arrive from Paris. After waiting for nearly two hours the train appeared with officers and men going on to Mézières or Rethel.

We had not gone more than ten miles from Rheims when we came upon troops on the march. Three roads ran parallel with the railway, and on each road troops of all arms were moving to the front. It was as pretty a military spectacle as could be imagined. For upwards of ten miles without interruption we passed them, and on arrival at Rethel a large camp was already formed. It was the main army on the march. But, alas! to a soldier's eye there were signs that gave rise to dire forebodings for the future: signs difficult to describe, but which mark the difference between a force rapidly recruited from the *depôts* and a highly-trained army.

Then there were bodies of Mobs in blouses, not in large numbers, but some thousands in all. The train stopped at Rethel.

The army was taking up a beautiful position with the river running in its front. Of course this was only the left wing, but the camp extended as far as the eye could reach in the direction of Vouziers. Beyond Rethel no troops were visible, nor did we come upon any advanced parties between Rethel and Charleville, the station for Mézières: Mézières being the fortified town, and Charleville lying close to it.

I drove to the hotel, and immediately held a sort of council of war. I was supplied with the best maps, and, compass in hand,

carefully marked out each day's march for the different corps. It was self-evident that the relief of Metz was intended. Hazardous as such a movement undoubtedly was, still with highly organised troops it was by no means impossible, and it might have had some such brilliant results as marked the great conceptions of the first Napoleon.

But in war it is the balance between bold conceptions and the means of execution which commands success, and a casual glance at this army on the march had shown me that it was undertaking a very hopeless task.

One thing became immediately evident: the momentous event would take place under any circumstances about the 31st of August or 1st of September, and my leave expired on the former day. I therefore determined to go back to London the following morning and get additional leave.

I started early the next day by Givet to Namur. At Namur I found a most civil horsedealer, a M. Frédéric, and purchased from him a grey mare, arranging that she should be sent to Mézières the next day, so as to be ready for me on my return. In the afternoon I went on to Ghent, and catching the mail train from Brussels, arrived in London on the morning of August the 26th.

I was astounded to find that MacMahon's march was still quite unknown, and being thoroughly aware of the importance of the secret, I mentioned it to nobody.

Having got additional leave, I left London the same evening, and by mid-day on the 27th was again at Namur. I went to M. Frédéric, and found the mare had been forwarded, but here I learned some news which rather changed my plans. M. Frédéric was furnishing horses for the French Government, and he told me that from reports he had received from his agent the army was already near Montmédy, and he also said that I should have the greatest difficulty in following it up, as I should certainly be arrested as a spy.

I therefore determined to go on through Belgium to Arlon, and to pass the French frontier near Longwy. But what was to become of my mare? M. Frédéric very civilly solved this difficulty by allowing me to choose another horse in her place, which he promised to send on to Arlon by the evening train. My new purchase, which was to carry me for many a hard day, seemed in good working condition, which was the main point, and looked a slow but useful animal.

The day after my arrival at Arlon I crossed the French frontier

at Longwy, but found that M. Frédéric's information was incorrect. The French army was not there. Retracing my steps to Montmédy with an equally fruitless result, on the third day I reached Florenville, on the Belgian frontier.

Florenville was crowded with Belgian troops, who were watching their frontier line; but the infantry forcibly reminded one of Bismarck's true saying: "*Beaucoup de paletôt, très peu de soldat.*" I heard that MacMahon's army had certainly reached Carignan, but it was nine miles to that place, and my poor horse was not fit to do the journey there and back. I therefore tried to hire a carriage and drive. They told me that there was a Belgian at Florenville who had been a messman to an English regiment, and every one said that he spoke English well and would be glad to drive me over, as he was well acquainted with the country and knew many people at Carignan.

I arranged that he was to call for me at the hotel when he returned, and he made his appearance at about two in the afternoon.

On our way we stopped at an inn to bait the horse, and a countryman who had come from the direction of Nouart gave us a long account of an action that he had witnessed in the distance the evening before. Soon we distinctly heard guns afar off, and I urged my driver to push on. Those who have heard the sound of distant firing in earnest must know the curious and feverish impatience which it creates, and I can well understand how tired troops on the march may be nerved to fresh exertions and fresh life by that heart-stirring music.

At length we came in sight of Carignan, and drove through the archway and gate which leads into the town. There were no troops, however, to be seen, although a number of bat men, a few staff officers, and officers and men of the intendance were about the streets.

We drove to a small inn, where my driver was well known, and there we heard that not only Marshal MacMahon but the Emperor was expected to sleep in Carignan that night; they also informed us that there was an affair going on at that moment at Mouzon, four miles off. I immediately proposed to drive there, but we found no carriages were allowed to pass the bridge. We therefore put up the vehicle, and my driver, who had discovered a friend well acquainted with the neighbourhood, suggested that we should walk, piloted by his new acquaintance.

Thinking that under convoy of a Frenchman, and also a Belgian

so well known, I should be free from the spy mania, I willingly agreed. Our guide took us down some by-streets and crossed the Chière by a ford. The battle of Mouzon was then going on to our front, and the firing was getting heavier and heavier. We had noticed a party of about two hundred Mobiles at Carignan guarding the bridge, and we had not got many hundred yards beyond the ford before we saw a detachment evidently bent on cutting us off. I immediately halted and got my Belgian friend to explain. Unfortunately they were not Mobiles of the neighbourhood; the opportunity of arresting somebody was too tempting to be resisted; and we were all ignominiously marched back and taken before the head of the *gendarmérie*.

My Belgian was recognised and released; but I was not to get off so easily. I was taken to a small house close to the bridge over the Chière, and handed over to a party of old *gendarmérie de la garde* who were attached to head-quarters. The sergeant said they had all recently arrived from Paris.

In the mean time the firing grew more and more pronounced, and a long train of carriages was seen coming down to the bridge from the direction of Mouzon, escorted by a battalion of infantry.

It was the Emperor.

There was a painful melancholy expression upon his face as he drove slowly by, that told how little of hope was now left.

Meanwhile, fresh troops from the direction of Sedan came pouring into Carignan. I counted sixty guns that passed the corner of the house in which I was compelled to remain. The streets were soon completely blocked with guns, ammunition, tumbrils, and the waggons of the *Intendance Militaire*, all in utter confusion.

Hour after hour slipped by, and the firing grew faint and gradually ceased. About nine o'clock, from an unusual bustle amongst the *gendarmérie* below, I felt sure that something was about to happen.

"Il paraît que ça chauffe," I heard one say to the other; "nous allons marcher de suite."

Soon afterwards my sergeant appeared, and addressing me in the most polite way, said—

"Sir, you are free, and can go where you like; we are going to leave this immediately."

"But, my good sergeant, I would much rather go with you. If I attempt to make my way through the town, crowded as it is, I shall infallibly be arrested again directly, and may not fall into the hands of people who will treat me as agreeably as you have done."

"Ah, monsieur," he replied, "I regret much that I have not the power to permit what you ask; but you speak French, and I trust will succeed in going where you like without accident."

The situation was certainly trying. I felt sure that my Belgian friend would have given me up and driven home. It was quite dark. I was nine miles from Florenville, and was not by any means certain about my road. Then of course there would be a guard at the gate of the town, and how should I get past it? Even if I succeeded, how should I pass the outposts or make my way through all the different villages on foot? But to remain in the town in its present state was to make arrest certain. I found the little hotel where we had left the carriage, and heard that it had gone. I then pushed my way through the dense crowd of soldiers, in what I thought was the direction of the gate by which we had entered, and after several mistakes, at last saw that the archway, which I well remembered, was before me. A number of soldiers were loitering about, but to my surprise there was no guard at the gate.

I walked boldly on, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Some of them stared rather hard at me, but in two minutes more I was clear of the town.

It was a clear starlight night, and I walked quickly on; there seemed to be no one about, and the utter quiet and loneliness after the noisy, bustling scene I had just left was very striking. Away to my left the numberless watch-fires showed that a large force was bivouacking in the fields.

I had gone at least two miles from the town when, seeing the glistening of a bayonet some little way in advance, I stopped and listened; a small party of armed men were certainly approaching. The country was quite open and the road level with it. The only object that gave a chance of concealment was a bush about twenty paces to the left. Without losing a moment I ran to it; and in another instant I distinctly saw three French infantry soldiers coming down the road.

They came on until they were just abreast of me, when they halted. Had they noticed me? My first impression was that they must have seen me leave the road, but I could plainly hear their conversation, and there was no allusion to anything of the sort. But the words that I did hear were not very reassuring in other respects. They were evidently "trainards," disbanded plundering soldiers who had left the ranks, and were recounting their ruffianly exploits and boasting of their success. Anything more murderous

and cold-blooded than these accounts it is impossible conceive.

Suddenly two of the men left the road and came straight toward the bush behind which I stood. I made certain now that they had seen me, but they stopped and sat down on a stone just at the other side of the bush. One of the two had been at Wörth, and he was coolly describing how he had come across a wounded French officer whose watch he had attempted to take.

"But the idiot," he said, "would not give it up, so I just gave him a *coup de baïonnette*, and I not only got his watch but I found 120 francs in his purse."

"Well," said the other, "I and my comrade have made 1,400 francs since the war began, but we too have had to put a few of them out of the way."

I had £60 in sovereigns in my pocket.

"Yes, my fine fellows," I thought, "you little know the rich harvest you have within a few feet of you."

They talked on for about ten minutes, when the man on the right said it was time to be moving. To my delight they got up and joined him, and I was not sorry when their footsteps died away to the distance.

I now resumed my march at a rapid pace, but listening carefully in case of there being any more of my late friends in the neighbourhood. Soon afterwards I came to a village; there were several people about in the streets talking excitedly, and I walked boldly through them at a quick pace without any hesitation. They stared hard at me, but took no further notice. I knew that I had several villages to pass, and the peasants, excited by the action which had been fought so near them on that day, were all on the *qui vive*.

I pushed on through two more villages in safety, and at length came to the Bois de Bouillon, the great wood that fringes the Belgian frontier for so many miles. Here all was quite lonely; not a sound was to be heard. There is a fearfully helpless feeling in being unarmed amidst armed men, from whom acts of violence may at any time be expected. I had purposely left my revolver in England, but I own on this night I looked back to it with lingering regrets. After passing for about two miles through the wood I suddenly heard a quick, sharp challenge and found that it was the Belgian piquet watching the frontier. The officer was very civil and sent a man to pass me through the other posts.

It was nearly one o'clock when I got to the hotel at Florenville.

and I was not sorry to turn into bed, and few people that night slept more soundly.

I rose at daybreak on the morning of the 31st. From the mass of troops that were moving up from Sedan it looked as if a stand would be made near Carignan, and I determined to leave my saddle bags at the hotel and ride back to Carignan in light marching order, returning to the Belgian frontier at night.

The country about Carignan, though very undulating, is open.

From Carignan to Sedan runs a great French *chaussée* with trees on either side. To the left of this *chaussée* is the River Chièrre, a deep, dull, sluggish stream with steep banks and a muddy bottom. To the left of the Chièrre again lies a ridge of high hills, which separate it from the Meuse, which it joins before reaching Sedan. Mouzon lay on the Meuse over this ridge of hills.

After leaving Florenville and passing through the wood, I found the whole country in a state of alarm. Carts full of women, children, and baggage were making their way to the Belgian frontier. On getting near Carignan I saw that the railway station was on fire. Some cavalry in skirmishing order were falling back from the town, and a whole division of infantry and a long train of guns were retreating by the cross roads which run towards Villers Cernay and La Chapelle.

These roads are nearly parallel with the great *chaussée*, and between it and the large wood marking the Belgian frontier.

Some distance in rear of the cavalry three battalions of infantry were drawn up as a rear guard, and far off I could see more troops falling back along the *chaussée* in the direction of Douzy. The retreat was being made exactly as if in presence of an enemy, but I carefully scanned the distant hills with my glasses and could see no traces of any Prussians.

I waited until the cavalry had fallen back, and then made my way in front of them, striking eventually into the *chaussée*, about a mile on the Sedan side of Carignan. The station was burning furiously, and there seemed to be a deserted train standing under the blazing sheds.

I had not gone far when I saw shells bursting high up into the air in the direction of Bazeilles; presently troops appeared moving on the high hills upon the left bank of the Chièrre, and I made them out to be two cavalry regiments and two batteries.

Just at this time on the *chaussée* and about a quarter of a mile in front of me I saw an unmistakable party of "trainards." They were mounted on country horses, some of which had cart harness

on them, and they were loaded with all sorts of plunder. Nothing was more striking at this time, and nothing showed more completely the demoralisation of the army, than that these disbanded plunderers should be roving about all over the country in close proximity to the troops that were in regular order, and yet no notice appeared to be taken of them.

The question was how to pass this party; for they would be certain to stop me, and knowing as I did that I had my pockets full of sovereigns they would have been sure to have immediately declared me a spy, executed summary punishment on the spot, and probably fought over the spoil. I followed behind them at the same pace, but they soon halted, as some of the plunder had fallen off the horses. I halted also, and noticed that they looked back several times, apparently watching my movements. A little further and to the left there was a country road which crossed the Chièr and between the *chaussée* and the Chièr ran a green meadow more than a mile in length.

I thought this was a good chance of passing them, so I turned off into the meadow, and following the bank of the river trotted on. I had no sooner got level with them than the whole party dismounted. They were about a quarter of a mile from me on my right. Presently I saw a puff of smoke and a bullet whizzed close by my head, but a little high; then another and another. Thinking I might just as well give them a running shot, I put my old horse into a gallop, but they kept up a desultory fire until I was well out of range.

Riding on a little way I saw another country road which crossed the Chièr by a wooden bridge, and on it there were four mounted men. This was the first bridge I passed which was in any way watched by the French cavalry. They called to me, and I came up to them.

To my surprise I found that they had not been sent there, but were doing a little amateur outpost duty. The party was a strange one. There was an artilleryman, a cuirassier, a chasseur, and a chasseur d'Afrique. They immediately arrested me and said they must take me before the Maire of the little town of Pouin St Rémy, which was close by.

I requested them to take me to one of their own officers, but they would go to the Maire, and were so interested in their capture that they left the bridge unoccupied, although they knew the enemy were not far off on the other side.

When we got into the broad main street of the little town which

ran at right angles with the Chièrè we found nearly a couple of hundred people standing about, and immediately the cry of "L'espion! l'espion!" was raised. It was irritating and humiliating. Here were some two hundred great strapping able-bodied men in blouses, the enemy close at hand, and they yelling and screaming after one poor unarmed man, but without a thought of making any useful defence for their country, and only too glad to fall into the hands of the Prussians, and thus to escape all chance of having to join their own army.

The artilleryman seemed to be the recognised leader of the mounted party, and I immediately spoke to him, saying "I have served side by side with French soldiers in the Crimea, and will go anywhere with you, but I look to you as a comrade not to leave me in the hands of these villagers."

He drew his pistol and kept them back, for they came yelling after me and would have pulled me off my horse. We soon came to the Mairie, which stood on the left of the road. Here I and the artilleryman dismounted, the others holding the horses, and we went upstairs into a long room while the Maire was sent for.

In the meantime I showed my passport to the artilleryman, who seemed much impressed by it, assuring me that he understood it thoroughly, and that he saw I was a *baron anglais*. I tried to explain that this was not the case, but it was no use. He saw the heading of the passport, and was convinced that it applied to me and not to Lord Granville.

Just then in came the Maire, an old man in a blouse.

He looked at the passport, but seemed not in the least to understand it. In vain the artilleryman said it was all right. The villagers persisted I was a Prussian spy, and a Prussian spy I must be.

This decision met with general applause, and again a threatening movement was made upon me. Suddenly loud cries outside attracted universal attention, and "Les Prussiens! les Prussiens!" was repeated from mouth to mouth. Down the street ran some fifty or sixty French infantry stragglers, without officers, in a state of panic, followed by the crowd of peasants.

My artilleryman ran downstairs, and in an instant the room was empty; but as I tried to follow, five or six men shut the door to and tried to lock it. I just saw what they were doing in time, and giving a sudden push the bolt shot outside and it would not close. I went back a few steps and dashed at the door with my whole force, and my impetus sent the villagers flying. In another instant

I was down the stairs and in the street. The artilleryman was already mounted. I ran to my horse, but as I tried to mount was caught by the mob and dragged back.

"Do not leave me!" I cried to the artilleryman. "I trust in you."

He put his pistol to their heads, and swore that he would fire if they did not stand back. I sprang into the saddle, and we galloped off in the direction of the bridge. As we neared it I saw standing on the other side a Saxon staff-officer and two dragoons, and I turned down a road to the left.

In an instant my artilleryman was after me with his pistol at my head, wanting to know why I had turned off the road.

I told him that the enemy were on the bridge, but he laughed at me and was cantering back to it when I called out and stopped him.

We were within a hundred yards of the Saxon party. He now said that I was right, and thanking me for saving him, we turned back, made our way across country in the direction of Francheval, and getting on to some high ground stopped to reconnoitre.

My artilleryman now told me that he had been engaged the day before at Mouzon, but his battery had been completely cut up and the guns taken. His captain had died in his arms, and his boots were still covered with blood. He had been wandering about all night, and had not tasted food since the morning before the battle. He was an excellent specimen of a light-hearted French soldier, and said he was very hungry and very thirsty, but had no money, and so supposed he must wait.

I gave him a ten-franc piece, telling him we would get something in the next village, and we now became sworn friends.

"What can I do, Monsieur le Baron?" he said. "I have no battery to join—I shall attach myself to you. You must not go about alone any more. You have no arms, but I shall attend upon you and protect you; if they see you with me they will know better than to attempt any harm."

We were now riding in the direction of the Wood of Francheval or Bois Chevalier, and as we got on to the higher ground we looked right down upon Bazeilles.

A very severe artillery fight was going on. Part of Von der Tann's Bavarian corps had crossed the Chière and had penetrated into the outskirts of the place, but seemed to make no progress. The French batteries near Balan were shelling them with apparently a great preponderance of artillery fire, but nearly all the

French shells were bursting high up in the air. I noticed this throughout the war; either there must have been something very wrong with their time-fuses, or their gunners must have been most careless, for at least five out of six shells burst too soon.

The French division which I had seen leaving Carignan in the morning had now reached the hill-side of Francheval, and one brigade of infantry and a brigade of cavalry stood in line of battle on the south of the village.

The sixty guns were still marching along the road in the direction of Villers Cernay.

We had got right between the two armies, and presently I saw a cavalry regiment cross the bridge over the Chièrre at Douzy, and advance up the valley. There were two or three hundred stragglers from the French infantry hanging about in the fields below us; these they charged and drove them into the Bois Chevalier, and at the same time small scouting parties were detached in all directions, who crept quietly and stealthily up the hills towards the French division on the march. Seeing them approach, I and my artilleryman fell back upon the French cuirassiers drawn up on the hill, and I thought we were now going to be present at a very pretty little affair of cavalry.

The French brigade consisted of a cuirassier and a lancer regiment. A line of cuirassier skirmishers had been thrown out about two hundred yards in front of the brigade, but not a scout was in advance. The bridges over the Chièrre were entirely unwatched, and although the German regiments had crossed not much more than half a mile in their immediate front and the country was quite open, they were perfectly aware of the fact. As we fell back the stragglers in the wood began firing at us.

Those chasseur^s reached a long way, and the French soldiers at that time would fire at anything they saw, regardless whether it was friend or foe. My artilleryman was intensely enraged.

"Voilà une armée en débandade," he said; and he shook his fist at them and "sacréd" to an immense extent, but they fired away at us just the same, until we fell back on the line of skirmishers.

The colonel of the cuirassier regiment galloped up and wanted to know what we were doing.

I explained that when we saw the German regiment cross we had fallen back upon them.

"What German regiment?" he asked.

"The cavalry which are just below you in the valley," I replied.

He laughed at me.

"Germans!" he exclaimed; "why, they are our own people."

"Are they?" I said. "Then they seem to have an unpleasant habit of charging your own infantry."

He had no field-glass, but he asked me to lend him mine, and just at that moment the enemy made a fresh attack on a small party of infantry and drove them back. He was at last convinced, and fell back to inform the brigadier.

It was beautiful ground for cavalry; an infantry brigade was in line of battle close by, and I expected to see the poor Germans with the river in their rear utterly *écrasés*, but no movement was made. The enemy's scouts crept quietly up the hill until they could see the whole French force, and then as quietly withdrew, utterly undisturbed.

It was quite provoking to see such stupidity. No wonder that at Weissenburg and Beaumont the French had been caught napping; here was a pretty example of how their cavalry duties were performed.

I waited some time on the hill. It was a magnificent spectacle, for we could see large masses of French troops taking up their position towards Daigny and Balan. But the infantry brigade close to us soon filed off after the rest of its division, whilst the cavalry remained halted and inactive. The firing at Bazeilles gradually died away; the Bavarians had evidently got the worst of it.

The last of the cuirassiers were just filing across the valley below the village of Francheville. To join them we had to descend about fifty yards and then turn back by another lane running parallel with the village.

We had descended to the lower road, and I was leading with my artilleryman close behind me, when we came to an open place where there were no houses and from whence we could see the upper street of the village. Happening to glance upwards I saw our six or seven "trainards" lean their rifles over a wall and deliberately cover us. I had just time to call to my companion—

"Stoop your head and gallop!" when a volley came right into us.

Had we not both ducked just at that moment we must have been hit, for they were not fifty yards off. It was a most lucky escape, and this was the third time that day that I had been deliberately "potted at." Some of the bullets went unpleasantly near to the cuirassiers who were below in the valley. We galloped down to them and tried to persuade them to send a party back to capture

the offenders, but they had just received orders to join their division, and we moved on with them.

On the high ground near Villers Cernay we found the whole division of infantry formed up in line of quarter columns. The battalions were about six to seven hundred strong, and they looked in fair order, but with a great many young soldiers among them. It was getting late: there would evidently be nothing more done that day, and I had a long ride to Florenville before me; so slipping a couple of napoleons into his hand, I said "Good bye" to my faithful artilleryman and struck into the wood with the intention of getting over the Belgian frontier before dark.

The only chance for MacMahon's force lay in an immediate retreat upon Mézières, and I concluded that this would probably be effected during the night, as all the roads were still open, the whole French army around Sedan, and no part of it had made a long march that day.

It was dark long before I reached Florenville, and I had been fourteen hours in the saddle, but my old horse had carried me very well.

I succeeded after some trouble in getting a carriage, and arranged that we should start at three o'clock in the morning. It seemed certain that the Prussians would press the French on their retreat, and that there must be some serious fighting.

I turned into bed pretty early.

Every one was tolerably punctual on the morning of the 1st of September, and we got off in good time. By a little before five a.m. we reached the spot where I had struck into the road the night before after passing through the wood on my way to Florenville. Daylight had not yet thoroughly broken when suddenly I heard a gun far off on the plain below; then soon afterwards another, and another, gradually settling down into a steady fire.

"What does it mean?" asked my companion (a Belgian war correspondent).

"It means that the French have not retreated," I replied, "and that MacMahon's army is lost."

We now stopped the carriage, and mounting our horses struck down through the wood in the direction of the firing. After going for some little distance we came upon an opening and a small village, in which we met two French peasants leading the horse of a Prussian dragoon. We asked them how they came by it, and they told us that two Uhlans had appeared and a villager had

shot one from a house and that the other had galloped off. The one who was shot was only wounded, but the peasants kicked him to death and threw him into the little stream which ran through the village. They were now in dread that the horse would be found in their possession and were making their way to the Belgian frontier. Abusing them for their barbarity, and wishing, to their disgust, that they might be caught, we rode on; and as daylight completely broke the firing grew heavier and heavier. Something went wrong with my companion's saddle and he pulled up, whilst I rode on. I was still in the wood when I heard horses approaching and a German word of command. As I did not wish to change sides so rapidly I turned quietly off the path, and soon afterwards a squadron of Guard hussars came through the wood, and I could tell from the way in which they moved that they were working in connection with other cavalry, and endeavouring to find out whether the great forest which lay to the left flank of the French had been occupied.

I again pushed on through the wood. There were numberless small paths, but I trusted to the firing for my direction, and at length emerged upon an opening and a high knoll on the outskirts of the forest, and a wonderful sight lay before me. From this point I had a splendid view of the general operations; but the field of battle was so extensive that one could only guess from a study of the map and from the general lie of the ground in what the distant movements consisted.

The Guard corps of the Prussians lay right below me near Villers Cernay. On their left near the Bois Chevalier were the 12th Saxon corps. On the left of the Saxons, and occupying the southern end of the Bois Chevalier and the ground reaching to the Carignan and Sedan road, was the 4th corps. On their left, preparing for the attack on Bazeilles, the 1st Bavarian corps, which had crossed the Meuse by a pontoon bridge during the night. Away in the direction of Mézières all seemed quiet. Along the high ridge, lying west of the Bois Chevalier, was an almost continuous line of guns.

Thus the French 12th corps, which occupied Bazeilles and the ridge extending from there to Daigny, was about to be assailed by three German corps. Whilst the 1st French held the eastern edge of the Bois de la Garonne and the high ground west of the road leading from Givonne to La Chapelle, that part lying between Daigny and Givonne was almost unassailable, but the Guards were pushing in on the western flank between Givonne and La Chapelle.

On the ridge west of Givonne a considerable number of French guns were in position, but they already appeared quite over-matched by the tremendous fire which replied to them from the Bois Chevalier.

I now pushed on through the wood in the direction of La Chapelle and the left flank of the French army. I rode forward to the outskirts of the village, which the Prussians were just then attacking; so skirting it, I got on to the high ground to the west amongst the French, from whence a splendid view of the operations was visible.

The village itself seemed mostly held by francs-tireurs, but the 1st corps held the position between it and Givonne. Down the great open slope which runs from near Villers Cernay to the main road between Givonne and La Chapelle, came a brigade of the Prussian Guard in line of double columns, with deploying intervals, and with another brigade in support. Drawn up to my right was the mass of the French artillery of the 1st corps in a beautiful position and within good range.

I expected to see a terrific loss, but very few men fell, and the columns advanced with the precision of a parade movement. I do not think that brigade lost twenty men during its advance down the slope. The French shells (time fuses) were bursting absurdly high, and seemed to do no damage whatever.

Then the sharp crack of musketry rattled from the brushwood on the ridge as the Prussian skirmishers came within range, and little white puffs of smoke wreathed up as the rival lines became engaged.

Shall I attempt to describe all the scenes of the great battle, and thus repeat an oft-told tale? Shall I tell how over the neglected bridge of Donchéry, and hidden by the mist, all the early morn the Crown Prince's legions were crossing silently and unobserved by the French cavalry? Of how, at evening—when, alas! too late—these same cavalry dashed madly upon the bayonets of the enemy, that had now cut off all hope of retreat, to fall back shattered and destroyed? How the two German armies thus advancing from opposite directions gradually encircled the doomed hosts of France, and drove them into Sedan? Shall I describe how all that afternoon an iron hail from near 800 guns rained upon the lost and demoralised army huddled in the narrow streets of the old and useless fortress?

All this is now historical, and the great events which made this battle the most *momentous* in its results that the world has ever

ambition extends even to the field of literature. Count Arnim, in his published despatches to the Foreign Office, evidently aims at terseness, wit, brilliancy, and power of expression, all qualities for which his great enemy is renowned. But the literary failure of the unfortunate Count is almost as signal as his political. His similes, such as "The clerical wine will be considerably modified by the water of political necessity," show signs of elaboration, and his historic parallels are sometimes far-fetched and little to the point. The account of his first reception by President MacMahon is chatty and amusing, but one never loses the impression of the diplomatist affecting the literary man. This is exactly the reverse with Bismarck. In "Pro nihilo," the pamphlet published in Count Arnim's defence, and most likely written, or at least immediately inspired, by himself, trying to explain a certain "psychological process" to which some of Prince Bismarck's utterances are said to owe their origin, the author, whoever he may be, proceeds:—
 "To the prodigious qualities of the Imperial Chancellor belongs that of not finding the truth from objectively established facts. He does not 'find' it—he 'creates' it. Intuition or inspiration shows the truth to this extraordinary intellect, and his intelligence, so extensively fertile in combinations, then groups the facts in such a manner that they serve as a basis for the first and frequently quite correct impression. The consciousness which had perhaps existed that the first impression rested upon his own or somebody else's inspiration recedes in the further course of the conception of truth from the energy which subordinates the reality of external facts to the creative power of the personal will."

The short meaning of this terribly involved sentence seems to be a charge against Bismarck of a strong tendency towards what is euphemistically called romancing. But what is that grouping of facts from a central point of vision but the birthright and primary function of the poet? He sees into the essence of things, although accidentals may escape him. And if this subjective vision proves true when applied to the realities of science or politics, what better, or indeed what other, criterion of the man's greatness can we demand? What *à priori* difference, indeed, is there between the empty dreamer and schemer and the wise statesman and philosopher? The event alone can decide. No great man can do without what philosophers might term the inductive faculty. The dry summing up of details is the work of the intellectual journeyman; the master looks to the whole. The late Mr. Buckle, most eminently a man of facts, says on this subject, speaking of the various

developments of the modern mind:—"In that field, which our posterity have yet to traverse, I firmly believe that the imagination will effect quite as much as the understanding. Our poetry will have to reinforce our logic, and we must feel as much as we must argue."

Another point dilated upon with intense delight by Bismarck's political adversaries is his early reactionary violence. M. Julian Klaczko, in his clever book "The Two Chancellors," first published in the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, never tires of speaking of the anti-liberal bearing of Bismarck in the first two legislative assemblies of Prussia, his hatred of constitutionalism in any form, his opposition to the liberty of the press, to the emancipation of the Jews, and other demands of the revolutionary epoch of 1848; his passionate adherence to Austria, at that time the great stronghold of reaction in Germany—sentiments strangely at variance with his later conduct. Bismarck's friends might cite the examples of most eminent statesmen of the age as precedents for such political inconsistency. But few eminent politicians would like to see a shorthand account of their early speeches at the debating society, and, as Guizot has it, "L'homme absurde seul ne change pas."

But to Bismarck's early Toryism there is a psychological side: referable, I think, to what I have ventured to call his poetic temperament. Bismarck's family traditions and early impressions were not wholly of a reactionary type. Paternally, it is true, he descended from an ancient and noble family whose exaggerated loyalty sacrificed in the sixteenth century two of their fairest estates to the rapacity of their prince. But his mother, the intellectual leader of his father's household, was of gentle but not of noble birth—a distinction observed with the utmost strictness in Germany—and her father, Privy Councillor Menken, was a statesman of the large-minded school of Frederick the Great. Bismarck also seems to have roused against himself the suspicion of latent Radicalism by occasional outbursts against the narrow-minded prejudices of his fellow Junkers in the Alt-Mark. But when in 1847 he entered the Preliminary Diet of Prussia the keen atmosphere of the revolutionary epoch gave a shock to his sensitive nature. Glib-tongued orators of the Liberal party, with whom the inexperienced young provincial felt himself unable to cope, assailed what appeared to him the sacred rights of monarchy and the very foundation of social order. Even the person of the Sovereign was not exempted from the fierce attacks of the advanced

Democrats. The scenes in the streets of the capital were a counterpart of the angry debates of the Assembly. Infuriated mobs, citizen soldiers strutting along in the consciousness of their new dignity, were sights not altogether lovely in the eyes of the æsthetical and aristocratic observer. The young man's nature bristled up at such antagonistic sights. The loyal blood of the Bismarcks boiled in his veins. On one occasion he inflicted personal castigation on an unfortunate Democrat who had spoken insultingly of the Royal family in a public place. In the Chamber he defiantly proclaimed the rights of throne and altar; any concession to the current of the time he denounced as cowardice. Even to the predominance of Austria in German affairs he submitted without hesitation; she seemed to him Prussia's natural leader and ally in their common struggle with the Revolution. This, it must be remembered, was the "period of strife and stress" in his political life. When afterwards he gained wider views and experiences, when impulse — for impulse it mainly was — gave way to reason, he recanted his errors, in what manner and to what degree the history of Europe can testify. An amusing incident belonging to the early period of Bismarck's career may conclude this part of the subject. It is connected with his maiden speech, received by his audience with similar shouts of laughter and indignation to those which roused the ire of the youthful member for Maidstone. Bismarck did not, like Lord Beaconsfield, hurl a prophecy of future success at his antagonists, but his retort was none the less significant. Calmly he drew a newspaper from his pocket and began perusing its contents in the most unconcerned manner until the President had restored order. So much as to Bismarck's political career; too much the reader perhaps will say, considering the professedly unpolitical character of this paper. But it was important to show that even in the practical concerns of statesmanship Bismarck could not wholly suppress that poetical germ of his nature which in another field was to bring forth rich fruit.

Prince Bismarck is not an author. He may be classed amongst Carlyle's "great silent ones," as far as literary utterance is concerned. A collection of his speeches, which is in the course of publication, has been made from the notes of the shorthand writers without his co-operation, as far as appears. But in 1868 appeared a work somewhat pretentiously called "*The Book of Count Bismarck*," by Herr Hesekiel, a Conservative novelist of some *repute*, which contained, together with a mass of ill-arranged and

mostly anecdotal biographical material, a number of private letters by the Prussian statesman to his wife and his only and much-beloved sister, Frau von Arnim.* The question why private letters of the most intimate kind have been trusted to such an editor does not concern us here. We simply have to consider them as literary documents of rare interest.

I have spoken of Bismarck as a man of impulse, a poet. Using the word now in its more proper meaning, I should say that his poetic gift, as evinced in these letters, lies chiefly in two striking features—a remarkable amount of quiet humour and an infinitely tender, almost lyrical, sympathy with the beauties of nature. To characterise Bismarck's humour, one might say that it has a touch of Sterne in it. Not of Sterne's satire and fanciful extravagance, but of the subtle touches of realism with which that unrivalled prose poet brings before us the life, the thoughts, the conversations, and little eccentricities of a couple of English country gentlemen. A somewhat similar kind of minute humorous observation—although, of course, in a much lesser degree of literary perfection—is observable in the letters which Bismarck addressed to his sister from his rural solitude. At that time he was a disappointed man. He had tried the army and the civil service without much satisfaction to himself or others. The estate of his father in Pomerania, which he had undertaken to manage, was encumbered with mortgages. Congenial society also could hardly be found amongst the feudal nobles of that province, or of Alt-Mark, compared with whom a Conservative squire of Bucks or Huntingdonshire would be a model of social enlightenment and political progressiveness. At times Bismarck tried to out-Herod Herod. His feats in the hunting field and at drinking bouts, where a horrid mixture of stout and champagne was quaffed by the bumper, earned him the nickname of "der tolle Bismarck"—that is, mad or wild Bismarck. A story of a number of young foxes being suddenly let loose in the drawing-room to frighten the female cousins reminds one of Tony Lumpkin's practical jocularities. But moody reaction followed such fits of artificial buoyancy. Bismarck would disappear for days amongst the woods of his estate, or lock himself up in his closet,

* An English version of this book has been made in the slipshod manner in which such work is unfortunately but too frequently done amongst us. The style of the narrative had not much to lose by the process, but the peculiar charm of the letters has, of course, been obliterated entirely. Moreover mistakes abound throughout the volume.

poring over numberless volumes of miscellaneous literature. Even Spinoza he explored to find "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy," with what result may be imagined. At one time, it is said, he had made up his mind to say good-bye to his native land and seek his fortune in India.

There is, however, nothing of bitterness or disappointed egotism in his letters of this period. They are written in a spirit of *bonhomie* mixed with gentle self-irony and an occasional indication of impatience and discontentment. What, for instance, can be more thoroughly good-natured than the humour with which Bismarck describes the "farce of shooting the fox," daily performed by the simple-minded father and most patiently endured by the son? or what more tenderly filial than the closing passages of the same note addressed to his sister, where he reminds her to give a few more details of her daily life in her letters to the old gentleman? "Tell him who has called on you and on whom you have called, what you have had for dinner, how your horses are, how the servants behave, whether the doors creak and the windows are weather-tight—in short, *facts!* Also he does not like to be called papa, having a particular objection to that term." A Dutch painter could not have hit off more perfectly the good-natured country gentleman of the old school walking his preserves and sheep-pens and winding up his old-fashioned clocks than Bismarck has done in a few touches.

"Madame," he says, addressing his sister in 1845, evidently in imitation of one of Heine's favourite mannerisms, "I can hardly resist the temptation to fill an entire letter with agricultural complaints, night frosts, sick cattle, bad rape and bad roads, dead lambs, hungry sheep, want of straw, fodder, money, potatoes, and manure; in addition, John is whistling outside a most infamous polka-tune both falsely and pertinaciously, and I am not cruel enough to stop him, knowing that he is trying to soothe his violent love trouble by means of music. The ideal of his dreams, by the persuasion of her parents, has given him the *congé*, and married a carpenter: exactly my case but for the carpenter, who is still rumbling in the lap of futurity. However, I must get married, Devil take me, that's clear. For since father's departure I am lonely and alone, and this mild, damp weather makes me feel melancholy and longingly loving. It is no use contending. I must marry Miss — after all; every one says so, and nothing is more natural, as we have both been left behind. It is true she leaves me

cold, but then they all do that. . . . When I came from Angermünde the waves of the River Zempel separated me from Kniephof, and as no one would trust me with horses I had to stop the night at Naugard with a number of travellers, commercial and otherwise, all waiting for the abating of the waters. After that the bridges of the Zempel were torn away; so that Knobelsdorf [a friend of Bismarck] and myself, the regents of two great counties [alluding to an appointment he held in his province], were enclosed in a little spot of earth by the waves, while an interregnum of anarchy prevailed from Schievelbein to Damm. As late as one o'clock one of my carts with three casks of spirits was carried away by the floods, and in my affluent of the Zempel a carter with his horse was drowned; I am proud to relate."

At this passage M. Klaczko in the clever pamphlet already alluded to utters a shriek of horror. With an elegant allusion to another flood—a sea of human blood, shed of course by Bismarck's fault alone, in France—he points out the brutality of the joke at the expense of an ill-fated menial. But really there is no brutality at all in the case. In connection with the drowned carter, Bismarck goes on to detail several other misfortunes of equal importance. Some houses have tumbled down; a landowner in the neighbourhood has hanged himself from desperation at the want of fodder. "An eventful year!" Bismarck exclaims: he is simply mocking and chafing at the narrowness of his circle of vision, in which the commonplace occurrences of life have to stand for historic events. That the life of a servant was not a matter of trifling to him he had shown previously, when with considerable personal danger he saved his groom from drowning. The medal awarded to him for this brave deed was for some time Bismarck's only order. A diplomatist who inquired somewhat superciliously after the meaning of the unpretending decoration Bismarck silenced with the *nonchalant* reply "I am sometimes in the habit of saving a person's life."

Numerous other letters of a similar character might be cited, one in especial dated 1850, in which Bismarck, who in the meantime had married Fräulein Johanna von Puttkammer, describes his troubles as paterfamilias on a trip to the seaside; the company including, besides himself and Frau von Bismarck, two squalling children with a corresponding number of tuneful nursemaids. Matrimonial Britons ought to take example by the great Chancellor's heavenly patience. In 1851 Bismarck was appointed Prussian ambassador to the German Diet at Frankfort-on-the-Main,

then just re-emerging from the storms of the Revolution. The influence of Austria, which lorded it over the minor potentates of Germany and suppressed the remainder of liberal feeling in the Southern States with an iron hand, was quite in accordance with Bismarck's political views at the time. For diplomacy and statecraft in the abstract he also felt a deep reverence. But soon after his arrival at Frankfort the scales fell from his eyes. With indignation he recognised the humiliating position of his own country, and partly, no doubt, to this sudden reaction in his whole feeling is due the utter contempt with which he speaks of the doings and intrigues of his brother diplomatists. These feelings are expressed with wonderful force of utterance in a remarkable letter to his wife (Frankfort, May 18, 1851), too long to quote here, but well worth the attention of the reader, particularly at the present moment. "Unless external events supervene," he writes, "I can tell you now what we are going to achieve in the next one, two, or five years, and, indeed, will undertake to achieve it myself in twenty-four hours if only the others would be sincere and reasonable for a single day. I always knew that they were cooking with water, but I am surprised at this sober, silly, watery broth, in which there is not a speck of fat to be seen. Forward me Schulze (village mayor), X., or Herr von ———ski from the turnpike house, and I will turn them into first-rate diplomates."

From the irksomeness of his office Bismarck escaped as frequently as possible into the quietude of the country, which in the neighbourhood of Frankfort is fertile and beautiful. In one of his letters from this period he describes a delightful swim at night in the Rhine. His description of the woody mountain tops and the battlements of castle ruins lit up by the moon is instinct with the spirit of romanticism. Descriptions of beautiful scenery of the most varied kind abound in Bismarck's letters. Wherever he went on his diplomatic wanderings—to Vienna, to the South of France, to St. Petersburg and Holland—the letters to his wife give a running commentary of his travelling impressions. Even from the battlefields of Bohemia and France he sends her hurried scraps to say what he has seen and done and felt. As biographical records these are invaluable; but even forgetting the historic import of the man and the date one can hardly read without interest and sympathy a passage from a letter to his wife written on the eve of the battle of Sadowa, which, after a hurried account of the events of the previous days, he concludes: "Greet every one cordially. Send me a novel, but one at a time only. God be with you. Just received

your letter; thousand thanks. I can feel with you the calm after we had left. Here in this throng of events one cannot realise the situation, except perhaps at night in bed." What epic poet could have drawn a great statesman and leader of the people in the midst of events of which he is the primary cause—seeking an hour's forgetfulness in a work of fiction, but never losing the thought of wife and home—with more graphic touches than is done unconsciously in these few broken lines?

To return to Bismarck's love of nature, it ought to be mentioned that, unlike many Germans, he is passionately fond of the sea. Even to so dull a place as Ostend he looks back "with longing," "for there," he writes, "I have met again an old love, quite unchanged and quite as beautiful as at our first acquaintance. I feel the separation bitterly, and look forward with impatience to the moment when, at Norderney, I may rest again on her heaving bosom; I can hardly understand how one can live away from the sea." A piece of landscape painting from a very different region is the only further specimen of Bismarck's descriptive power which the limits of space will allow me to quote. In the early autumn of 1862 he made a short tour to the south of France previously to assuming the office of Prime Minister. His letters to his wife are resplendent with air and light of southern seas and skies. Here is one dated Luchon, September 9th, 1862: "The day before yesterday we ascended from here the Col de Venasque: first two hours through splendid beech forest, full of ivy, rocks, and waterfalls; after that a hospitium, then again two hours' steep ascent on horseback over the snow, with views into the distance, still, deep lakes among snow and cliffs. At a height of 7,500 feet there opens in the pointed crest of the Pyrenees a narrow gate through which one enters Spain. The land of chestnuts and palms presents the appearance of a mountain gorge surrounded by the Maladetta, in front of us Pic de Sauvegarde and Pic de Picade. To the right flow streams towards the Ebro, to the left towards the Garonne; and on the horizon rises up one glacier and snow-covered peak behind the other far into Catalonia and Aragon. Here we breakfasted on a slight acclivity of the rocks—red partridges without salt or water—and afterwards rode downwards again on giddy mountain paths, but with splendid weather . . . To-day we saw the lake of Oo—a mountain gorge like the upper lake at Berchtesgarden, but enlivened by a tremendous waterfall rushing into it. We went on the lake singing French chansonnettes and Mendelssohn—that is to say, I listened. After that we rode home in a storm of rain, and are now dry and hungry again."

It was during this tour in the south of France that Bismarck at Avignon picked on the grave of Laura the olive branch which soon afterwards he offered to the indignant Radicals of the Prussian Chamber as a symbol of his conciliatory feeling. He also met Napoleon, with whom on this and later occasions he lived on the friendliest terms. Bismarck seems to have exercised a kind of fascination over the mind of the Emperor, who half incredulously, half admiringly, listened to his vast schemes. The same charm of the Prussian statesman's personality has been experienced by many different people under different conditions. Even Jules Favre submitted to it when, during the siege of Paris, he met the enemy of his country, and M. Thiers supplied the clue to the phenomenon by calling Bismarck, somewhat uncomplimentarily, "*un sauvage plein de génie*," using the word "*sauvage*" in the sense of an impulsive nature untamed by the fetters of conventionality or diplomatic usage. Who has ever heard of Metternich or Talleyrand inspiring personal sympathy or even personal hatred? There is of course a reverse to the medal. The impulsiveness and irritability of Bismarck's nature have not unfrequently led him into personal squabbles unworthy of his position alike as a statesman and an individual. In such moments he drops the extreme and cordial politeness of his ordinary bearing, and one is not astonished at reading that even so bold a man as Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent in the Prussian camp, did not relish the idea of facing Bismarck's wrath at Versailles.

It is true that in moments of excitement Bismarck becomes all but an orator. His ordinary speaking is by no means perfect. There is in his delivery nothing of Mr. Gladstone's wonderful smoothness and readiness of parlance. Bismarck's utterance resembles clock-work. He says a certain number of words, stops for a second regardless of comma or colon, and takes up the sentence again where he left it. But under the influence of personal feeling the stream of his words flows more rapidly. His huge form seems to tremble under the storms of passion, and the impression is powerful, although not always pleasant. His personal sallies and the way he utters them somewhat remind one of Mr. Lowe.

It remains to refer briefly to the numerous happy and unhappy sayings which, with Bismarck's signature affixed, have become truly "*winged words*." Some of these, like the combinations of "*blood and iron*," and the no less celebrated phrase of "*Might goes before right*," he distinctly repudiates. Others have been

erroneously fathered upon him. The unpleasant *bon-mot* about "letting the Parisians simmer in their own gravy" is by no means an invention of Bismarck's, but simply a very common German proverb somewhat brutally applied to the unfortunate city. The story of Bismarck having replied to the anxious query of Count Karolyi, if he intended to break the treaty of Gastein, "No; but if I had that intention should I answer you otherwise?" is, if not true, at least well invented. The cynicism of truth is decidedly one of the characteristic features of Bismarck's diplomatic action. The description of Napoleon as the "embodiment of misunderstood incapacity," at a time when the world looked up to the Tuileries as the modern Delphi, shows psychological foresight. But the best, because the simplest, of Bismarck's "happy thoughts" is perhaps his observation with regard to Nicholsburg, the splendid castle of Count Mensdorf, where the preliminary treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia was signed. "My old mansion of Schönhausen," he said, "is certainly very insignificant compared with this magnificent building. A good thing, therefore, that we are at Count Mensdorf's, and not he at my house."

It has been my wish in this brief paper to indicate rather than to prove a literary vein in the great statesman's intellect. The reader whose interest in the matter is roused is referred to the original sources. It may be said that in the best case a parcel of clever letters is a slender foundation for a position in literature. But does quantity alone decide the question? Walpole's idea of cataloguing royal and noble authors as such is not quite so snobbish as appears at first sight. An author whom his position seems to exclude from ordinary literary competition is always a phenomenon of some interest. His desire for literary fame must at least be genuine. As regards Bismarck, he will, with his few spontaneous effusions, perhaps stand a better chance with posterity than other statesmen whose literary productions fill a moderate-sized book-case.

RECOVERY OF PALESTINE.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

VI.—GALILEE.

“**Y**OU have ridden through Galilee? You have sailed on the lake? You have seen the city of Nazareth, and the sites of Magdala, Gerasa, and Capernaum? You have been on the spot of the marriage feast? You have stood on the slope from which He preached the Sermon on the Mount? Is Cana known? Where is Capernaum? Has the spot been identified, and what kind of place is it now?” Such questions break in cataracts on every pilgrim from the Holy Land.

Jerusalem may have a deeper and sterner interest for a Christian Frank than any place in Galilee; yet Galilee is properly the country of Our Lord. Here His earlier life was spent; here His chief companions lived; here His most important words were spoken, and His most important work was done. Jerusalem was the place of sacrifice, while the small villages in Galilee were the scenes of His life and ministry. Zion and Bezetha pale in interest before Nazareth and Cana, Nain and Capernaum, Magdala and Bethsaida. Here His disciples were chosen; here the foundations of His kingdom were securely laid.

The whole province of Galilee was called the country of Our Lord. Whence comes this name of Galilee, so closely connected with the sacred history, and so sweetly sounding in all Christian ears? It is not sacred to a Jew, nor sweetly sounding in a Jewish ear! The first name under which we know the country is *Gelil haggoyim*—Land of the Heathen. In the midst of Israel a Gentile people clung to the soil, and could not be expelled by fire and sword. They were a remnant of the ancient dwellers, but a hardy and unconquerable remnant, occupying the stony hills and thickets, much as the Druses cling to the hill-sides in Lebanon and the Waldenses to the valleys of Piedmont. Joshua ravaged their towns, Solomon tossed them as a fee to Hiram; but the leader of Israel and the King of Tyre were equally baffled by the passive tenacity and endurance of these ancient tribes. In the language of Jewish scribes, the country remained a land of strangers and heathens—Galilee of the Gentiles. Many Hebrews

lived in this heathen province, but the high priests looked on such Hebrews as low rabble who were not unwilling to live among strangers for the sake of gain. The feeling was not unlike that which English country squires used to express for people who sought their bread and salt in Van Dieman's Land or Botany Bay. Galilee never ceased to be a term of reproach. To be called a Galilean in the court of Annas and Caiaphas was to be called a rogue and churl. Josephus frequently speaks of the Galileans as brigands. Hence the saying of a strict Jew like Nathaniel, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Hence the opprobrium attaching in the minds of strict and metropolitan Jews to such epithets as Jesus of Nazareth and Jesus the Nazarene.

It is clear from many texts in Scripture that the name of Galilee was first applied to a small district, that the area so called grew in size—perhaps as more and more strangers came into the land—so that in the days of Jesus one-third of Palestine was known as Galilee. Isaiah had spoken of Galilee as a district occupied by strangers and heathens. It was so in the days of Judas, the Maccabean ruler, who sent his brother Simon to make war on the heathens of Galilee. Strabo tells us, on independent authority, that the population of Galilee was mixed. Thus, when the Greeks and Egyptians had built Ptolemais, Sephoris, and other strong cities, the whole country must have come to be called Galilee—the land of these strangers—and the name had been carried from the country to the lake. This growth of the area of Galilee meant an increase of the Gentile element in the Holy Land.

Three noble cities had been built in Galilee by these strangers: Ptolemais on the sea coast, Sephoris in the hill country, and Tiberias on the lake. For a long time Ptolemais (ancient Acco, modern Acre) had been the port, Sephoris the capital; but in the early years of Our Lord, Antipas Herod, a prince of Greek culture, who had spent much of his life in Rome and other Italian cities, built for himself a new capital of Galilee on the lake, and with oriental flattery called this new city after the reigning emperor, Tiberias. These cities had a foreign aspect. They were walled towns, adorned with Pagan temples, governed by foreign magistrates, and garrisoned by Roman troops. Like other natives of the soil, Our Lord avoided them. Sephoris, though the capital of His province, and, as Josephus says, "the largest city in Galilee," is never mentioned in the story of His life. From every ridge near Nazareth the towers and temples of Sephoris could be seen. There the governor lived, and there all public business had to be

done; yet the Teacher is never once reported to have passed within her gates. Apart from the pressure of ritualistic rules, this fact would seem as strange as that an active thinker and teacher should live for thirty years at Highgate without venturing to the porch of Westminster and the foot of St. Paul's. Ptolemais—the Dover of Galilee—the port of entry from Cyprus and Smyrna, from Antioch and Rome—is never named in the gospels. It is only once mentioned in the Acts, as a Gentile city visited by the Apostle of the Gentiles. Neither is the new city of Tiberias named, except incidentally in connection with some boats on the lake. Jesus never passed within the gates of Tiberias, nor ever saw, except from His humble craft, the splendours of Herod's Roman stadium and golden house. The Teacher passed His days in the open country and in the modest Hebrew thorpes. Such modest thorpes were the hill villages of Nazareth and Cana, Nain and Tabor; such also were the water-side villages of Magdala, Bethsaida, and Capernaum. An old tradition makes the family of Joseph residents in Sephoris, then a bright Greek city standing on a hill-top six miles north of Nazareth. This legend is not likely to be true. The Hebrews lived in villages of their own, apart from strangers, on the ground that almost everything about the private life and public worship of those strangers was for them "unclean." The gods and goddesses of Greece were all unclean to Jews. A Roman bath, a Roman theatre, a Roman market-place, were all unclean. A Jew could not eat at the same table with a Greek, could not drink from the same pitcher as an Egyptian, could not cross the same saddle as a Roman, could not sleep under the same roof as a Gaul. As everything he touched in a Gentile town defiled him—and involved a ritual penance—a Jew who had enough religion to be anxious for his law could never safely pass within a stranger's gate. Joseph was a carpenter; therefore a member of one of the noble Hebrew guilds. Leaving out the whole question of "guidance," it is unlikely that his family resided in a Greek city. At a later day Sephoris was abandoned to the Jews, who made it a seat of learning, capital of the Sanhedrin, and a burial-place for masters of the law. Then Sephoris came to be regarded as a sacred town, and then the legend of Joseph's family may have sprung up.

I.—SEA OF GALILEE.

The Sea of Galilee is a sheet of water known to us by many names. First mentioned in the Pentateuch, it is there called the

Sea of Cinnereth, or Chinnerith, from a town of that name standing on the western bank. The site of Chinnerith is lost, though it is not unlikely to be found at Khan Minyeh. It is next known as the Lake of Gennesareth: from the rich and lovely plain lying between Khan Minyeh and Medjeb, the ancient Magdala. Later on it was called the Sea of Galilee, from the province, of which it formed the basin and the boundary. In the time of Our Lord the name was changed once more. Antipas Herod built a new city on the western bank, which he called Tiberias, in compliment to his Roman master. That city was made his capital and his residence, so that the waters washing his piers and carrying his fleets soon became known as the Lake of Tiberias. In Switzerland we have examples of a similar change. Thus Lake Lemán has become the Lake of Geneva, the Four Forest-Cantons Lake has become the Lake of Luzern, the Boden Sea has become the Lake of Constance. After the Roman annexation the lake district fell into obscurity. Tiberias, ceasing to be the Roman capital, only lived in human memory as a refuge for Jewish rabbis and a school of Jewish thought. Yet as no other city rose on the lake the new name remained, after the capital had become a wreck. A few herds—and a great many fleas—are found at Tiberias, which the Arabs call Tibaria, and the only name by which the lake is known to natives of the country is that of Bahr Tibaria, Lake of Tiberias.

No part of Palestine had been so much neglected as the Sea of Galilee. The early Christians thought the land accursed. Had not Our Lord lifted up His voice against Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida? And these ungrateful cities had been cursed and left to perish in their sins. Their lot was that of Sodom and Gomorrah, and no native convert to the new religion wished to keep their names alive. Pilgrims from Antioch, Smyrna, and Constantinople caught this local feeling, and the lake country was in no small measure abandoned to the Jews. Even Frankish pilgrims rarely found their way to the lake. The land was always dangerous; for the sons of Ishmael pitched their black tents on the eastern bank, much as they do at the present hour. Arculf was able to see the lake from the Mount of Beatitude, but not to ride round the shore. Sæwulf seems not to have descended into the lower country. Benjamin of Tudela visited Tiberias, but his stay was short and he only saw the western bank. The Templars held the lake district, but Saladin drove them back in his first skirmish, and they never afterwards got a footing on the lake. From the days

of Saladin to the opening of Palestine by modern travellers the whole region was unvisited and unknown.

The level of the Sea of Galilee had not been ascertained. In truth, the discrepancies in level given by different authors were such as would be incredible in the case of an African Nyanza or an Asiatic Tengri Nor. Symonds had marked the level as 328 feet below the sea at Acre, Von Wildenbusch at no less than 845: a difference of more than 500 feet. Neither Symonds nor Von Wildenbusch was near the truth. Lieutenant Lynch, of the American Survey, had taken a more accurate observation, but his report had not been incorporated with Ritter's text, and not much attention had been paid to his note. Until Captain Anderson pitched his tents at Medjil the fact of great variation in the levels had scarcely been observed, though this variation seems to be greater than anything seen in either Swiss or Russian lakes. The level varies with the rain-fall and snow-melting from a little over six hundred feet to a little less than seven hundred feet. Lieutenant Lynch's measurement is a trifle below the mean level. Major Wilson made a brief but satisfactory survey of the eastern bank. Few travellers have been able to ride round the lake. When Ritter wrote no one had gone west of the lake except Lutzen and Burkhardt: the first in 1806, the second in 1812. Since then we have done a little, though not much. Thomson got round by land. Tristram had a slight peep at the shore from a boat. Major Wilson and Captain Anderson, after vain attempts to get an escort from the Modir of Tiberias, hired a boat and crossed the lake, pistols and pencils in hand, giving orders for their boat to follow them along the coast. They took many observations, and for the first time laid down the wadies, ruins, and hill-points.

II.—CHORAZIN AND CAPERNAUM.

The sites of these towns are two of the most vexatious problems in sacred geography. I think they have now been solved. The key of the position is the site of Capernaum. As Galilee was called the country of Our Lord, Capernaum was called the city of Our Lord. "He entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into *His own city*." Here, after His expulsion from Nazareth, He chiefly lived. Here were the homes of His chief companions, Peter and John. At Capernaum, according to St. Matthew, He called His first disciples to their work. Here Matthew himself was *chosen*. If the Lord's ministry began at Bethabara, it took shape

and personality in Capernaum. Here the wonders of His grace were lavishly poured out. In this small Hebrew village, standing on the lake, yet off the Roman road from Samaria to Damascus, He calmed the man possessed by devils, cured Peter's mother-in-law of a fever, healed the centurion's servant, and raised the daughter of Jairus from the trance of death. Then, the whole range of His miraculous powers was put forth in this humble place. Nor was Capernaum less happy in the receipt of spiritual light than in the virtues of supernatural power. In Capernaum Jesus preached the sermon on eating and feasting, in which He compared Himself to the bridegroom; that on things clean and unclean, in which He set the old ritual law aside; that on real humility, when He took the little ones in His arms; and that on the true bread of life, when He made the solemn declaration "I am the bread of life." Here He taught in the synagogue and by the road-side. In the fields and by the sands of Capernaum He told the parables of the sower, the tares, the pearl seeker, and the net. At Capernaum he bade Peter take up the fish and look for the tribute money in its mouth. In front of Capernaum He walked the sea and calmed the storm. In sight of Capernaum He fed the five thousand and preached the Sermon on the Mount. Where else on earth is a place so filled by His glory as Capernaum? Where is this thrice holy place?

Long before the days of Robinson the site of Capernaum was in dispute. Sanudo had placed it near the inflow of the Jordan, on a rising knoll called Tell Hum. Quaresmius placed it at Khan Minyeh, a mound near the northern edge of the Plain of Genesareth. Quaresmius is a better authority than Sanudo, yet the weight of opinion has been on his rival's side. Rau, Pococke, Burkhardt, and Wilson fixed on Tell Hum. Robinson fixed on Khan Minyeh, and in this opinion he has been followed by Porter, Tristram, and Macgregor. Ritter rejects the evidence adduced in favour of Khan Minyeh. Thomson comes out strongly for Tell Hum.

Capernaum—more accurately spelt, Caphar na Hum—is mentioned by Josephus and by the Evangelists. Josephus speaks of the place twice, and each time with a peculiarity that helps us to fix the site. The first time Josephus names Capernaum (spelt Capharnaum) is in his autobiography. While engaged in fighting with the troops of King Herod Agrippa II., he and his horse fell into a quagmire; his wrist joint was dislocated, and his attendants carried him to Capernaum for medical help. A doctor was called in and the bones were set, but the patient caught a fever and was carried

away at night by the doctor's orders to Tarichæa. This skirmish took place in the marshes, where the Jordan falls into the lake. "Near the Jordan," says Josephus; in front of an entrenchment only one furlong from Bethsaida-Julias. Except a heap of rubbish at Abu Zany, no remains occur on the lake nearer than Tell Hum; and it is clear that "the village of Capernaum," to which the wounded general was carried, stood at that point. The second mention of Capernaum by Josephus is in the Jewish wars, where he is describing the lake country. "Extending along the Lake of Gennesareth, and bearing also its name, lies a tract of country . . . irrigated by a highly fertilising spring called Capernaum, thought by some to be the Veni Nili, since it contains a fish like the coracin of the lake near Alexandria." There *is* a spring near Tell Hum, by which the Plain of Gennesareth might have been watered in ancient times. The evidence supplied by Josephus is therefore all in favour of Tell Hum.

St. Matthew speaks of Capernaum as being "on the sea coast, on the borders of Zabulon and Nephtholim." Unhappily the tribal borders are vexed questions in our sacred geography, but the indication agrees very well with the theory of Capernaum standing at Tell Hum. St. Matthew was a collector of customs at Capernaum: therefore Capernaum had a custom house. The Roman centurion lived at Capernaum: therefore Capernaum was a station for Roman troops. The two things show that it was also a frontier town. Now in the days of St. Matthew the River Jordan divided the tetrarchy of Antipas Herod from the dominions of Agrippa Herod. Two miles of swamp and jungle lie between the Jordan and Tell Hum. Capernaum was a frontier town; and Tell Hum is the site of a frontier town. St. Matthew speaks of much sickness in Capernaum, Peter's mother-in-law being sick of fever. Now, the shores of lakes, at the point where rivers fall into those lakes, are always swampy and unwholesome. Tuggen is a fever-bed; Villeneuve and Fluellen are fever-beds. The narrative in Josephus agrees with the narrative in St. Matthew, and the texts describe a physical and sanitary peculiarity of Tell Hum.

The other Evangelists add little to these topographical hints. St. Mark says there was a synagogue at Capernaum, and that there were many sick people in the place. St. Luke also says there was a synagogue in Capernaum and much sickness in the place. He mentions a centurion and Roman soldiers, and tells us that the Roman governor built a synagogue for the Jews.

These indications have not satisfied every one. Robinson took

the wrong side, and his misleading light has carried many more astray. His objections to Tell Hum are weaker and less connected than usual, but he decides in favour of Khan Minyeh as the village of Capernaum, and the spring now known as Ain et Tiny as the fountain of Capernaum. It is enough to say, in answer to Robinson's heresy, that Ain et Tiny is not sweet and fertilising water, and that the spring is on the same level as the lake. By no contrivance could the springs have been made to water the plain. Tristram is far more cogent. Tell Hum, he says, is two miles from the spring, and it is unlikely that the fountain called Capernaum would be two miles from the village of that name. His distance is wrong, for Ain Tabiga is hardly one mile from the present ruins, and in ancient times the village may have been connected with the springs. They may have been as near the town as the well at Sychar and the well at Nazareth. They were not farther, perhaps, than Hampstead spring from Hampstead church. But, adds Tristram, Ain Tabiga is "close to the edge of the lake, away from the plain, and . . . separated by an intervening spur of hill." This spur of hill comes close to the lake at Khan Minyeh. The fact here named is the strongest argument ever advanced against the pretensions of Tell Hum. If the waters of Ain Tabiga could *not* pass the spur at Khan Minyeh so as to water the Plain of Gennesareth, Tell Hum is not the site of Capernaum.

Here we found the question; here we called in the spade.

Major Wilson soon saw that the ruins at Tell Hum were of greater extent and importance than had been thought. A huge block stands near the water's edge, which Major Wilson says had been built of stones from an older edifice. The quarry was found in the white synagogue, a structure within a structure, all in ruins, yet preserving in the fallen shafts, groins, and capitals the evidence of nobler arts than ever flourished in a purely Syrian town. A party of Arabs fell to work, scraping out the earth and turning over the stones, until the ground-plan of the pile was laid bare. The white limestone, of which the synagogue was built, is capable of a fine polish. Some pedestals were in site, but the columns and capitals had fallen down. Measuring the walls Major Wilson found the length about seventy-five feet, the width about fifty-seven feet. There were three doors, all at the south end, looking out over the lake towards Tiberias. From the steps of this synagogue an observer could see the towers of the capital and the roof of Antipas Herod's golden house. Out-

side the synagogue Major Wilson uncovered the ruins of a much larger building, never before observed. These ruins turned out to be those of an ancient basilica. Such a discovery was decisive. Here was the synagogue built by the Roman governor for the Jews, as mentioned by St. Luke. Here was the basilica which Epiphanius says was erected at Capernaum, enclosing the site of Peter's house. That basilica, built in the reign of Constantine, was standing in Capernaum in the sixth century. The ruins of synagogue and basilica are now to be seen at Tell Hum, as they are caught in the accompanying plate.

Tristram's difficulty about the "spur" at Khan Minyeh cutting off the waters of Ain Tabiga from the Plain of Gennesareth passed away in presence of our engineers. Major Wilson found that their source is the largest in all Galilee; a very notable spring, therefore, and likely to be called after the biggest town in the vicinity. That town was Capernaum. The present Ain es Sultan was formerly called the Springs of Jericho. On tapping the rock, Major Wilson found that an aqueduct had been carried in ancient times from a great reservoir, near the fountain, to the plain. In one place this aqueduct had been banked up by retaining walls, in another had been carried over rills and becks on arches. The "spur" had been overcome by the ancient engineers, who had cut a canal along its front through the solid rock. This cutting, often seen before, had been mistaken for an ancient road. Major Wilson traced the watercourse from Ain Tabiga round the bluff at Khan Minyeh into the Plain of Gennesareth, so that every doubt as to Ain Tabiga watering that plain is at an end. Tell Hum is, therefore, proved to be the village of Capernaum, and Ain Tabiga the spring formerly known as the fountain of Capernaum.

The spade was used at Khan Minyeh, but the place had no scriptural secrets to give up. Some ruins of a wall were found, not older than the khan, which seems a Saracenic pile of the reign of Saladin. The houses have been little more than huts. No columns, capitals, or carvings were discovered either in the walls of the khan or those of the tombs. Khan Minyeh is not an ancient place.

Chorazin has been also fixed beyond a doubt.

We know from St. Matthew that Chorazin stood near Capernaum, and shared the curse pronounced on this unbelieving town. Jerome tells us the distance was two miles.

Now, two miles north of Tell Hum lie some ruins which the *Arabs* call Kerazeh; modern Arab equivalent for the old Greek



word. They had been little seen and ill-described. Robinson had treated them with scorn; without having the excuse of anger against monks and priests. These ruins are of some extent, equal in area to those at Tell Hum. There is a synagogue at Kerazeh, although not so fine as the white synagogue at Tell Hum. It has Corinthian capitals with niche heads and other decorative work carved in the dark basaltic rock. Many houses are still standing; some of them old; and of the usual Syrian type. A fountain rises in the midst of these notable ruins, over which a large tree waves its branches; and provides a cover for two sheikhs' tombs. Traces of a paved road were found, connecting Chorazin with the imperial road over Jordan to Damascus.

Capernaum and Chorazin being fixed, it is not hard to find Bethsaida. Major Wilson finds it on the north, just where the Jordan falls into the lake. The site was at or near the present Ain Zany. It must have been a small and most unhealthy spot; the Bouveret of the Sea of Galilee. We need not marvel at the number of sick people there; nor at the removal of Peter to a more salubrious place. Capernaum lay on the edge of a marsh, but was not hemmed, like Bethsaida, between the river and the marsh. Using Lake Lemman for the illustration, Bethsaida would be Bouveret, Capernaum would be Villeneuve.

In my next paper I shall deal with the vexed question of Cana in Galilee.

THE TRUE STORY OF ROMEO & JULIET.

BY G. ERIC MACKAY.

IN country places in Italy—at “wakes” and village fairs, connected for the most part with Church festivals—one may occasionally pick up odd specimens of books: books and pamphlets, with and without illustrations, varying in price from a soldo to half a franc. Most of these productions are religious—what in England would be called “goody” books—but some are of general interest, *i.e.* “profane,” but not in the worst sense of the term. Here may be found stories of men and women—young men and young women, for the most part—who, without being saints, worked deeds of wonder; legends of strange people who did impossible things, as St. Denis did of old (when, being decapitated, he carried his head under his arm); anecdotes of lovers and brigands and myths of the Middle Ages, worthy of being worked up into a three-volume novel, with other “profanities” too numerous to be classified, but all more or less sensational. Among such productions is the subject of the present article—a book purporting to be the “true story” of Signor Montecchi, *alias* Romeo, and of Madonna, or Monna Capelletti, *alias* Juliet, whom, for brevity’s sake, we may call Mr. and Mrs. Romeo.

The book in question is octavo, and contains a hundred and odd pages of closely printed prose. The cover is embellished with a picture of a youth and maiden embracing each other as if about to rush into the mazes of some maddening waltz, but their piteous faces are too close together for actual dancing; they are looking into each other’s eyes as only lovers can, and under the picture are the words: “Quest’ è l’ultimo bacio di Rome”—“This is Romeo’s last kiss!”) A good suggestive scene, and a fair one; but why, in the name of good taste, is Romeo’s hat put on the wrong way? Is it misery? Is it the hurry of departure? Is it guilt? Or is it simply because noblemen, when bidding good-bye to ladies in the fifteenth century, always wore their hats on in the boudoir—and always wore them on the wrong side?

But let us glance at the contents of the book. The picture, as

will be seen, has little to do with it, Romeo's kiss being given under different circumstances.

The story is in its details very unlike the story of Shakespeare; it differs from that of Lopez da Vega; and it is at variance—and somewhat violently so—with the versions of Ducis and Luigi Scevola; but Bandello's story, and that of Luigi da Porta, have much to do with it, albeit chiefly in broad outline. It is possibly in some way connected with the black-letter ballads of Romeo and Juliet which are known to have been in existence some three centuries ago, though all traces of them are lost, even in Italy, but not, it may be presumed, irretrievably so, since every year brings to light some new discovery in the shape of old prints and manuscripts.

If it be taken for granted that the old Italian legend of "Romeo and Juliet" is founded on fact (and there is nothing incredible in the story, however extravagant it may appear), it seems natural to believe that the Italians, in their cheap popular literature, possess the correct version. We do not go to Italy for the origin of "King Lear," or to England for that of the "Merchant of Venice"; but we do, or ought to, go to Italy for the origin of "Romeo and Juliet," which is confessedly Italian; and if this gentleman and this lady *did* live and *did* die in Verona, Verona, of all cities in Christendom, ought to have something to say about them. It is true that the book now under consideration was not purchased in Verona; but it is obtainable there on market-days, when pedlars are about. It was picked up at a village fair near the Castle of the Montecchi—called the Castle of Romeo and Juliet—lying midway between Verona and Vicenza: the name of the village being Montecchio (the word Montague of Shakespeare), or, in official language, Montecchio Maggiore—supposed to have taken its name in ancient times from the ancestors of Romeo.

According to the Montecchio legend Romeo was not an only son; he had several brothers (but no sisters), and all of these brothers, including Romeo, were bound over, by oath, to wage war on the family of the Capelletti, the war to last for ever, like the vendetta wars in Corsica. It appears that Romeo's great-grand-mother was, several years after marriage, courted, captured, and slain by a Count Capelletti, a former suitor for her hand (and this, we are told, was the origin of the family feud), the lady dying an innocent victim of the Capelletti as she had lived a virtuous spouse of the Montecchi.

The writer of the true version of "Romeo and Juliet" informs us, *at the outset of his story*, that Shakespeare's immortal lovers first

met in church. The lady was found kneeling at a shrine when the young man first caught sight of her; he, standing near a column, loved her at a glance, wondered at her beauty, and followed her to the door of the sanctuary, overtaking her there, and making way for her as she went out as for a queen, or a fresh embodiment of one of those pictured saints with which the church was embellished. The lady blushed deeply as she passed him, and the blush "communicating itself, as if by enchantment, to the cheeks of Romeo, the young man stood stone-still, not daring to pursue her, and so, in a moment of timidity, his chance of overtaking her was lost"—but not for ever. He met her again in the same building, accompanied by her nurse, and spoke a few hurried words to her as she went out, offering her the holy water with the tips of his fingers—a courtesy which prevails in Italy and other Catholic countries at the present day.

The first meeting of Romeo and his rival Paris took place at a tournament. Both gentlemen loved Juliet with the intensity of southern hearts; but Romeo conquered his opponent, and the lady, sitting in the place of honour much as Rowena sat in "Ivanhoe," awarded him the crown of victory. Juliet, though at this time affianced to Paris, contrived, aided by her nurse, to meet Romeo almost daily. To him on one memorable occasion she plighted her maiden-troth, and from him, on more than one occasion, she received "proofs and tokens" of affection. Romeo, loving Juliet, hated the name of Capelletti, and Juliet, hating the name of Montecchi, adored Romeo. Herein the true story tallies with the story of Shakespeare, but at this juncture crops up a love-letter of which Shakespeare makes no mention:—

"Juliet, I have deceived you; I love you not. You are Capelletti, my natural foe. Being Capelletti, you are no longer Juliet. Your name is the enemy of my name, and my blood of your blood. In three words—I am Romeo. Farewell!"

Young Montecchi wrote this letter at his father's dictation.

We need not go into the details of the many disputes which now took place between the Montecchi and the Capelletti, neither need we trace the history of the civil war which raged in Verona while Romeo was courting Juliet. Romeo's brothers were one after the other slain by the partisans and followers of the Capelletti, and many of Juliet's cousins (she had no brothers or sisters) suffered a like fate at the hands of the Montecchi. Romeo's father—an old man with grey hair and a very bad conscience—was thrown into prison and there half starved; but *escaping therefrom*, he craftily devoted

himself to the work of revenge, and using, abusing, and misusing Romeo's love, aimed at the Capelletti the deadliest blow of which they had yet had any experience. He began by making offers of friendship to the father of Juliet, which were in the first instance haughtily declined. He dictated a second letter to Romeo in which the young man was made to say that his immediate union with the lady who had been the first as she would be the last passion of his lifetime was now possible and even necessary. Juliet was told that she might meet Romeo when and where she liked, though not openly; and the nurse acted as messenger and go-between as in Shakespeare's story; but no friar, no poison-vendor was appealed to as in the tragedy, no sentence of banishment was pronounced on Romeo by the Duke of Verona. Romeo went disguised to Juliet's house and there received hospitality under a feigned name. He won the friendship of the father as he had won the love of the daughter, but betrayed himself one fatal night by throwing aside his disguise, and was arrested as a malefactor and a "partisan of outlaws." The elder Montecchi, who had been hanging about the neighbourhood for some time waiting for events, pushed on to Verona and there made fresh overtures of peace to the "murderer of his sons." This time, and somewhat to his own surprise, his voice was heard. Juliet's father, weary of strife, "pardoned the son of his enemy for Juliet's sake," and Romeo's father, thirsting for revenge, urged the old man to consent to the marriage of Romeo and Juliet "as a proof of his sincerity"—but not, as will presently be seen, as a proof of the sincerity of Romeo's father. The rival chiefs shook hands, and the marriage was announced to take place at an early date under the special patronage of the Duke of Verona.

Two days before the wedding the elder Montecchi—whose Christian name, by the way, was Timoleon—took his son aside and thus addressed him: "Who art thou, Romeo? Speak, boy! Art thou my son?"

Romeo, pale and red alternately with suppressed emotion, looked a reply, but made no answer in spoken words.

"Romeo," continued Timoleon, after a moment's hesitation, "there are offences which no man can forgive, but there are some men—myself among the number—who can feign forgiveness and put on outwardly, for secret purposes, the livery of friendship. He who forgives a certain kind of offence is a wretch too vile to be called a man, for he who neglects or misapplies the chances of vengeance runs the risk of being again insulted. Vengeance

has its joys, as love has, and the shrieks and groans of a fallen enemy are as sweet to the ear as the sighs and whispered words of a betrothed lover. I have made my peace against my will with the Capelletti. He has forgiven me; he might have killed me; he must die! . . . Romeo, you understand me? The cursed Capelletti must not triumph over our disasters. We must have tears for tears; ay, blood for blood, and shame for shame!"

Romeo turned pale and a look of horror passed over his face as these words escaped his lips:—

"Away! away! You speak you know not what. My saint is Juliet." (*Giulietta è la santa mia.*)

Timoleon, raising his eyes from the ground, patted the boy on the head:

"You are a true lover, Romeo, but are you a good son? Nay, answer me not! Love and Hatred are twin brothers, suckled at the same breast. Who shall tell hereafter which was which—my hatred or your love?"

He left the youth to his reflections, and mounting his horse betook himself to the house of Paris. He had recently become the boon companion of his son's rival.

The marriage-morn was one of the most beautiful on record, even in a country like Italy, where days and nights are brighter than in other parts of Europe. Juliet, sweeter than the songs of troubadours, brighter than the day which made the city jubilant, was led to the altar by her father and the Duke of Verona; Romeo entered the church accompanied by Timoleon. No secrecy here, as in Shakespeare's story! No friar, no rope-ladder, no question of a counterfeit-death willingly assumed by Juliet, no flight to Mantua on the part of Romeo. Everything upright and downright on the part of the lovers, and (with one exception) on the part of the parents. Romeo and Juliet stood before the priest, each repeating the formula one after the other: Romeo first, then Juliet. When Juliet had taken the oath which made her Romeo's for ever, she fell speechless to the ground as if struck by an unseen hand. Romeo knelt beside her; raised her; kissed her; called to her; she would not speak. Cries of treason arose in the church; every one suspected murder. The girl's father wept; the father of Romeo, folding his arms, and raising himself to his full height, addressed the company in these terms: "Juliet, whom you see here, is dead. Bury her; trouble her not!" Romeo started to his feet: "What! is the bird flown?" The old man deigned no reply; but, *handing his sword to the Duke*, was

arrested by the body-guard. The church was cleared; Romeo was led away, madly shouting "Juliet! Juliet!" and the girl, carried home on a litter, was stretched out for burial.

Up to this point we have incidents which have little or nothing to do with Shakespeare's noble story. Instead of being subordinates in the plot, or altogether out of the plot (as in the tragedy), the fathers of the lovers play prominent parts in it; such parts, in fact, as the dramatist leads us to believe they must have played in actual life,—if we are to judge from the Duke's speeches. But here comes a crisis in which the Montecchi legend tallies with the English tragedy. Juliet was not dead in reality; she had taken a sleeping-draught in lieu of poison, and would waken at a given time to consummate events connected with Romeo's death. Here, however, the resemblance ends. The draught was administered in a cup of wine by Romeo's father, he believing it to be poison. Paris was his accomplice; but he, having a scheme of his own on foot, knew it to be harmless. Timoleon meant to kill Juliet to avenge himself on the family of the Capelletti; but Paris merely wished to stupefy the girl and put her in a trance, that he, after the funeral, might waken her, and take her home.

But Timoleon, though he makes a full confession of his guilt, does not inculpate Paris. He is jealous of the infamy of his accomplice, and wishes to have the sole merit of the vendetta. Paris, with a counter-potion, hastens to the vault of the Capelletti, there to claim his bride. Romeo, with a view to committing suicide, repairs to the same spot. The rivals meet, as in Shakespeare's tragedy, and Romeo kills Paris. Romeo takes poison, and dies almost in Juliet's arms. Juliet, waking, kills herself, after surveying the scene of horror, with Romeo's sword; and all is at an end. Love and jealousy and hatred find their climax in death, and the feuds of the Montecchi and Capelletti perish in the extinction of their families.

Who shall say that this story, thus briefly traced out, is essentially incorrect? Thousands of people in Italy believe it to be the "true story of Romeo and Juliet." People living in Verona, Vicenza, and elsewhere in the neighbourhood, reject Shakespeare's account as an innovation, and accept this one as historical. It is possible that history may have little or nothing to do with it; just as history is believed by many persons to have little or nothing to do with the legend of Romulus and the She-Wolf. But who, with this story in his hand—a story *eagerly devoured* by novel-readers in Italy—will attempt to prove

its fallacy? It is enough for literary purposes—and a most important literary question is involved in the issue—that Italy and England have at the present time rival versions of “*Romeo and Juliet*,” each version being popularly believed to be the correct one. Shakespeare’s story is, of course, the finer of the two, but that is no proof of its being the more authentic. The noblest parts of the English tragedy are Shakespeare’s handiwork: the poetry, the thought, the insights into human nature. No one cares to prove that *Romeo and Juliet* actually spoke and thought in accordance with Shakespeare’s tragedy; but here is a story which people in Italy buy and read as the correct version. It is full of interest from beginning to end; it is anonymous, like the “*Story of Bertoldo*,” and may or may not be an utter fiction, or (as some people assert) a modern-antique, dating from the end of the last century. The great fact which stares us in the face is this: here is a story of the Lovers of Verona, which is sold, and read, and believed in, in the city in which *Romeo and Juliet* are reported to have lived. Look at *Juliet’s Tomb*, and then look at this book! The tomb, as shown to tourists, bears internal and external evidence of having been made for a giant or a giantess: if, indeed, it was made for any human corpse—and was at one time used as a bath. But the book—the literary monument of *Juliet*—has higher claims to attention, and, authentic or not, fills a place in public estimation which no one is likely to deprive it of, not even the discoverer of the lost ballads on which *Bandello* and *Da Porta* are believed to have founded their stories.

ATHENS UNDER KING OTHO.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

I HAD scarcely sat down to breakfast on the day of my arrival in the city of Minerva before a sly waiter at the *Hôtel de l'Europe* brought under my nose a little horn tray containing a coarsely cut carnelian, the bronze figure of a Cupid, and a sham gold coin of Alexander that a dragoman who squinted treacherously at the door was ready to swear had been dug up at Thebes. The godlike eye, the Apollo chin, the old Homeric helmet were there, but "Brummagem" was stamped all over it, and I felt a shudder at the first approach of the sham classic in the city of splendid memories. So I asked how far it was to Corinth, just as a diversion, and the *Arcades ambo*, finding that nothing more profitable than questions were to be got out of me, vanished into thin air, and left me in peace with my stony olives, my bad coffee, and my golden-brown honey of Hymettus—falsely so-called, for the honey of Hymettus is so dear that no prudent landlord ever allows a traveller to touch it.

Perhaps of all the delights of travelling there is none greater than the calmness and freshness that one feels after a long sea journey on arriving early in the morning at port, and, after dressing, coming down to a breakfast that you devour with the polite ferocity of a gentlemanly lion. How clear the mind is, how it sorts the threads of tangled plans, how it forgets the baffling, foggy past, and strikes out, like a strong swimmer, straight and fair, with good heart, into the undiscovered future! What nectar sweetens the coffee! Surely the fruit was picked in Eden. How golden seems that unvisited city of so many dreams with one's own standard

* This sketch was given by the late Mr. Walter Thornbury some years ago as a contribution in behalf of a scheme for the relief of the destitute poor in winter in the East-end of London, which is only now being carried into effect. It relates to a period quite fresh in the minds of many of us, though long enough ago to fall outside the recollection of the younger generation of readers. Otho, the Bavarian prince, was placed on the throne of Greece by the Protecting Powers at the time when that country finally shook off the detested rule of the Turks, but the incompatibility between the Greek and Bavarian character bred a discord between King and people which at the end of thirty years culminated in the flight and deposition of Otho in 1862.

at last floating proudly on its citadel! All this I realised as I sipped my coffee in an Athenian hotel, talking with General Epaminondas across the table about the Bæotian dullness and unimprovability of the fatuous German king.

I had come to Athens from—I am not going to tell what enchanted island, I had lingered where, across the low flat earth coast dotted with burial mounds, you see blue Ida, and the spot where Troy town once poured forth its brazen bucklers across the Scamander—a dull plain for a blind man to find beauty in, and now left for the slow tortoise to crawl over and survey in his own dull, circumlocutory manner, and for dull critics to crawl and potter about in the leaden classical manner which shrinks with such ridiculous airs and such contemptible feigned pride from what it calls "light literature."

I had seen that rocky Ithaca that wandering Ulysses loved so much, making one wonder that he did not stop at home more to prove his love; and Lemnos, a mere blue mound across the water with a little grey cloud over it, as if Vulcan were still on his nine days' fall from heaven; and the Crete of Minos, who afterwards became Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in another place. I had, when the moon was full, steered round Sunium and its pillared heights, and then, after many days of high sea and low sea and no sea, I had gone to bed to dream of Olympic games run by hansom cabs, and awoke to find the vessel in still water off the Piræus, and the touts just boarding us close to where the Apostle Paul once landed. I can just remember a dirty man, who gave his name Pericles, and received a blow from me not far from the nose, dragging me close to the landing-place to a sort of ruined jetty that he called St. Paul's Bay. Peter I knew, and Paul I knew, but who was this touter? The touts were all, I remember, in great frilled-out white kilts, they wore fez caps and flannel-looking jackets; and all had waists like wasps—the wasps of Aristophanes, I may say.

Pericles, undaunted by the alternative blow I had administered, bowed us into an open fly driven by a brigand in a kilt, passed my things through the Custom-house quickly, having first oiled the douanier's hands, spoke what sounded like one of my old school Greek exercises, or the first page of Xenophon's "Anabasis," and drove off at a rapid rate to Athens along the dusty road that follows the course of the old Long Wall, whose ancient stones are here and there still visible.

We were in a cloud-compelling chariot, actually scouring the

plain of Attica with olive groves on either hand and the Ilissus, now in summer a mere dusty ditch, before us. Happy creature, I am realising the dreams of our delectus days! We stop a moment to water the horses at a dirty road-side wine-shop, where faded boughs—the bush that good wine does not need—rustle over the door. A rival cloud of dust meets us. Hats off, scum of the earth, believers in divine right and human wrong! It is the Greek King and Queen, in their barouche with fussy outriders, going off for a yacht excursion to Megara, this being the happy day that gave Otho to a grateful world. Rex is a lean, vacant, short-sighted man, in the national dress, and the Queen a stout, Amazonian woman who likes to rule. Mehercule! another cloud of dust and they are gone towards the Piræus, where an angry cloud, ominous for yachting, hangs. Would to Zeus it was to Jericho, and not merely to Megara, that that besotted King was going! It would be all the better for Greece, who has long ago had enough of Bavaria, whose new broom has long ceased to sweep well.

The olive groves of Academe sound well in Milton, and it is pretty to quote Plato about the plane-trees and the cicadas and the wrestling youths and the playful metaphysics and the knock-down "elenchus" of Socrates; but olive groves are dull, dreary places in reality, and poor stuff compared to our own oak coverts, which in summer are tangles of flowers and sweets and all a green mystery of leaves.

But the olive, with the dry, hard leaves and split trunks, with a horse's skull, white and staring, hung up here and there among the branches, I must leave for the present—ungracious tree of the dry blood and the silvery tremble of leaves—for now I see the loadstar of my travel, the rock of the Acropolis, the Castle Hill, the fossil heart of old Athens, and there is the Parthenon rising like a diadem upon its brow. From here it seems fresh as from the mason's hand, yet I know Time and Lord Elgin have bit some terrible mouthfuls out of it, though it be a meal that hath lasted the great appetite of that former destroyer a pretty long time. Now we are in the suburban streets, now we pass the staring palace and the ground where the theatre is to be (in Athens everything is to be), and I am at the hotel where I was when my scene opened.

As for the city of Solon and Pericles it is now almost confined to the Acropolis and the Temples of Jupiter and Theseus, for the modern city is like a little German market town, and has a trim, *rectilinear*, raw military air about it. If it were Jonesville, in the

United States, or the newest mushroom of civilisation, it could not look more brand-new and immature. There are suburban roads that look just new rolled and bordered by limp acacia trees that seem just planted.

These are the new paths of a new people. They are the growth of the Bavarian Minos: they should bisect all Greece, but they stop a few miles out of Athens and scarcely reach to Colonus—the Colonus of Œdipus. Greeks cannot make roads, and a French engineer is engaged to carry out these great public works, which in Greece are considered wonders of the world. But then this is a country where a Macadam might do more good than Theseus ever did, or, as far as trade goes, Aristides or any other ides.

Now if I turn into one of those ancient-looking wine-shops at the foot of the Acropolis what sort of people do I see when I look on the modern sons of Hellas? I see a race whose waists are like those of the wasps of Aristophanes, so small that I could span them in my hand. This is one of the fopperies universal among the modern Athenians. I never saw a woman's waist in England smaller than those of these degenerate people. Here comes up to me a Palikar, one of the old chieftains of the old Turkish war, who, being pensioned, live a swaggering, idle life. He is an old lion, with grisly moustache, and looks as if he ate a Turk every morning for breakfast; yet I declare I could cut his waist in two with a blow of my riding-whip, though his chest is wide as a prize-fighter's, and his stride is sturdy as a Pawnee "brave's." I had got accustomed to the Levant Greek fop, with his knee-breeches large—as a pillow-case, do I say?—nay, as a whole summer quilt sewn up into bags that drop down to the ankle and sway about as the Greek walks in the absurdest manner possible, especially when the monster calico bag is pendulent over a neat dainty foot cased in a tight white stocking and in a dancing-shoe of extreme daintiness. Shall I forget the waxed moustache, the greased hair, the exaggerated red bag of a fez, the trim jacket and sash stiff with embroidery, and the girdle bristling with offensive weapons—as Bob Acres says, "Your plaguey double-barrelled sword and your tarnation cut-and-thrust pistol"—can I ever forget the greasy complexions of those exceeding rascals the Levantines, their effeminate swagger, and the cock-a-doodle way they whisked about their white handkerchiefs and stuck their arms in their sides, or walked about in their everlasting festivals like great lubberly school-boys with their arms round each other's necks? Plenty of these old friends of mine are to be seen in Athens,

fresh from Candia or Cephalonia, from Smyrna or Syra, from Asia Minor or from the Black Sea ports. They are the vermin of commerce, and are to be found eastward wherever men buy and sell, wherever cheating is to be transacted. The most irrational, senseless, illiterate, impudent, odious creatures, the Eastern Greeks, who, to the mean timidity and rapacity of a bad Jew add a mercurial slipperiness and scurviness peculiar to their own race, are to be found at Pera; but Athens, as a seaport, boasts some specimens now and then that even Pera could scarcely match with all its shifty villany.

I early discovered that the modern Greek dress, with its flatulent exaggeration, was no bad type of the national character. Its breeches, ten times the reasonable size, represent a brag which is ten times that of the boasting of any other nation; the fez, a red jelly-bag six times as large as the Turkish, represents the assumption of six times as much cunning as any other people; the jacket, covered with three times too much lace, typifies the senseless extravagance of the poorest nation in Christendom; while the spider-waist, so useless, so unhealthy, so effeminate, and so unpleasant to the eye, exemplifies a conceit as unbounded as it is ill-founded. In the East the Greek is the sneaking slave who bears the blow if he may be allowed to rob you. Here in Athens—Athens of the violet crown and the golden grasshoppers, of Minerva and the Bavarian owl—the swagger is the swagger of slaves newly manumitted and over-acting their freedom. On the mountains, where the ever-armed man was never a slave but when the Turkish sword-point was at his eyes, the men walk like freemen, but they do not swagger: a really brave man never swaggers, a gentleman never swaggers; it is only your copper captains, your fussy, small authorities and oracles that swagger in a way which, if it does not make the angels weep, certainly keeps them in very low spirits.

If it was not for the maids of Athens (not the maid who married Mr. Black), with the little red fezes stuck so daintily on the side of their black hair, I could not say much for Greek costume. As for Greek beauty, that is altogether on the side of the men, the old straight-nosed Venuses and Dianas being extinct, as far as I could discover, in that worn-out country which, after producing so many wonderful human crops, now lies deplorably—as some think, hopelessly—fallow.

The Palikars, a fine set of old warriors, with their crimson and gold jackets, their scarlet and black greaves, their bushy white

kilts or fustanellas, and their red tufted Turkish shoes, tend much to enliven Athens, though generally speaking Otho has treated these brave old liberators with much the same gratitude that Charles the Second did the drunken but faithful old Cavaliers. Ulysses and Ajax and old Achilles you may see any day in the week, sunning themselves in Hermes Street or smoking their cigars round the Temple of the Winds.

Besides the Levantine with the ungracious and pendulous calicoslops, the Athenian dandy with the wasp waist, and the old Palikar, you often see wandering about the Temple of Theseus, or driving his waggon round the gigantic pillars of the Temple of Jupiter, rude mountaineers, Ætolian or Spartan, with shaggy capotes of goat's hair and with guns over their shoulders. One step from Athens, remember, and you are in a savage land of wolves and possible klephts, and dangerous dogs, with no inns and scarcely any food, in a desert country without roads and almost without inhabitants.

Now, wherever I go, whether into a cook-shop, or a wine-shop, or a chick-pea-shop, I find everywhere the same opinion of Otho, the king of the owl's city. We all remember the herb-woman who rebuked Demosthenes for a solecism in grammar—so refined and quick-witted were the people. Just so now: there is not a street boy who holds your horse but has a laugh, and a good one, at the lean-witted, dull Bavarian—the King Log—that the Greek frogs chose or had chosen to rule over them. Not a shop-boy or horse-boy but has his jeer at the heavy German with the strong-minded Amazonian wife, who rides miles before breakfast to bathe in the sea, who forces consumptive ladies to Court balls, who gallops about the country and puts Court beauties of whom she is jealous on dangerous steeds, who rules the roost in fact and rules the man who rules, or ought to rule, Greece. Otho is a ghastly sight in his Greek dress on horseback; he is still more painful and lean in conversation—for a short-sighted scarecrow of a man who has but two questions, as I am told, for all travellers, "Have you seen the Parthenon?" and "Have you been in the Acropolis?" is not lively company; nor is a Court where they dance endless cotillons and imitate in a second-hand way the third-rate German Courts of Sauerbrautheim and Potztansendcranz, the pleasantest in the world, as even I, who know no courts but the courts of the Temple, am prepared to say authoritatively.

The Greeks think Otho an owl (in one sense), and I am afraid they are right. Nor have I any respect for a King who tried to

destroy the Greek Constitution, and had to be forced by a successful revolution of his injured subjects to respect it and to dismiss his German mercenaries—the Barbaroi of the indignant Greeks. It will take another hint or two, spoken out from hot musket mouths, before he will cease to intimidate Greek elections or prevent his Ministers from stealing the public money. It will take a miracle before he learns to increase the commerce and improve the internal resources of poor misgoverned, desolate Greece.

But, in all strictures against the “violet-crowned,” we must in justice remember that Athens is essentially a new city, almost rebuilt from its ashes within the last fifty years, and already showing good signs of life in its young avenues and its new suburban-looking roads, its plot of ground that is to be a theatre when job and intrigue (the Prime Ministers of Greece) will let it, and the streets that are to be laid out, and the University that is some day to have a new wing built on to it. The old burnt rock, the Acropolis, the kernel of this misruled Athens, has seen a dozen such cities—Republican, Lower Empire, Venetian, Turkish—bud and rot round it.

Do you want to realise how thoroughly modern this modern Athens is? I will realise it to you. Look down Hermes Street, where I am pointing, and tell me what you see.

I see a thin, old, military-looking gentleman, in red fez, tight surtout, and white trousers, something like a lean Duke of Wellington, only his face is milder and less cold; he is riding in a tough, careless way, on an old brown charger, followed by a Greek servant in the national dress, also mounted.

That is old General Church, who knew Byron, and was companion in arms of Lord Cochrane, years ago, when the Turks were in Greece. He is still the idol of the Palikars, who, some say, would rather—if he were not so old—now have him as king than poor owlsh Otho of Bavaria. A letter from him franks you to soldiers' houses all over Greece; no klepht even would touch a friend of that brave old Irish swordsman Church, who knows everybody, and whom everybody knows. He is off now to bathe before breakfast, miles away, and will trot back like a young trooper, fresh and vigorous; and hours hence, at hot noon perhaps, if I were to be going to Pentelicus, to the ambassador's, ten to one I should see the old general trotting along across the olive groves, fresh as if he had just awoke.

The first sensation of a week or so in Athens is that of being blinded by an invisible mischief that turns out on reflection to be

the flickering glare from the white limestone dust of the roads. It is this ceaseless luminous glimmer, at once dazzling and painful and unceasing—for the sun seems to make no difference to it—that makes Athens so tiring and disagreeable to the stranger, who requires blue spectacles as much as any treader of perpetual snow. Sunshine on snow can scarcely be more blinding and intolerable. No wonder, if it was a nuisance of long standing, that Socrates repaired to the plane-tree by the Ilissus to propound his antiphrasms.

How refreshing, after this atmosphere of white fire that you bask in all day, is the rich moonshine that with deep silver light floods frieze and pillar and altar, as at nights you scare the owls out of their lurking places up there in the shot-splintered Parthenon! Is it wonder I used to rejoice in it and feel as if I was up in deserted Olympus, having left the oven earth far below? Jupiter was dead now. Vulcan was boots at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Venus, old and rheumatic, was stewardess in the Marseilles steamer, where Cupid was cabin-boy. As for Mars, he has turned Zouave, and has lately been made corporal; and Neptune is stoker in a Channel packet. I remembered how to the old Greeks the world was as a vast house with two floors—the gods above and men below. I was now above all, alone in the deserted Olympus, sole survivor of a moonshine deluge.

It is easy for cynics to point to Athens and its neighbourhood and ask where the old riches of the Attic plains are gone to, and where the verdure and forests of the Attic mountains. The plain is now a bed of dust lined with olive-trees, the mountains are piles of rugged stones, unwatered by a single rivulet; though with water this plain would turn into an Eden. It is a touch of Neptune's trident we want now, not the spear of Minerva that long ago brought up the olive-tree of the Erechtheum. Plant trees on the mountains and they would collect moisture and afford shadow for the verdure that would soon spring up; the verdure would collect rills, rills would grow into brooks, and be fed by the springs that now are burnt up remorselessly by the tyrant sun; these again would feed the trees that the verdure would nourish, and the rills uniting would then pour down into the plain to swell, all the summer through, the now dusty gutters of the Ilissus and Cephissus.

By a recent Greek law the shepherds are forbidden, under heavy fines and imprisonments, to cut down trees on the mountains or to light fires in their hollow trunks. The result is already visible near

the mountain fort that crowns the passes of Phylæ. Young pines, green-plumed and vigorous, aromatic and shady, already cover the hill-sides, which remain fresh with eternal springs while the plain below is arid and adust as Numidia itself.

At present the soil of Greece is all jungle or desert. The plain of Thebes, for instance, is one vast sea of gold in the early harvest month: a few weeks after, and it is a mere burnt-up tract, with cracks in the soil as large as those of a small earthquake, and into which the quick lizards slip and dart.

SIREN-SONG.

BY JOSEPH KNIGHT.

BENDERS of the mighty bow,
 Hurlers of the ponderous spear,
 Strong to smite and strong to row,
 Strong the struggling bark to steer;
 Rest awhile the weary oar,
 Furl the idly-flapping sail,
 Bid the keel graze on the shore,
 Warriors, princes, conquerors, hail!

Weary vigil have we known
 Seated on these sands of gold;
 Almost hope despair had grown
 Of the coming joy foretold.
 Yet our song had power to quell
 The torment of the hungry deep,
 To bind the planets in its spell,
 And hush the opposing winds to sleep.

When the drowsy eye of morn
 Opened on the slumbering main,
 And the breeze of daybreak born
 Thrilled us with a joy, like pain;
 Gazed we longingly afar,
 Where by banks of rising mist,
 Morning's last and fairest star
 Swooned on a bed of amethyst.

When the sun-god's fervent rays
 Drove us lingering from the sand,
 Still into the blinding haze
 Gazed we 'neath the uplifted hand.
 Oft unbidden hope would spring
 At the sea-bird's voice-like wail,
 Or the dipping of her wing
 Gleaming like a far-off sail.

When to leaf-enwoven bowers
Fled we from the noontide heat,
Weaving in our hair the flowers
That sprang ever 'neath our feet,
Or made glad the ocean caves
With music of our song or speech,
Still your coming o'er the waves
Would our suppliant eyes beseech.

Dian her chaste vigil kept
In the star-illumined sky,
And Zephyr chid the flowers that slept,
And wandered seaward like a sigh.
Louder, sweeter then we sung,
For somehow seemed that track of light,
Across the sea a pathway flung
From heaven to bring us our delight.

One alone with laughing eye
Mocked the passion of our fear;
Joyous watched the months go by,
The circling seasons disappear.
She our darling and our flower,
Youngest, fairest some may deem,
Frowned not at the unprosperous hour,
Wept not at the illusive dream.

Watching still with anxious care
Every lingering sweet disclose;
Scarce her bosom's lilies wear,
Even yet their buds of rose.
Shame-faced see she stands, the blood
In her neck and cheek aglow;
Blossom if she be or bud,
We know not—ye perchance may know.

Every sweet unfading Spring
Can lavish on these laughing shores;
Every blessing life can bring,
Or fancy fathom—all are yours.
All that human soul enslaves,
All that mortal sense enchants;
Every joy that manhood craves,
Every boon that beauty grants.

Madmen, are ye that ye turn
Thus your heedless prow aside ?
Can ye know the joys ye spurn,
Or the longings ye deride ?
Can ye for the treacherous deep
Our divine embraces fly ?
Joyless leaving us to weep,
Loveless leaving us to die ?

Sisters, broken is the spell,
Idly falls the unheeded song ;
What the God our power doth quell,
What the unexpiated wrong,
We know not. This alone we know,
Soon upon this thirsty beach
Bones of many lovers strow,
Our unburied bones shall bleach.

Seamen now no more shall steer
Past our isle with thickening breath ;
Listening oft, 'twixt hope and fear
For the soft melodious death.
Yet when palls the insipid bliss,
Men perchance may mourn in vain
Rapture of the Siren's kiss,
Magic of the Siren's strain.

THE BOAR'S HEAD DINNER AT OXFORD AND A GERMANIC SUN-GOD.

BY KARL BLIND.

LAST Christmas I had the honour, through kind invitation taking part in the celebrated Boar's Head Dinner at Queens College, Oxford. I was thus enabled to complete, on the very spot, the investigation of a subject of comparative mythology always of great interest to me on account of its close connection with the early thoughts and the poetry of the stock from which both Englishmen and Germans have sprung. The famed dinner itself, it need hardly be said, has every mark of reality about it. Even if some confirmed sceptic were to doubt the pre-Columbian origin of the cocoa-beaker that passes round on the occasion, there are plenty of other things present to save the table from any appearance of being a myth. For all that, a tale of very ancient origin hangs by the time-honoured Yule-tide meal—a tale which took its rise in a long forgotten primæval worship of the Aryan race.

The ceremony, as performed at Oxford, is well enough known and need not to require special description. Suffice it to mention that on Christmas Day a large boar's head, adorned with a crown, wreathed with gilded sprays of laurel and bay, as well as with mistletoe and rosemary, and stuck all over with little banners, is solemnly carried into the Hall by three bearers. A flourish from a trumpet announces the entry. The bearers are accompanied by a herald, who sings the old English Song of the Boar's Head. At the end of each verse those present join in the Latin refrain. A formal procession of the Professors and the Provost of the College precedes the coming in of the boar's head. The people of the town are admitted to the Hall; and before the repast begins the gilded sprays, little banners, and other ornaments of the dish are distributed to the crowd by the Provost.

The song, as at present sung in Queens' College, runs thus:—

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,

Quot estis in convivio.

*Caput apri deferō,
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land ;
When thus bedecked with a gay garland,

*Let us servire cantico,
Caput, &c.*

Our steward hath provided this,
In honour of the King of Bliss ;
Which on this day to be served is

*In Reginensi Atrio.
Caput, &c.*

Having been assigned the place next to the venerable Provost, I walked in the procession with due respect for the hallowed custom. My mind, I confess, was in the meanwhile drawn in two different directions. It was partly bent upon realistic observation ; partly filled with strange glimpses of an early race of hunters and herdsmen in Central Asia, dimly discernible in the dawn of history, who later on migrated to the dark forests of Germany, or settled near the bights of the rugged North, and among whose sacrificial customs the Sun-Boar—the symbol of Fro, or Freyr, the God of Light—played a great part at winter solstice. Thus musing, I strode to the table.

At Oxford, the origin of the Boar's Head Dinner is traditionally stated in a very fanciful and modernising form. I say this with a slight degree of Teutonic grief. Even the great pleasure experienced in genial company must not induce us to stifle the "prick of conscience" in matters mythological. So at the risk of appearing somewhat ungrateful, I will add that the tradition in question is not in good form. The well-known legend is that a scholar of Queens' College, about 400 years ago, was walking in deep meditation in a neighbouring forest, when he was attacked by a boar. He quickly despatched the animal by throwing down its throat the Aristotle he was just reading, with the remark: "*Græcum est*"—"It's Greek!" In honour of this miraculous escape the Boar's Head Dinner was introduced at Christmas ; and a bust of Aristotle adorns to this day the large fireplace in the College Hall.

So the legend runs. To render it even more probable, the College preserves the picture of a saint, with a boar's head transfixed on a spear, and the mystic inscription beneath:—"COPCOT." A similar representation is found in the window of the church of Horspeth, a village on the southern slope of Shotover, not far from Oxford.

Now, without denying that Greek would be a most dangerous

and indigestible morsel for a boar, I think it will be easily granted that this wonderful explanation does not quite account for a stately dinner at an ancient seat of learning. A similar custom as at Oxford exists, though on a very much reduced scale, at St. John's College, Cambridge. There, a boar's head is served at the supper on St. John's Day, December 27. Again, the same custom, but in the more stately manner, formerly flourished in the London Inns of Court. Dugdale, speaking of the Christmas Day ceremonies in the Inner Temple, says that at the first course is served a fair and large boar's head upon a silver platter, "with minstralsye." Yet we have not heard that any London lawyer had saved himself, in the wilds of the Strand, from the tusks of a bristly quadruped, by throwing an Act of Parliament down its throat, which might have been even more deadly to an English boar than an untranslated Aristotle.

An instance of a modern re-introduction of the Boar's Head Feast may find its place here. At old St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, the original home of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and which is now the abode of the Urban Club, the festival was celebrated, in archaic form, from the year 1855 to 1873. There, in the hall strewn with rushes, the gigantic Yule log was drawn in by the sons of the host; and when, with the accompanying bugle-sound, the boar's head was brought in, the cook, dressed all in white, sang the old carol; the guests joining in the chorus. The loving cup was handed round, and wassail was duly brought in; the Lord of Misrule doing his duty "passing well."* Since the change of proprietorship of St. John's Gate, the festival has been discontinued there. It is rapidly dying out also in most places where it was anciently held.

Yet in the carol sung at Oxford, one of the verses significantly says:—

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish IN ALL THE LAND.

Indeed, in all the English land, in noblemen's mansions and in yeomen's homesteads, the old Germanic, Anglo-Saxon, Norse, Icelandic custom of the Boar's Head Dinner was once upheld. It was the universal Yule-tide observance, for peer and peasant, for the high and the hind. "Before the last civil wars"—Aubrey wrote in 1678—"in gentlemen's houses at Christmas, the first dish that was brought to table was a boar's head, with a lemon in his

* See letter of Mr. John Jeremiah, the hon. Sec. of the Urban Club, in *Notes and Queries* of December 26, 1874.

mouth." There is an account of an Essex parish, called Hornchurch, in which the inhabitants paid the great tithes on Christmas Day, and were treated with a bull and brawn. The boar's head was wrestled for by the peasants on that occasion, and then feasted upon. But it would be easy to multiply instances. All this will explain also that Boar's Head Taverns, such as we know from Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," should have been not uncommon.

In the Christmas carol literature, a general agreement is to be met with as to the Boar's high and distinguished position. There are old English carols in which a "prince with owte peere" (a prince without peer)—the "Prince of Bliss" of the present Oxford song—is mentioned. There are other carols with no ecclesiastical allusions whatever in them, except the Latin refrains; in the place of the Prince of Bliss there is simply a reference to "mustarde." Even in the former, more clerically tinged songs the boar is, remarkably enough, styled a "soverayn beste." In the carol as printed by Wynkyn de Worde, the boar's head is called the "chefe servyce in the lande." In the Porkington Manuscript, a miscellany of the fifteenth century, there is a yet earlier song, beginning with—

Hey, hey, hey, hey, the borrys hede is armyd gaye.
The boris head in hond I bring;

and there also it is said that "the boris hede ys the furst mes." The carol goes on—

The boris hede, as I yow say,
He takes his leyfe, and gothe his way,
Gone after the xij tweyl fyt day.
With hay.

Or in another version, contained in the Balliol MSS.* at Oxford, which I give here in full, as it is rarely met with:—

*Caput apri refero,
Resonens† laudes domino.*

* Coxe, No. 354. A. R. P. I. 6, p. 228.

† "*Resonens*" may, at first sight, seem bad Latin. But though we need not look for good Latin in mediæval writings, the copyist of the above song had perhaps studied the old language in Ennius. Barbarous Latinity, or what may appear to be such, sometimes gives rise to puzzling difficulties. When at Oxford, I obtained a Boar's Head Song, entirely in the most distressing Latin, the second verse of which began thus:—"Venit cum scotis nitidus et cum marino rore." The word "*scotis*" seemed to me extraordinary, and impossible even in mediæval Latinity. I thought it desirable to have an inquiry instituted as to the origin of this song, when it came out that the lines were mock antiques, made up, not many years ago, by two noblemen.

The boris hed in honde I brynge,
 With garlands gay and byrde syngynge.
 I pray you all help me to syng.

Qui estis in convivio.

The boris hede, I understand,
 Ys chiefly sirved in all this londe,
 Wher so ever it may be fonde,

Cervitur cum sinapio.

The boris head, I dare well say,
 Anon after the xvth day
 He taketh his leve and goth a way.

Exiit de patria.

These verses clearly mark the boar's head ceremony as a peculiar custom of a fixed period in winter solstice time. After fifteenth day the boar is said to "take his leave and go away." He even "goes out of the country"! This will presently be seen to have a deeper mythic meaning, and to be referable to a far older creed, than appears on the surface of this semi-Latin, semi-English clerical version of a probably very ancient Teutonic lay.

There is a passage in Chaucer's *Franklin's Tale* where "brawne of the tusked swine" is mentioned in connection with Janus. The passage evidently refers to the same old custom observed about the Twelve Nights. At a yet earlier date we find according to Holinshed, that in 1170, upon the young prince's coronation, King Henry II. "served his son at the table a boar's head, bringing up the boar's head, with trumpets before him according to the manner." It was a well-established, ancient, general custom, dating back to times out of mind.

So far as I am aware, there is no further trace of it in any early historical record of this country. But the missing links between the facts just mentioned and the epoch of Anglo-Saxon heathendom are easily found. They are contained in one of the oldest Germanic records of the creed of our forefathers—namely, in the *Edda*,—as well as in the universal prevalence of the same custom throughout the nations of Germanic origin. In other words, which is still celebrated now, with more or less pomp, on Christmas Day at Oxford, at the English Court, and perhaps in a few country houses, and in some parts of England by the common people, is but a mere survival of what once was a regular and universal ritual sun-rite, the connection of which with the Boar also appears in the *Edda*. And as is often the case with such lingering traditions, a new fable was afterwards invented to account for the meaning

THE BOAR'S HEAD
The Boar's Head Dinner at Oxford, &c. 101

a ceremony which had been retained as a festive practice but which was no longer properly understood.

Walter Scott, in his "Ancient Christmas," gives a good picture and indication of the original nature of the Boar's Head ceremony:—

The fire, with well-dried logs supply'd,
Went, roaring, up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrub'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
There was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar;
While round the merry wassel bowl,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithe did trowl.

Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithsome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in the mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery.

As among the Romans during the Saturnalia, so also were the divisions of rank obliterated among the Teutons during Yule, when the great clog or log was lighted in token of sun-worship. Christmas, I need scarcely observe, was introduced as a festival only as late as the fourth century. It replaced the various winter solstice celebrations among different nations addicted to sun-worship, both in Asia and Europe. The Fathers of the Church are explicit enough on this subject. The "*Dies Natalis Solis Invicti*" of the pagan Romans had its distinct echo in the later Christmas service song of the Roman Church: "*Sol novus oritur.*" Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, performed their sun-rites at stated times of the year; and so strong was for a long time the resemblance between the ceremonial mode of races living far apart, that in Herodotus's days we find the (probably Germanic) Massagetes, who dwelt in what is now Tartary, sacrificing their horses to the deity who delivered them from the sufferings of winter, even as the Greeks sacrificed horses to Helios.

The very name of Yule, meaning the sun-wheel, has, perhaps, etymological affinity with Helios. To this day the Italian people call Christmas "*Ceppo*"—that is, block of wood, Yule log. No wonder that sun festivals, so deeply rooted among different races, should have survived after the introduction of a new creed. In his "Vindication of the Solemnity of the Nativity of Christ" (1648), Thomas Warmstry answers a question as to whether this feast had not its rise and growth from the conformity of Christians to the mad feasts of Saturnalia and of Yule. He replies:—"If it dothe appeare that the time of this festival doth comply with the time of Heathens' Saturnalia, this leaves no charge of impiety upon it; for since things are best cured by their contraries, it was both wisdome and piety in the antient Christians (whose work it was to convert the Heathens from such as well as other superstitions and miscarriages) to vindicate such times from the service of the Devill, by appoynting them to the more solemne and especial service of God. The *Blazes*" (Warmstry evidently means the Yule logs) "are foolish and vaine, not countenanced by the Church." *

We know that similar advice as to preserving heathen customs wherever possible, in order to facilitate conversions, was formally given by Pope Gregory the Great, in his letter to the Abbot Mellitus, concerning the heathen Anglo-Saxons. The same advice was tendered by the Bishop of Winchester to Winfrith, or Boniface, the missionary who went to preach the Gospel to the Germans. Winfrith, however, did not act in this sense, and was killed by the heathen Frisians. Other missionaries were content with tolerating the old pagan ceremonies as a sort of popular by-play to the new creed. Without such conciliatory policy they could not have made way at all. In this manner, numberless customs of the old Wodanic religion have remained in popular use, and in not a few instances even become mixed up with the Roman Church.

German Christmas customs still show a strong trace of heathen traditions—that is to say, in the mummeries which precede the Christian festival. All kinds of masked oddities then appear in our villages, and even yet in towns, under the name of Schimmelreiter, Pelzmärtel, Sankt Niklas, Hans Muff, Knecht Ruprecht,

* In a remonstrance to Parliament, in 1652, Christmas was called "Anti-Christ's masse." A journal, the *Flying Eagle*, of December 24 of that year, records that "Parliament spent some time in consultation about the abolition of Christmas Day, passed orders to that effect, and resolved to sit on the following day, which was commonly called Christmas Day."

Klapperbock, Bär, Christkindlein, Perchtl, and so forth. It is nothing but a travestied circle of Germanic gods. The figures of Wodan, Donar, Freia-Holda, and Perchta are still recognisable through the mask, just as Woden and Freia are still recognisable in Robin Hood and Maid Marian. Even the names which the German Christmas mummers at present bear, have mostly arisen from surnames, qualities, or symbols of the ancient deities.

It will therefore not create astonishment that among the Saxons of Transylvania, whose ancestors, many centuries ago, carried their popular customs from Germany into their new Carpathian home, we should to this day find a clear trace of the old worship of the Boar of Freyr, or Fro. In guisard processions at Christmas, in Transylvania, the boar figures under the name of Christ-Schwein, Advent-Sau, or Advent-Kräm. Much that has now a mean or ridiculous aspect in those vulgar performances had its origin in a creed to which a certain wild grandeur and poetical significance cannot be denied. The humble pig which is still made to trot in a boorish Christmas masquerade is the last representative of a Germanic sun-worship and Aphroditean cult that had affinity with corresponding classic forms of worship.

The blessed heroes in Walhalla were said to feast, every evening, upon the flesh of the boar Saehrimnir. That boar was the image of the sun. In the same way the sacred dish at winter solstice, among all Teutonic races, was the roasted boar, a symbol of the sun-god Freyr. Gullinbursti (Golden-bristles) was its name among the Scandinavians. The golden bristles typified the rays of the sun. It was fabled of Gullinbursti that he ran quicker than a horse through air and water. The boar of Freyr served, in fact, as the poetical image of the quick-travelling sun himself.

Sun-worship was an extensive one among the primitive Aryan races. When Cæsar first met the German warrior hosts of Ariovist in Gaul, he found that form of adoration to be the most prominent part of their creed. Festivals in honour of the orb of heaven were held among the Teutonic tribes, especially in the height of summer, and in winter when the season was once more turning towards spring. The symbol of the deity to whom worship was addressed naturally became the sacred dish of the occasion. Primitive nations generally eat what they revere. No wonder the sun-boar was made to descend substantially to the Germanic Yuletide table. An apple must once have been stuck in his mouth on the great ceremonial day; representing the heavenly orb. The lemon or orange was afterwards substituted in its place.

Besides being a sun-god, Freyr was a god of love and peace, of happiness and good luck. Hence Yule-tide with our forefathers became a time of general peace and goodwill. The sword was sheathed, and a three weeks' "Yule Peace" observed, in honour of Freyr. Of this radiant deity, whose dwelling is in the Home of the Light Elves, it was said that "nobody is against him,"* and even that he is "the first of the Æsir." His place is on a Throne of Bliss. His very name signifies Bliss. A "Prince of Bliss" he, therefore, may have been called, before the Yule-festival, with which his name had been identified, was changed into Christmas.

There is great probability, odd as it may sound, that the idea of good luck, as connected with Freyr and his boar, lingers even now in a vulgar phrase, chiefly used in German students' slang. "*Er hat Schwein*" is with them a synonym for:—"He has great luck." I am inclined to believe that another unrefined phrase ("*Da möchte man auf dem wilden Schwein davon reiten!*")—"I would like to ride away on the wild boar")—which is a synonym for a desire to get well out of an unpleasant position—has also reference to Freyr. The saying seems to be tantamount to a wish to get away from trouble into the realm of undisturbed happiness. Many such, now vulgar, locutions of the German people are clearly traceable to ancient heathen ideas.

The same character which attaches to Freyr is also found in his sister, Freyja. She, too, is a sun-goddess, and a Goddess of Love. Her symbol, also, is a golden-bristled boar;† which, however, bears a martial name—namely, Hildi-swin. Perhaps the strife-creating character of Venus is expressed in this detail of the myth. If it should be thought extraordinary that a boar is taken as the symbol of deities representing the Sun and Love, it would be wrong to ascribe this to any want of finer poetical feeling among our barbarian forefathers. Freyr and Freyja came into Asgard from the circle of Vaenir deities, whose very name has perhaps contact with that of Venus; and to Venus also a similar animal was sacred.

In the heathen Scandinavian temples it was the custom, as in the households, to serve up at the Yule festival, as a part of the Holy Supper, a boar dedicated to Freyr and Freyja. Its name was *sónargallr*; which may either mean Sun-boar or Boar of Atonement. In the Eddic "Song of Helgi, Hiörward's Son,"‡ that ceremony is mentioned in a Yule festival, when "vows were made, and the

* Oegisdrecca; 35.

† Hyndluliod; 5, 7.

‡ "Helgakhvida Hiörvardssonar," iv.

Boar of Atonement was brought in, the men placing their hands on it and making vows by the cup of Bragi," the inspiring God of Poetry.

This heathen ceremony is yet observed in Oster-Gothland. On Christmas or Yule evening, the so-called *julbucken*, a block of wood covered with pig-skin, is put on the table. The house-father then places his hands on it and offers a vow that in the coming year he will be a loving father to his family, a kind master to his servants. Formerly Freyr, the God of Peace and Goodwill, and Freyja, the Goddess of Love, were honoured in this fashion. The name of Bragi was introduced as if he who made great promises wished to be remembered for his deeds in the songs of the skalds. Now the heathen deities are no longer appealed to, but the ceremony remains the same. More than a thousand years have passed since the Woden religion died out in England; nearly a thousand years since it was overthrown in northern Germany by armed force; a little above seven hundred years since it has ceased to exist in Sweden. The old customs, however, survive with wonderful tenacity.

Cakes are still baked in Sweden, at Christmas, in the form of a boar. The peasants preserve pieces of them until spring, when they mix the cakes with the seed or with the oats of the horses used in ploughing, or give the pieces as food to the ploughboys who sow the seed. A good harvest is expected from the observance of this custom. Freyr, it ought to be remembered, was a ruler of rain and sunshine, a presiding deity of generation and growth. He therefore was also a harvest god. His boar-symbol, though no longer understood, is by popular superstition in the north regarded as efficient in agriculture even now!

Again we meet with a manifest remnant of the worship of the sun-god in a superstition lingering in Germany. In Thuringia, he who on Christmas Eve does not partake of any food until supper-time, will see a golden farrow. The golden farrow is once more the Golden-bristles of the Edda. A Lauterbach law of 1599 ordains that for the court of justice held on Twelfth Day, the small peasant proprietors were to furnish a *gold-ferch*, or gold farrow. It may be brought to recollection here that the Christmas Day of the old style fell on January 6. In the Uckermark, in northern Germany, a pig's head is still the festive dish during the time of the twelve nights, more especially on Christmas.*

* In the "Statistical Account of Scotland," of 1793, it is stated that in the parishes of Sandwick and Stromness, in Orkney, where the Norse element is so

In Gelder-land the superstition is, that during the night following Christmas Eve a spectral figure goes its rounds. It is called, in Nether-German, *Derk met den Beer*—that is, Dietrich with the Boar. Dietrich takes here the place of Freyr. Such substitutions are frequent when mythological ideas verge upon their decay. In the case at issue, the apparent change of name is all the more easy to explain, because Dietrich (signifying Ruler of Men) really corresponds to a cognomen of Freyr, who is called in the Edda the “men-ruling God”—probably on account of his being, like Odin, Thor, and Freyja, a receiver of those dead who attain eternal bliss.

The figure of Freyr is, together with that of Freyja, the noblest and most beautiful in the Teutonic Olympus. Both divine figures did, no doubt, degenerate occasionally into crudely sensual images, like similar conceptions of Greek and Roman antiquity. There were higher as well as lower kinds of Freyr and Freyja worship.* But in the

strong, every family that has a herd of swine kills one of the animals on the 17th of December; and thence it is called Sow-day. The account adds :—“There is no tradition as to the origin of the practice.” In various parts of Yorkshire, as I recently learnt, a similar practice still prevails. It is to be found in various Germanic countries, and also in France, to which the Frankish and other Teuton invaders imported it. The origin is patent from the explanations above given.

* I take this occasion to throw out a surmise as to the remarkable Boar's Head customs at Hornchurch. There, on Christmas Day, from time immemorial, a boar's head was dressed, garnished with bay leaves, carried in procession into Mill Field, and then wrestled for. It is stated that on the chancel of the church, as well as on the vane, the horns of an ox were affixed. According to Hone,—“the inhabitants say, by tradition, that this church, dedicated to St. Andrew, was built by a female convert to expiate for her former sins.” The inhabitants added that afterwards “by a certain king, but by whom they are uncertain, who rode that way, it was called Horned-Church, who caused those horns to be put out at the east end of it.” (Hone, ii., 1649; and Hone's Table Book, 84.) The name at first given to the church was slightly different from what it is now, but had better be read in the work quoted. Now, one of the significant names of Freyja, in her lower form, was Hörn. In the Eddic “Song of Hyndla” we read that the dwelling built for her by her favourite, Ottar, had walls glistening with the blood of oxen. All this seems remarkably applicable to the alleged origin of Hornchurch, where Freyja's, or Hörn's, boar was sacrificed at Christmas. I think there is a great deal still to be said about the affinity between Freyja and her Titanic counterpart or sister-companion Hyndla (*Canicula*, or “Little Hound”) on the one hand, and the Egyptian Isis, who wears horns, and sometimes the dog-star between them, on the other. There is similar affinity between Freyja-Frigg, and Io-Juno; Io being much of the same character as Freyja, and having been changed into a cow, wherefore she is represented with horns, whilst Juno herself is ox-eyed. Freyja and Frigg were, no doubt, originally one; this divine female character only afterwards assumed a double form. The same may be said

main, the presiding deities of the Yule festival were conceived in lofty forms of great charm. The Germanic God of Light in many respects resembles Helios and Phaëthon, or the Persian Mithra—the "Immortal with the swift steeds." Like them, he careers along the sky in his chariot, drawn by horses adorned with gems, whose sparkling splendour again typifies the rays of the sun. Sun-horses were Freyr's own, besides the boar. Once the radiant god possessed a shining sword—again the ray of the sun—which brandished itself against the Frost Giants. In other words, the warmth of the Sun vanquished the ice of Winter. A saga mentions that on a hill in which Thorgrim, a zealous worshipper of Freyr, was buried, the snow never remained, and that eternal green covered the spot. The power of the sun-god is here strongly expressed.

Gerda was the name of the bride ardently wooed and at last won by Freyr. Gerda is the earth, into which the ray of the sun at last penetrates. The "nine nights" during which the god, almost dying of grief, had to wait until Gerda meets him in the secluded grove, evidently are an allusion to the nine months of unfruitful season in the high North, during which the sun has no power. As a bridal gift, Freyr sends to his beloved one eleven golden apples, which some would also interpret in an astronomical sense, as signifying eleven months of the year.

The gilt nuts on German Christmas-trees are perhaps yet a remnant of this tale. They, too, symbolise sun-worship. The same is the case with the red and golden-hued apples hung on the German Christmas-tree. To Freyr, the God of Fertility, the apple-tree was specially sacred; and in many parts of Germany and England there still prevails, or did prevail until recently, the custom of standing, during Twelfth Night, round an apple-tree, when a rhyme would be sung, praying for a good fruit-year. Keeping all this in mind, we shall better understand that German Christmas story which says that at the birth of Christ, Winter gave way to Spring; that the snow vanished from the ground, and that

of Io and Juno. In both the Germanic and the Greek case, the same alliterative similarity of sound is retained; showing the trace of the early unity. In one of the names of the Teutonic goddess—Hera, or Herke—we again come upon an affinity with the ox-eyed Hellenic goddess Here, of which Herke or Harke is simply the diminutive; corresponding to the name of Har (the High One), which her consort Odin or Wodan bore. Hera or Herke is a Goddess of the Earth, like Isis and Juno. The ox or cow symbol, the symbol of fruitfulness, applies to all three. The origin of Hornchurch, when its earliest name, and the traditions and customs connected with it are taken into consideration, scarcely admits therefore of any doubt.

flowers sprouted up everywhere; that apple-trees especially began to blossom, and that the Sun leapt twice for joy. Of the apple probably put in the boar's mouth at Christmas, ere the lemon replaced it, I have spoken before. Thus everything fits into the old tale.

That which is worshipped is also eaten. Therefore it is also hunted; hunted at the very time when it is worshipped. In ancient creeds we find the dietary laws, the social customs, and the doings of every-day life in some way bound up with the system of faith. Religious tenets were brought home to the believer, or should-be believer, in every conceivable way. In an old book of the "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England"* we read that "the boar may be hunted from the Nativity to the Purification of Our Lady." This corresponds pretty well to an ancient pagan Yule-tide, during which the Boar was especially worshipped. After a stated period, it is said in the old song, the Boar's Head "takes his leave and goes away." He even "*exiit de patria*"—he has left the country altogether! Here we come once more upon the border-land between reality and myth; for Freyr's boar, which had until now appeared as a substantial dish on the table, suddenly vanishes into the clouds, like Lohengrin's swan.

* See also: *Art de Venerie le quel Maistre Guillaume Twici venour le Roy d'Angleterre fist en son temps per aprendre Autres.*

DEEP-SEA EXPLORATION.

BY ANDREW WILSON.

THAT we are now tolerably conversant with the more general conditions of life in the great abysses of the ocean, and that the years amazing progress has been made in the ways and means whereby the sea-depths can be duly investigated, are facts which, it may be presumed, are perfectly familiar to every reader of newspapers and periodicals. But, anterior to the present stage of deep-sea research, there lies a field and epoch concerning which many readers whose tastes have not led them into the sphere of geological history may, perchance, know little or nothing. And it therefore becomes of interest, in view of our daily increasing store of knowledge, to trace very shortly the history of the events and opinions which have gradually led to discoveries of real worth and of a brilliant kind.

The first naturalist whose researches into the life of the deeper sea assumed anything of a practical and important character was the late Professor Edward Forbes, who in 1843 published his *Monograph on the vertical—or, as it is scientifically named, the bathymetrical—distribution of deep-sea life*. It will thus be remarked that these oceanic researches were in the first instance devoted wholly, if not entirely, to the investigation of the conditions under which animal and plant life was represented in great or considerable depths. More recently to this primary object of research other investigators have added that of ascertaining the physical conditions of the sea itself in its deeper strata. Thus we are at present receiving valuable information regarding the temperature of the entire ocean, and through this information the subject of oceanic tides, and the great circulation of water throughout the ocean, is being worked out anew. Indeed, purely physical science will ultimately profit in the end quite as much from the results of deep-sea exploration as biology at large. And the story of these investigations affords an interesting example of the great and wholly unforeseen results which may accrue to many branches of knowledge from research which began with an aim of comparatively limited nature.

In 1843 Professor E. Forbes stated succinctly and clearly his belief that at a depth of about 300 fathoms, or 1,800 feet, all

traces of marine life might be said to disappear. Or, to quote his own words, when speaking of the depth referred to: "As we descend deeper and deeper in this region, its inhabitants become more and more modified, and fewer and fewer; indicating our approach towards an abyss where life is either extinguished, or exhibits but few sparks to mark its lingering presence." This distinguished naturalist had, previously to 1843, been conducting an important series of dredging operations in the Ægean Sea, and had also been investigating the general aspects of marine life around our own and other coasts. As the result of these investigations Forbes concluded that the total life of the sea might be divided into four or five great belts or zones; each zone leading us farther and farther from the surface into the sea-depths. And he further concluded that, generally viewed, his zones of marine life would hold good for the entire world.

The first belt was named the *Littoral zone*, and was represented by the space between high and low-water marks. The animal and plant life of this zone is familiar enough to every observant wanderer on the sea beach. Such animals—crabs, whelks, and many other crustaceans and molluscs—as are enabled to withstand a temporary removal from their native waters, form the bulk of the littoral or shore-population; whilst the seaweeds of this belt are numerous and specially adapted, like the animals, for a life partly in the sea and partly exposed to the influences of the sun and land climate. The second was termed the *Laminarian* or *circumlittoral zone*. It ranged from the farthest boundary of the preceding belt—namely, low-water mark—to a depth of about fifteen fathoms. This latter is the great "tangle" zone, and was marked by being, save at the lowest ebb of spring tides, invariably under water. Its animal inhabitants are very numerous, many being brightly coloured; whilst the algæ, or seaweeds, of this belt are very distinctive; and molluscs are especially abundant in this zone. The *Coralline* or *median zone* comes next in order, and extends between a depth of fifteen fathoms as its upper limit, and one of fifty fathoms as its lower boundary. Here we meet with zoophytes, polyzoa, numerous molluscs, crustaceans, and most of our familiar food-fishes, such as cod, haddock, turbot, &c. The fourth zone is the *Deep-sea coral* or *infra-median zone*, extending from fifty fathoms to 100 fathoms; whilst to this—or regarded as part of the deep-sea coral zone—may be added the *Abyssal zone*, which latter extends from 100 fathoms to the lowest depth—*300 fathoms*—at which living forms were believed by Forbes to exist.

It will thus be seen that Forbes's ideas on the subject of deep-sea life and its distribution were of a very deliberate kind; and considering that no oceanic researches of more elaborate or even equal kind to those of Forbes were undertaken during his lifetime, it is not surprising to find that his views remained unchanged, and were tacitly accepted by naturalists up to a period comprised within the past few years.

Prior to Forbes's day it is interesting to note that more than one instance of animal forms having been obtained from great depths of the sea had occurred; just, indeed, as if to afford occasional chance glimpses of the wondrous fauna or collection of animal life that lay concealed in the abysses of the ocean. In 1818 Sir John Ross, in command of an Arctic expedition, was engaged in taking a series of soundings in Baffin's Bay. The "lead" struck ground on September 1 of that year at a depth of 1,000 fathoms; and on the line being pulled up a beautiful species of star-fish, named from the contorted appearance of its arms the Medusa-head star-fish (*Astrophyton linckii*) was found entwined around the line at a depth of 800 fathoms. Nor was the Medusa-head star the only organism then obtained. In the mud of the sounding-lead several tube-dwelling worms were found; these latter being thus brought from a bottom-depth of very great, or, as Forbes would have deemed it, of abyssal, extent.

Other instances were not wanting in which, from a depth which Forbes would have considered to be quite near the "zero-point" of animal life in the deep sea, namely, 270 fathoms, tolerably abundant examples of zoophytes, polyzoa, crustaceans, and molluscs had been obtained. Whilst in 1845, and from a depth of at least 300 fathoms, Mr. Henry Goodsir dredged in Davis's Straits a varied selection of invertebrate animals.

Such examples appear to have either escaped the notice of Forbes and his brother naturalists, or at least to have been regarded, and perhaps naturally enough, as of too detached and fragmentary a nature to be considered of much account, in the face of the more definite and extended observations of the first-named biologist.

But in 1855 the question of the occurrence of life in the farthest depths of sea received a new impetus and interest from the microscopic investigations and report of the late Professor Bailey, of West Point (U.S.), on specimens of deep-sea mud which had been obtained from depths above 1,000 fathoms, by means of an ingenious instrument invented by a Mr. Brooke, a midshipman in

the American Navy. This mud was found to be composed of greater part of the shells of minute animals of low grade, name *Foraminifera*, &c. And as sounding after sounding from very distant and varied oceanic areas was obtained, each exhibiting the same abundance of these and allied organisms, it became an important question to determine whether or not these animals had their natural habitat in the ocean-bed. Professor Bailey strongly expressed his opinion that the *Foraminifera* lived in the upper strata of water, their shells, after death, sinking to the bottom, to accumulate and form the characteristic mud-layer; whilst no less an authority than the venerable Ehrenberg, of Berlin, entered an opposite opinion to Bailey, the great German microscopist stating his belief that the *Foraminifera* lived and died in the sea-bed.

In 1858 specimens of deep-sea mud obtained by Captain Dayman, of the British Navy, were examined by Professor Huxley, who seemed to incline to Ehrenberg's view of the question; and Dr. Wallich, who accompanied the *Bulldog* Expedition, under Captain (now Sir Leopold) McClintock, published in 1862 his observations, which tended to further support the opinion that the deep-sea possessed an abundant fauna of its own. Dr. Wallich obtained "brittle star-fishes" from depths of over 1,200 fathoms; and on examining the stomachs of these star-fishes they were found to contain specimens of those *Foraminifera* which were amongst the most characteristic inhabitants of the deep-sea mud. This latter fact, therefore, seemed to suggest that the natural habitat of both star-fishes and their prey was the sea-bed; whilst this supposition was strengthened by the knowledge of the habits of these star-fishes, which are known to live at the bottom in shallower waters, and have besides no means of rising in the water. Dr. Wallich also records the occurrence of other animal forms, which were brought up from depths formerly accounted as utterly unsuited for the life and development of living beings.

From the stage to which we have briefly traced the history of deep-sea research, the revolution in opinion regarding the life of the oceanic abysses is already apparent. The recognised importance of the subject, and its many and obvious bearings on the entire range of physical science, induced the formation of organised expeditions for the purpose of making extended observations on the life and temperature of the deep seas. In due time, therefore, we find that Drs. Carpenter, Wyville Thomson, and Gwyn Jeffreys, in their various expeditions in the *Lightning*, *Porcupine*, and *Challenger*, appear as the latest exponents of the

story of the ocean and of its lower inhabitants. Whilst as we write the safe arrival of the *Challenger* from her scientific mission may appropriately afford a standpoint from which we may shortly review the latest additions to our knowledge—although in truth the full bearing and value of many of the facts brought to light by the expedition may not be estimated for years to come.

The *Challenger* left England on December 21, 1872, and arrived at Portsmouth on May 24, 1876. During the cruise of three and a half years the ship has sailed 69,000 miles; the objects which the exploring party had in view being to investigate the nature and distribution of the life, and the physical conditions of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Southern Oceans. Two distinct departments of science may be said to have been represented in the expedition. The *biological* department, or that which had for its object the elucidation of the living inhabitants of the oceans traversed, formed the first of these sections; whilst the more purely *physical* section comprehended those whose special mission it was to investigate the chemical composition and temperature of the seas, and to determine the distribution of currents in the oceans first named.

As might be expected, the task of dredging in deep water was found in the *Lightning* and *Porcupine* expeditions to present difficulties of no ordinary kind in its successful practice. But gradually, through the teachings of that most practical of tutors, experience, the dredging apparatus employed on board the *Porcupine* and *Challenger* came to assume the form and size, and to include all the apparatus, necessary for successfully scraping the sea-bed at depths considerably over three or four miles. The action of the strong currents, which tended to sweep the dredge away from the ship and to prevent its descent into the abysses of ocean, was counteracted by an ingenious system of weighting the dredge-rope. And in this, as well as in other improvements, the elevation of dredging operations from a mere rule-of-thumb proceeding into a truly methodical and scientific work may be clearly traced.*

* The following details, taken from an able article in "Naval Science" of October, 1873, by Mr. Tizzard, the chief navigating officer of the *Challenger* Expedition, may prove interesting in making our readers acquainted with the manner in which the dredge is used. The rope used in deep-sea dredging is of two inches, two and a half inches, and three inches in circumference, respectively. The breaking-strain of the first-mentioned variety is one ton twelve cwt.; that of the two and a half inches is two tons six cwt.; whilst the last-mentioned

The fair promise of an abundant find of animal life in great depths which former expeditions, as we have seen, afforded, has been fully ratified and confirmed by the many rare, and in many cases hitherto unknown, organisms with which the *Challenger* Expedition has been the means of making us familiar. The lists of zoological species will be largely added to when the time arrives for the full examination of the *Challenger* specimens; and a few of the more noteworthy of the new organisms which have been found may be briefly noticed in the present instance. The beautiful flint-sponge, known to every museum-visitor, and appropriately enough named the "Venus' Flower Basket" or *Euplectella*, has, for example, had another species added to its genus. This new "Flower Basket" has received the name of *Euplectella suberea*, and was dredged in the early part of the cruise between Gibraltar and Madeira. The common species of *Euplectella* is brought from the Philippine Islands, and specimens of this latter form were also obtained by the expedition at Zebu, a well-known habitat of these sponges.

A very peculiar group of animals, resembling star-fishes set on stalks, named *Crinoids*, and popularly known as "Lily-stars," has

gives way with a strain of two tons eleven cwt. The dredge consists of the iron frame which scrapes the sea-bed, of the bag or net attached thereto, and of certain collections of hempen tangles or "swabs," attached to the hinder extremity of the bag; the latter having been found extremely useful in collecting many small animals, or those which have been missed by the dredge after it has become filled with mud. The largest dredge used measures five feet in length along the iron framework, one foot three inches in breadth, and weighs 137 lb. The smallest size used in great depths is three feet long, one foot broad, and weighs 85 lb. With this latter a successful haul was made in 3,875 fathoms. The dredge is slung from the mainyard of the ship. About three hours are required to sink the dredge, duly weighted, to a depth of 2,500 fathoms; and by an ingenious arrangement of india-rubber bands, named "accumulators," which by their stretching indicate strain on the dredge-rope, the tension on the latter can be guessed at, and any undue strain averted. An equally ingenious "stop" or link is made at one part of the attachment of the dredge to its chain and rope, so that if the dredge should foul, this "stop" gives way, the dredge canting over, emptying itself of its contents, and thus saving both dredge and rope from being lost in the abyss. Occasionally a "trawl" is sent down to the bottom instead of the dredge; but the former brings up no mud. And it may be mentioned as an interesting fact that so great was the pressure of the water, that the explorers were obliged to use oak spars for spreading the mouth of the trawl, instead of fir spars; the latter wood being broken by the pressure of the water, and so powerfully compressed that the knots in the wood stood out one-eighth of an inch above its surface.

had its modern relationships largely extended and explained through deep-sea explorations; and the *Challenger* Expedition has in turn added very considerably to our knowledge of these forms. Thus, for example, an entirely new species of Crinoid was obtained by a Norwegian naturalist, Sars (son of the Professor of Zoology at Christiania), off the Lofoden Islands, on the north-west coast of Norway, from a depth of about 700 feet, in 1864. This discovery aroused the interest of Professor Wyville Thomson, Dr. Carpenter, and other naturalists, and probably formed one of the chief incidents which led to the suggestion of a definite exploration of the sea-bed. The Crinoids, it may be remarked, prior to the discovery of new specimens through deep-sea research, formed a group interesting to naturalists, chiefly from the presumed scarcity of its included members in our existing seas; although as fossils, under the general name of *Encrinites*, these organisms are abundantly preserved to us in the rock-formations. And the present expedition, therefore, in the comparatively rich harvest of "Lily-stars" which has been reaped from deep-sea fields, will have afforded abundant materials for tracing more completely than before the genealogy and life-history of this group of animals. But for deep-sea research, in fact, their history would have remained, at the most, of a very fragmentary description.

Those of our readers who know anything of those curious and beautiful plant-like animals, the zoophytes, which form graceful clusters on every rock and stone around our coasts, will be pleased to learn of several highly interesting additions which have been made to this particular class by the work of the dredge. Most of the zoophytes are tiny organisms, requiring a magnifying glass and microscope for the identification of their structure. What, therefore, will be thought of the giant zoophyte, for example, brought up off the Japanese coast, and again off Honolulu, which measured seven feet four inches in height; its stem attaining a diameter of half an inch, and with living animal "buds," measuring nine inches across from tip to tip of the expanded feelers or tentacles? Such an organism as this could only have been imagined in the wildest dream or nightmare vision of an ardent zoophyte-hunter; yet doubtless we shall hear all about it, as well as of some neighbour-organisms, in due time, and when the scientific treasure chests of the *Challenger* are overhauled by accredited supervisors.

It is also with much interest that we read of the probability of large additions being made to our knowledge of the conditions of

life in the Foraminifera—those minute lower organisms, the discovery of which in deep-sea deposits, as we have seen, first tended to excite speculation as to the presence of life in the depths of the ocean. From time to time our knowledge of these organisms has been considerably augmented, but the biologists of the *Challenge* Expedition will be justly entitled to speak with authority on this subject, from their study of these organisms in their actual habitat and under their normal conditions of life. Thus, whilst many Foraminifera live and die in the sea-bed, a large number of species appear to be surface-living forms. The *Globigerina*—commonest and most widely diffused of all species, both in present and past distribution—for example, live at the surface in seas, save those of the Polar regions, and attain their most typical development in these upper waters. When these and allied organisms sink to the bottom after death, their shells tend to form the thin layer of calcareous or limy “ooze,” which is now so well known as a deep-sea deposit.

The curious fact has, however, been recorded, that whilst at a depth of 2,200 fathoms in the Atlantic sea-bed and elsewhere, the grey limy ooze consisting of these Foraminiferous shells was found to be everywhere abundant, below this depth the ooze assumed a darker tint, and gave on chemical analysis a decreased quantity of limy matter. As still deeper soundings were made, the ooze was replaced by a red clay with hardly any traces of organic matter, and which covers an area apparently destitute of animal life. Such a state of matters was thus found by the *Challenger* Expedition at lat. 23 deg. 23 min. N., long. 32 deg. 56 min. W., at a depth of 3,150 fathoms. It became, therefore, a question fraught with much interest to discuss the origin of this red deposit, and to determine its relations to the better-known grey or Foraminiferous ooze of lesser depths. The explanation of this question appears to rest on the fact that the red clay simply consists of the remains or residue of the shells of the Foraminifera which form the grey ooze; this fact being proved by the experimental conversion of the grey into the red deposit by a simple chemical process. And hence it is suggested that a chemical action, resulting probably from the decay and decomposition of the animal tissues of Foraminifera, &c., is the cause of the change in the nature of the sea-bed; this action taking place only at a depth below 2,200 fathoms.

No better example of the influence of any discovery upon

physical science can be cited than the present circumstance. For since the discovery of the occurrence of this red clay, barren of animal life, at great oceanic depths, geologists have been led to see their way to the explanation of the occurrence of large tracts of rocks destitute of fossils in chalk-formations—the latter representing an ancient sea-bed, and being, for the most part, rich in fossil remains of Foraminifera and other marine organisms.

Some new and remarkable species of surface-living organisms allied to the Foraminifera, and known as Radiolarians, have been added to the lists of zoologists; and it is a rather remarkable circumstance that these minute organisms, which were among the first discovered tenants of the deep sea, should still, and in this most recent expedition, afford subject matter for much discussion and research.

The full results of this notable expedition may not be laid before the scientific world, or be fully appreciated by *savants*, for years to come. But this much may be safely assumed, that, viewed as mere additions to our stores of knowledge, and without taking into account their effects on physical science at large, the results of the *Challenger's* voyage will more than fulfil the high expectations and earnest wishes of those who were instrumental in despatching the ship on her noble mission of scientific discovery.

We may in the last instance, and by way of an appropriate conclusion to our subject, direct attention to an equally interesting, and in some respects essential, study to that comprised in the foregoing remarks, and to the full elucidation of which these later additions to our knowledge will undoubtedly tend and assist. When organisms were found to exist at great depths in the ocean, biologists and physicists naturally bethought themselves of the new aspects assumed by certain grave and potent conditions which had long been entertained as valid reasons against the occurrence of life in oceanic abysses. These conditions are well set forth in the question, "How can animal life be conceived to exist under such conditions of light, temperature, pressure, and aëration, as must obtain at these vast depths?" And as the replies which must be given to these queries necessarily form an intimate part of the history of deep-sea research, it may be well to indicate the data we possess for satisfactorily construing our answers.

The influence of *pressure* upon deep-sea organisms, as can readily be understood, was formerly regarded as a condition pre-eminently unfavourable to their existence in the lowest depths.

The immense pressure exerted upon whatever substances immersed at considerable depths in the sea was conceived to form an impassable barrier to the mere presence of life in deep water. Thus, at a depth of 2,400 fathoms, the pressure amounts to about three tons on each square inch of surface. How then, it was asked, could organisms be conceived to exist under such conditions? But, as was duly pointed out, those who argued this neglected to take into account the obvious law, familiar to every schoolboy, of the equal pressure of fluids in all directions. That if the enormous pressure alluded to were to be exerted on the outer surface only of an organism, the latter would be soon crushed out of existence; but the pressure from without happens to be exactly counterbalanced by the pressure from within—in other words, the organism remains in a state of equilibrium, and is able to move about in its native depths as freely and as unconscious of the surrounding pressure as its terrestrial neighbour who exists unconcernedly under an atmospheric pressure of about fifteen pounds on each square inch of its surface. The general absence of air cavities in deep-sea organisms forms a point worthy of consideration as showing the further applicability of the law of fluid pressure in adapting animals to live in any depth of sea.

The conditions of *temperature* in the deep sea cannot be discussed at present with satisfactory results, inasmuch as the observations of the *Challenger* Expedition may tend to modify the diverse opinions held regarding the distribution of heat and cold in the ocean. There can be little doubt, however, that the distribution of animal life in the ocean is, in greater part if not wholly regulated and determined by temperature. The circulation of cold and warm currents amply provides for the wants of animal life in this respect; and the difficulties which beset the question of temperature in the deep sea are not so much those of determining the distribution of currents as of deciding the exact causes which regulate these currents in operation.

Some remarkably curious points have been raised in connection with the absence of *light* in the abysses of ocean. That light is usually necessary, not only for the development of colour in animals and plants but for their perfect life and growth, is a very known fact. Plants and animals existing in dark habitats generally exhibit a want of colour and otherwise appear pale and sickly. The presence of light, indeed, is regarded as a very necessary

adjunct to the growth and vital prosperity of both animals and plants. That light penetrates only for a very short distance beneath the surface of the ocean is an ascertained fact; and it therefore becomes an interesting subject for speculation to explain why deep-sea forms, which live and grow amidst Stygian darkness, should in many cases be as deeply and brightly coloured as their neighbours of shallow waters. In other words, why should non-development of colour follow non-exposure to light in one case and not in another? And, as an equally puzzling fact, may be mentioned the circumstance that certain deep-sea forms living in darkness appear to possess eyes as fully developed as those of allied species dwelling on the shore, the eyes of most animals inhabiting darkness being rudimentary or undeveloped. This latter condition is, curiously enough, also exemplified by some deep-sea animals. And we shall soon require an explanation from our explorers of the rather paradoxical fact of one animal adapting itself to its surroundings and possessing but rudimentary eyes, or having no eyes at all, whilst its near neighbours may possess fully developed organs of vision.

An idea more ingenious than feasible, and which attempts to explain away this puzzle, supposed that deep-sea animals might possess the power of exhibiting the animal luminosity, or *phosphorescence* (which every one who has sailed on the sea at night has observed, and which is emitted by such animals as jelly-fishes, &c., and also by various microscopic animalcules), and that they might be capable of seeing by means of the light thus furnished. But the supposition is unsupported by evidence; and the fact that phosphorescence is a phenomenon chiefly observed in surface-waters and surface-living animals, and not in the depths, also militates against the correctness of the idea. Moreover, most of the animals which would thus benefit from the possession of luminous properties want the power of producing this light; whilst many animals, as just remarked, emit a phosphorescent light, which, from their surface habits, is of little or no use to them in so far, at any rate, as the exercise of light is concerned.

The last consideration which was offered as a knotty point in the life-history of deep-sea animals relates to the source of their *food-supply* and *aëration*. Animals depend for their sustenance on organic or living matter represented directly or indirectly by plants: plants can only grow in the light. As light is absent in the sea-depths, no plants can exist in that situation; and therefore, it

was argued, the deep-sea animals must fall back for their food supply upon some materials foreign to our experience of animal food in the upper world. To explain this anomaly, one theorist maintained that the deep-sea animals resembled plants in the nature of their food, and that they accordingly found sustenance in the inorganic matter by which they were surrounded. Whilst some few animal forms are theoretically believed to be capable of existing upon inorganic matters, the vast body of naturalists naturally hesitated before giving their approval to a theory which in so startling a manner revolutionised our ideas of the means whereby animal life at large was sustained. And a second theory was in due time propounded, which evaded the difficulty by offering the suggestion that a large quantity of organic matter, derived from the decomposition and disintegration of the surface-life of the ocean, from marine vegetation—and in fact from the entire range of oceanic life—was widely diffused through the abyss of the sea. A kind of dilute “soup” was believed to be thus formed, and upon this solution of once living matter the deep-sea animals were believed to subsist; whilst the crude necessity for believing that they fed upon inorganic matters was thus abolished. The question of our need to debate regarding the food of deep-sea organisms is open to remark. Very many high animals living in perfectly clear water subsist on the invisible animalcules and minute organisms therein combined; and it may reasonably enough be argued that deep-sea life may support itself in a similar manner by the absorption of such food-particles which may be naturally contained in the water, and altogether apart from the matter afforded by the breaking down of other organisms.

Deep-sea animals requiring oxygen—as does animal life in shallow waters, or life on land—were believed, theoretically, to have a difficulty in obtaining that all-important requirement for breathing or aëration. But the examination of the gases which preponderate in bottom and surface-waters respectively set to rest the doubts and difficulties of biologists at rest on this last point. The former waters are found to contain a large percentage of carbonic acid gas, the invariable result of the presence of animal life on land or water. Surface-waters, on the contrary, were found to contain oxygen in preponderance. A double interchange of gas therefore takes place, in obedience to plain chemical and physical laws. For, whilst the noxious carbonic acid from the botto

waters is diffused upwards to be added to the atmosphere, the surface-oxygen passes downwards to provide for the maintenance of deep-sea life. The interchange above and the renewal of the oxygen from the atmosphere are effected by the ceaseless action of the currents of air and ocean; whilst the interchange below is exemplified by the carbonic acid given off by the animals being exchanged for the vivifying and necessary oxygen.

Thus the many difficulties and problems which beset this subject in the past are gradually being dissipated and modified; and it is quite within reasonable expectation to hope and believe that ere long beams of growing scientific light will illumine those spots that are still dark and unexplained in the history and life of the great deep.

TABLE-TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

ENGLISHMEN will not grudge the Arctic Expedition or its commander the honours that have been showered upon them. After an experience of the privations to which those long resident in Arctic regions are subject the voyagers must have seen in the civic banquet accorded them an appropriate as well as a delicate compliment. My only regret is that no special occasion appears to have been taken to provide a *menu* worthy of the occasion. An opportunity not likely again to occur was afforded a chance of displaying the resources of his art in the invention of dishes which should commemorate the feats of the adventurers and introduce to southern palates some specimens of hyperborean dainties. At the limits reached by the ships animal and vegetable life had ceased. It would, perhaps, have been taxing invention too far to have asked for a gastronomic *souvenir* of palæocrystic ice. An Esquimaux salad would, however, be suggestive of pleasant recollections to the voyagers even if it provoked unsavoury associations among the other guests. *Bouchées de salé à la jus de citron* might bring back some uncomfortable memories, and might even seem to hint at censure of the authorities. Passing from the convivial to the scientific aspects of the reception accorded Sir G. Nares, the honours awarded him by his Sovereign and by different societies are well earned. Upon a display of heroism and endurance on the part of English sailors we are accustomed to count. These qualities have not been wanting in the present instance, though the call upon them may not have been especially urgent. It is, however, unjust to expect from men more than the occasional warrants. A certain measure of intelligence appears also to have been displayed. The omission of the lime-juice rations was the crucial difficulty in the way of the sledge parties. This strange neglect is the more deplorable as it leaves us in the dark as to what these parties could have effected under more favourable conditions. It is impossible to avoid a feeling of regret that an expedition so costly and so well furnished on all respects should, under the most favourable conditions obtainable, have done so little. An experiment so conducted cannot possibly be regarded as conclusive. I am not, therefore, astonished to hear that a new Arctic Expedition, or, as it is

called, "a Polar pic-nic," is talked about for next year. It is quite clear that the North Pole will not be reached without great difficulty. Science has, however, many resources, some of them untried. Ballooning seems by general consent to afford a possible solution of the question how to reach the North Pole. It must be used judiciously, however. There would be a grim irony about the entire search after the Pole if those who first reached it by means of a balloon should be unable to return, and should die with the key in their possession of the solved mystery. It behoves us not to be soon disheartened. On us, as self-styled rulers of the sea, rests the responsibility of answering the questions concerning its extent and boundaries. It is fitting we should execute the surveys of what we claim as our own. As yet we do not even know what sledge parties can effect, seeing that owing to the weakness of the men and other causes each mile of the journey had to be five times traversed. At the time when the use of lime juice was discontinued and the men began to sicken the chances, according to Lieutenant Aldred, "were all in our favour." There seems, moreover, to have been a want of faith on the part of those commanding the expedition in its success, and the work that was done was as hopeless as it was persevering and heroic. There is, in fact, everything to encourage us to new effort. With trained men, experienced and seasoned, with due precautions as to health, and under moderately favourable conditions, a great reduction of the unexplored district may be anticipated. Nor is a complete solution of the geographical problem so diligently pursued a matter wholly outside hope and expectation.

THE appearance of Mr. Carlyle in the field of foreign politics has proved the signal for the descent into the arena of a large number of those who dwell ordinarily remote from the strife of party warfare. A familiar occurrence in the Homeric contests is accordingly repeated. While Celestial minds can restrain their wrath, the fight in this great encounter is waged with changing results by mortal combatants. So soon, however, as Venus, unable longer to control her indignation, interferes on behalf of the Trojans, Juno exercises a corresponding protection over the Greeks. When, according to Pope's well-known rendering, Minerva

Thunders from the Grecian walls,
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds.

No bad representative of Minerva is the "sage of Chelsea;" and Mr. Swinburne, though Apollo is his more obvious counterpart, has at least the tempestuous vehemence of the God of Battles. His newly-published pamphlet, "Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade," brings a breath of whirlwind to bear upon the controversy concerning Turkey and Russia. While, like the tidings brought by Ross to Malcolm, the most vehement part of the diatribe

Is a fee grief
Due to some single breast,

that of Mr. Carlyle, the general interest is such, that the quotation may be continued—

No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe.

Mr. Swinburne, indeed, hits the nail upon the head. It is not love for Turkey, or desire to maintain a tyrannous supremacy of Moslem over Christian, that animates those who refuse to take part in the agitation Mr. Gladstone has commenced; it is mistrust of Russian policy. "Anarchy on the verge of dissolution—and such an anarchy, we are assured on all hands, is the existing empire of the Turk—however horrible may be the evils wrought and the agonies inflicted by the death struggle and fierce convulsions of its own, is impotent or beneficent by comparison with an organised and militant anarchy like that of Russia." So says Mr. Swinburne. And it is interesting to watch the youngest and most fervent of our great poets casting his sword into the scale opposite to that which is weighted by Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Morris, Mr. Browning, Mr. Trollope, and Mr. Carlyle.

KINDRED in tone with Mr. Swinburne's pamphlet is the second utterance of Mr. Alfred Austin. A complete indictment of Russia has been framed by the author of "The Tower of Babel." With the fidelity of a herald Mr. Austin traces the course of Muscovite intrigue and action, showing how fair promise has formed the constant prelude to foul deed, and how incessantly renewed has been the attempt to take advantage of Turkish difficulty to diminish the distance between Russia and the Bosphorus. A reformation so sudden as that with which Russia is popularly credited is, at least, uncommon among nations, and those are pardonable who hesitate to believe that the tiger is tamed because its claws are temporarily *sheathed*.

IT is well for English writers when they can say with Horace—

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,

since the difficulties in the way of providing them with the more perishable memorial of bronze or marble seem insuperable. In spite of the efforts of tercentenary committees, Shakespeare has yet to trust to that "live-long monument" he has built "in our wonder and astonishment," and Byron, it appears, is not likely to fare better. Of the designs for a monument sent in to the Byron Memorial Committee none commends itself as being worthy of the occasion. The committee has accordingly decided to reopen the competition and allow six months longer for the preparation of designs. That a failure like this reflects great discredit upon English art will be pretty generally conceded. Few, however, will be likely to challenge the wisdom of the decision. I have not seen the designs, and am consequently in no position to speak as to their merits. It is satisfactory, however, to think that we treat our authors with more respect than our monarchs. It is doubtful whether Charles the First is the most unfortunate or ill-treated of English kings. If some of our past Sovereigns have escaped the fate Quevedo before their days assigned to all monarchs that had then lived, and if they are able to take cognisance of what passes in the world they have quitted, they must feel at times as if exemption from the kind of pillory in which we now exhibit our rulers in our streets and squares would have been cheaply purchased at the price of decapitation.

IN his "Paradoxe sur le Comédien" Diderot says what, for the rest, is sufficiently obvious, that "*Rien ne se passe exactement sur la scène comme en nature.*" This commonplace of art is, however, lost sight of by not a few managers and actors. The realism in scenery which is now carried so far does little or nothing to add to the *vraisemblance* of the dramatic action, and is as often a disturbance to the faith of the spectator as an aid. Somewhere or other realism must end and conventional treatment begin. After all, actors do but "poison in jest," to use the phrase of Hamlet. If, however, a check is not put upon the impetuosity of some of our artists, and if conventional treatment is not substituted for the realistic, it seems possible that the sensation of a real assassination upon the stage may be provided the playgoer. During a recent performance of "Richard III." Mr. Barry Sullivan fell upon the stage with *his face ripped up* by the sword of

Richmond. Rumour says, with how much truth I know not, that this was a return compliment, a like accident having previously befallen Richmond at the hand of Richard. If I am rightly informed, moreover, a similar misfortune once befell Mr. Irving during the fencing scene in "Hamlet." Now, a good actor is ordinarily a good fencer. When a country Laertes asked Kean where he should pink him—"Where you can, sir," was the slightly arrogant reply. Still, if stage fighting is conducted with the violence now customary, an accident more serious than any that has yet occurred may be expected. Badly as our actors one and all play Shakespeare, it would be a pity to demand their lives as the penalty of their incompetency. Will none of them, then, see that stage fighting should be as conventional as a stage drubbing? When Mascarille is beaten by Lelio, or when he returns the compliment, the spectator is never under the apprehension of any bones being broken. Why, then, should the crossing of swords be more realistic than the application of crab-tree to the back? When the heroine screams at the approach of danger, she does not employ the strident notes of absolute terror; and when she weeps, even, she does so with due regard to the requirements of pearl-powder. No reason whatever can be advanced for placing fighting in a different category from these and other similar things. The actor may not even plead that the gallery is delighted with a good fight. As much enthusiasm as was ever provoked by the finest fencing in the world or the most vigorous onslaught has been again and again accorded to the old-fashioned broadsword fight, where the banging of weapons up and down might take place to the tune of a hornpipe.

WHEN the frequency of fires in theatres has been pointed out by those who see with regret buildings licensed in which the conditions of exit violate all rules of caution and common sense, it has been answered by the managers that fires seldom take place while the performance is in progress, and that loss of life is an improbable contingency. These comfortable delusions in which the proprietors of theatres in cellars bury themselves are dispelled by the accident at the Brooklyn Theatre and the fearful loss of life with which it is attended. While this calamity is still fresh in the memory of the public, it is well to urge upon the Lord Chamberlain, as the licenser of theatres, the expediency of exercising a more jealous supervision over those houses which are built in defiance of all rules of ordinary caution. The risk of those who

attend plays is always great. Normal conditions of danger may, however, be faced, but what is to become of the spectators in a certain theatre excavated beneath a restaurant, if any accident sets fire to the building over their heads? There is no matter in which supervision should be more careful and exacting than in that of the issues from a theatre. In Paris a committee has been appointed to investigate a new system of preventing accidents in theatres attacked by fire. The report, which is now daily expected, will probably throw some new light upon the subject. Meantime Captain Shaw has reprinted his pamphlet upon Fires in Theatres, and has given a list of 113 houses that have been burned down between 1672 and 1875. In this melancholy catalogue England stands first, no fewer than twenty-one theatres having been destroyed here during that period. The list is, moreover, far from complete. The first fire in an English theatre of which any record is preserved took place at the Globe on the Bankside, on the 29th of June, 1613, during the performance of a play called "All is True," founded on the story of Henry VIII. According to a ballad printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXXVI., p. 114, the fire in its progress was not unlike that at the Brooklyn Theatre:—

This seareful fire beganne above.

A wonder strange and true,

And to the stage-howse did remove

As round as Taylor's clewe;

And burnt downe both beam and snagge,

And did not spare the silken flagge.

Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

A catastrophe almost as serious as that which now moves the heart of America and England took place at the Richmond (United States) Theatre in 1811, and is described at length in Dunlop's "History of the American Theatres." So great a sensation did this create that a law was passed prohibiting amusements for four months. A striking proof of public horror and sympathy was this. It must, however, have seemed not a little oppressive as well as illogical to actors and all connected with theatres, whom it deprived of a livelihood.

ADMIRERS of "Red Spinner's" sketches of English river-side scenery will read, I think, with some pleasure two or three extracts from Mr. Senior's latest letters from his new home in Queensland. Here is a little bit of local colour:—"To-day in mid-winter (August 6) I find myself writing, bare-headed and in ordinary

summer costume, in a broad open verandah, pausing occasionally look down upon my little lawn sloping to the river's edge; upon the bananas whose long graceful leaves have been split to ribbons by recent gales; upon the peach tree, just now in glorious blossom; upon the orange trees with their golden fruit peeping through dark green branches; upon the guava trees, here and all at one time with blossom, bud, and fruit; upon certain of the English flowers—to wit, violets, geraniums, verbenas, and zinnias which are in welcome bloom; upon mulberry, vine, passion fruit, loquat, and citron trees, which are waiting for the advent of the Australian spring; upon the mangroves which mark the water boundary; upon the Catholic Cathedral on the opposite side, and from which comes, refined by passage across the broad stream, the rising and falling of Mozart's mass music." Speaking of the first impressions which the immigrant from the old country gets of the new land, he says:—"He perceives that rough and strong posts and rails replace the sweet-scented hedgerows of the old country; that here there are vastness of space and freedom to roam at will; that many a settler lives in a tiny slab hut, with roof of bark or shingle, and looks jolly and contented, with his children playing about, and with the consciousness that though his estate be uncultivated and wild and even poor it is his own to make or mar. Nearer town the scene becomes less primitive. Groves of bananas, fields of waving maize, patches of sugar, clumps of bamboo around the large houses of well-to-do farmers and manufacturers, and numerous signs of industrial pursuits appear. Then come the suburbs of Brisbane—cool, picturesque-looking bungalows, wood-built, protected from the heat by broad verandahs and surmounting high wooded eminences; clusters of neat cottages, houses, great and small, overlooking the river, and finally, having rounded a sharp tongue of land, the busy wharves, warehouses, churches, and shipping of the town's heart burst into view. Upon hills right and left the city of Brisbane stands revealed, charmingly situated, but as yet in its infancy—an infancy which any one may see at a glance is lusty, and rapid in its progression to maturity. Government House, standing in beautiful grounds; the Botanical gardens, full of strange tropical trees and plants; and the imposing Parliament buildings, with their central dome, appear in succession as the steamboat sweeps round another sharp curve and makes for the emigration dépôt, where under strict supervision the immigrants must remain until they have found employment."

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MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER IV.

"OH, MUCH-DESIRED PRIZE, SWEET LIBERTY!"

THE summer had gone and much even of the autumn, and Miss Grey and her companion were settled in London. Minola had had everything planned out in her mind before they left Dukes-Keeton, and little Miss Blanchet was positively awed by her leader's energy, knowledge, and fearlessness. The first night of their arrival in town they went to a quiet, respectable, old-fashioned hotel, well known of Keeton folk, where Miss Grey's father used to stay during his visits to London for many years, and where his name was still well remembered. Then the two strangers from the country set out to look for lodgings, and Miss Grey was able to test her knowledge of London, and satisfy her pride of learning, by conducting her friend straightway to the region in which she had resolved to make a home for herself. She had been greatly divided in mind for a while between Kensington and the West Centre; between the neighbourhood of the South Kensington Museum, the glades of the gardens, and all the charms of the old Court suburb, and the temptations of the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the old-fashioned squares and houses around the latter. She decided for the British Museum quarter. Miss Blanchet would have preferred the brightness and the air of fashion which belonged to Kensington; but Miss Grey ruled that to live somewhere near the British Museum was more like living in London, and she energetically declared that she would rather live in Seven Dials than out of London.

To find a pleasant and suitable lodging would ordinarily have

been a difficulty; for the regular London lodging-house-keeper detests the sight of women, and only likes the gentleman who disappears in the morning and returns late at night. But luckily there are Keeton folk everywhere. As a rule, nobody is born in London, "except children," as a lady once remarked. Come up to London from wherever little Keeton you will, you can find your compatriots settled everywhere in the metropolis. Miss Grey obtained from the kind landlady of the hotel—who had herself been born in Keeton, and was married to a Glasgow man—a choice of Keeton folk willing to receive respectable and well-recommended lodgers—"real ladies" especially. Miss Grey, being cordially vouched for by the landlady as a real lady, found out a Keeton woman in the West Centre who had a drawing-room and two bedrooms to let.

Had Miss Grey invented the place, it could not have suited her better. It was an old-fashioned street, running out of a handsome old-fashioned square. The street was no thoroughfare. Its other end was closed by a solemn, sombre structure with a portico, and over the portico a plaster bust of Pallas. This was an institution or foundation of some kind which had long outlived the uses whereto it had been devoted by its pious founder. It now had nothing but a library, a lecture-hall, an enclosed garden (into which, happily for her, the windows of Miss Grey's bedroom looked), an old fountain in the garden, considerable funds, a board of trustees, and an annual dinner. The place lent an air of severe dignity to the street, and furthermore kept the street secluded and quiet by blocking up one of its ends and inviting no traffic. The house in which our pair of wanderers were lodging was itself old-fashioned, and in a manner picturesque. It had broad old staircases of stone, and a large hall and fine rooms. It had once been a noble mansion, and the legend was that its owner had entertained Dr. Johnson there, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and that Mrs. Thrale had often been handed up and down that staircase. Minola loved association with such good company, and it may be confessed went up and down the stairs several times for no other purpose whatever than the pleasure of fancying herself following in the footsteps of bright Mrs. Thrale, with whose wrongs Miss Grey, as a misanthrope, was especially bound to sympathise.

The drawing-room happily looked at least aslant over the grass and the trees of the square. Minola's bedroom, as has been said, looked into the garden of the institution, with its well-kept walks, its shrubs, and its old-fashioned fountain, whose quiet plash was always heard in the seclusion of the back of the house. Had the trunks of the trees been just a little less blackened by smoke, our heroine

well have fancied, as she looked from her bedroom window, was in some quaint old abode in a quiet country town. But she did not desire to encourage any such delusion. To feel that in the heart of London was her especial delight. This feeling have brightened and glorified a far less attractive place. She sit down alone in her bedroom of nights, in order to think to herself, "Now I am at last really in London; not visiting, but living in it." There at least was one dream made real, as one ambition crowned. "Come what will," she said to "I am living in London." In London and freedom she grew more healthy and happy. As a wearied Londoner might go out, say Keeton, and found new strength and spirits there, Keeton girl, who was somewhat pale and thin when she sat on the steps of the ducal mausoleum, grew stronger and brighter every day in the West Central regions of London.

Quieter, freer life could hardly be imagined, at least for the hours she spent in the National Gallery and the Museum; she walked with Mary Blanchet in Regent's Park, and delighted to find new vistas and glimpses of beauty among the trees there, and to find that it was ever so much better than any place in the country. When autumn came on and the trees grew barer, and the skies became of a soft silver grey, Minola found greater charms in their softened hues than the brighter lights of summer could give. Even when it rained—and it did rain sometimes—who could fail to see the beauty, in the gleams of the green grass, and the darker stems and branches showing faintly through the veil of the mist and the soft falling shower? It was, indeed, a delightful Arcadian life. Its beauty can hardly be better illustrated than by the fact, that our two young ladies always dined at one o'clock—when they were all—off a chop, except on Sundays, when they invariably had a roast.

As Miss Grey loved London, however, it was still a place full of men whom she considered herself bound to dislike, and of men who depended far too much on these men. Therefore, she collected scraps of London life, and amused herself by relating them to her friend.

"I have accomplished a chapter of London, Mary," she said one day before their reading had set in; "I have completed my social history of our neighbours in Gainsborough Place"—a little street of no great importance at hand. "I am prepared to give you a complete courtship to the grades of society there, Mary, so that you may know how to demean yourself to each and all."

"Do tell me all about it ; I should very much like to know."

"Shall we begin with the highest or the lowest ?"

"I think," Miss Blanchet said with a gentle sigh, expressive of great delight in the story of the lower classes, "I would rather begin low down, dear, and got done with them first."

"Very well ; now listen. The lowest of all is the butcher. He is a wealthy man, I am sure, and his daughter, who sits in the little office in the shop, is a good-looking girl, I think. But in private life nobody in Gainsborough Place mixes with them on really cordial terms. Their friends come from other places ; from butchers' shops in other streets. They do occasionally interchange a few courtesies with the family of the baker ; but the baker's wife, though not nearly so rich, rather patronises and looks down upon Mrs. Butcher."

"Dear me," said the poetess, "what odd people !"

"Well, the pastry-cook's family will have nothing to do, except in the way of business, with the butcher or the baker ; but they are very friendly with the grocer, and they have evenings together. Now, the two little old maids, who keep the stationer's shop where the post-office is, are very genteel, and have explained to me more than once that they don't feel at home in this quarter, and that their friends are in the West End. But they are not well off, poor things, I fear, and they like to spend an evening now and then with the family of the grocer and the pastry-cook, who are rather proud to receive them, and can give them the best tea and Madeira cake ; and both the little ladies assure me that nothing can be more respectable than the family of the pastry-cook and the grocer—for their station of life, they always add."

"Oh, of course !" Miss Blanchet said, who was listening with great interest as to a story, having that order of mind to which anything is welcome that offers itself in narrative form, but not having a perception of a satirical purpose in the whole explanation. Miss Blanchet appreciated the "of course," and somehow became discouraged.

"Well," she said, "that's nearly all, except for the family of the chemist, who live next to the little ladies of the post office, and who only know even them by sufferance, and would not for all the world have any social intercourse with any of the others. It's a little lightful, I think, to find that London is not one place at all, but only a cluster of little Keetons. This one street is Keeton to the little Mary. I want to pursue my studies deeper, though ; I want to find out how the gradations of society go between the mothers of the butcher who drives the butcher's cart, the baker's boy, and the pastry-cook boy."

"Oh, Minola dear !"

"You think all this very unpoetic, Mary, and you are shocked at my interest in these prosaic and lowly details. But it is a study of life, my dear poetess, and it amuses and instructs me. Only for chance, you know, I might have been like *that*, and it is a grand thing to learn one's own superiority."

"You never could have been like that, Minola ; you belong to a different class."

"Yes, yes, dear, that is quite true, I belong to the higher classes entirely ; my father was a country architect, my stepfather is a Non-conformist minister—these are of the aristocracy everywhere."

"You are a lady—a woman of education—Minola," the poetess said, almost severely. She could not understand how even Miss Grey herself could disparage Miss Grey and her parentage in jest.

"I can assure you, dear, that one of the pastry-cook's daughters, whom I talked with to-day, is a much better-educated girl than I am. You should hear her talk French, Mary. She has been taught in Paris, dear, and speaks so well that I found it very hard to understand her. She plays the harp, and knows all about Wagner ; I don't. I like her very much, and she is coming here to take tea with us."

The poetess was not delighted with this kind of society, but she never ventured to contradict her leader.

"You can talk to everyone, I do really believe," she said. "I find it so hard to get on with people—with some people."

"I feel so happy and so free here. I can say all the cynical things that please me—you don't mind—and I can like and dislike as I choose."

"I am afraid you dislike more than you like, Minola."

"I think I could like anyone who had some strong purpose in life ; not the getting of money, or making a way in society. There are such, I suppose ; I don't know."

"When you meet my brother, I am sure you will acknowledge that he has a purpose in life which is not the getting of money," said Miss Blanchet. "But you don't like men."

Minola made no reply. Poor little Miss Blanchet felt so kindly to all the race of men, that she did not understand how any woman could really dislike them.

"I am going to do something that will please you to-morrow," Miss Grey said, feeling that she owed her companion some atonement for not warming to the mention of her brother. "I am positively going to hunt out Lucy Money. They must have returned by this time."

This was really very pleasant news for Miss Blanchet. She had been longing for her friend to renew her acquaintance with Miss Lucy Money, about whom she had many dreams. It did not occur to Mary Blanchet to question directly even in her own mind the decrees of Miss Grey, or to say to herself that the course of life which they were leading was not the most delightful that could be devised. But, if the little poetess could have ventured to translate vague yearnings into definite thoughts, she would, perhaps, have acknowledged to herself a faint desire that the brilliant passages of the London career she had marked out for herself in anticipation should come rather more quickly than they just now seemed likely to do. At present there was not much difference perceptible to her between London and Dukes-Keeton. Nobody came to see them—even her brother had not yet presented himself. Her poem did not make much progress; there was no great incentive to poetic work. Minola and she did not know any poets, or artists, or publishers. Mary Blanchet's poetic tastes were of a somewhat old-fashioned school, and did not include any particular care for looking at trees, and fields, and water, and skies, although these objects of natural beauty were made to figure in the poems a good deal in connection with, and illustrative of, the emotions of the poetess. Therefore the rambles in the park were not so delightful to her as to her leader; and when the evening set in, and Minola and she read to each other, Mary Blanchet was always rather pleased if an opportunity occurred for interrupting the reading by a talk. She was particularly anxious that Minola should renew her acquaintance with her old schoolfellow, Miss Lucy Money, whose father she understood to be somehow a great sort of person, and through whom she saw dimly opening up a vista, perhaps the only one for her, into society and literature. But the Money family were out of town when our friends came to London, and Miss Blanchet had to wait; and, even when it was probable that they had returned, Miss Grey did not seem very eager to renew the acquaintance. Indeed, her resolve to visit Miss Money now was entirely a good-natured concession to the evident desire of Mary Blanchet. Minola saw her friend's little ways and weaknesses clearly, and smiled now and then as she thought of them, and liked her none the less for them—rather, indeed, felt her breast swell with kindness and pity. It pleased her generous heart to gratify her companion in every way, to find out things that she liked and bring them to her, to study her little innocent vanities, that she might gratify them. What little dainties Mary Blanchet liked to have with her tea, what pretty ribbons she thought *it became her to wear*, these Miss Grey was always perplexing herself

about. When she found that she liked to be alone sometimes, that she must have a long walk unaccompanied, that she must have thoughts which Mary would not care to hear, then she felt a pang of remorse, as if she were guilty of a breach of true *camaraderie*, and she could not rest until she had relieved her soul by some special mark of attention to her friend. On the other hand, Mary Blanchet, for all her dreams and aspirations, was a sensible and managing little person, who got for Miss Grey about twice the value that she herself could have obtained out of her money. This was a fact which Minola always took care to impress upon her companion, for she dreaded lest Miss Blanchet should feel herself a dependant. Miss Blanchet, however, in a modest way, knew her value, and had besides one of the temperaments to which dependence on some really loved being comes natural, and is inevitable.

So Minola set out next day, about three o'clock, to look up her schoolfellow, Miss Lucy Money. She went forth on her mission with some unwillingness, and with a feeling, as if she were abandoning some purpose, or giving up a little of a principle, in doing so. "I came to London to live alone and independent," she said to herself sometimes, "and already I am going out to seek for acquaintances. Why do I do that? I want strength of purpose. I am just like everybody else;" and she began, as was her wont, to scrutinise her own weaknesses, and bear heavily on them. For, absurd as it may seem, this odd young woman really did propose to live alone—herself and Mary Blanchet—in London until they died. Alone, that is, so far as social life and acquaintanceships in society were concerned. Vast and vague schemes for doing good to her neighbours, and for striving in especial to give a helping hand to troubled women, were in Miss Grey's plans of life; but society, so called, was to have no part in them. It did not occur to her that she was far too handsome a girl to be allowed to put herself thus under an extinguisher or behind a screen. When people looked after her as she passed through the streets, she assumed that they noticed some rustic peculiarity in her dress or her hat, and she felt a contempt for them. Her love of London did not imply a love of Londoners, whom in general she thought rude and given to staring. But even if she had thought people were looking at her because of her figure, her face, her eyes, her superb hair, she would have felt a contempt for them all the same. She had a proud indifference to personal beauty, and looked down upon men whose judgment could be affected by the fact that a woman had finer eyes, or brighter hair, or a more shapely mould than other women.

Once Minola was positively on the point of turning back, and renouncing all claim on the acquaintanceship of her former school companion. She suddenly remembered, however, that in condemning her own fancied weakness she had forgotten that her visit was undertaken to oblige Mary Blanchet. "Poor Mary! I have only one little acquaintanceship that has anything to do with society, and am I to deny her that chance if she likes it?" She went on rapidly and resolutely. Sometimes she felt inclined to blame herself for bringing Mary Blanchet away from Keeton, although Mary had for years been complaining of her life and her work there, and beseeching Miss Grey not to leave her behind when she went to live in London.

It was a beautiful autumn day. London looks to great advantage on one of these rare days, and Miss Grey felt her heart swell with mere delight as she looked from the streets to the sky and from the sky to the streets. She passed through one or two squares, and stopped to see the sun, already going down, send its light through the bare branches of the trees. The western sky was covered with grey, silver-edged clouds, which brightened into blots of golden light as they came closer in the track of the sun. The air was mild, soft, and almost warm. All poets and painters are full of the autumn charms of the country; but to certain oddly constituted minds so street views in London on a fine autumn day have an unspeakable witchery. Miss Grey walked round and round one of the squares, and had to remind herself of her purpose on Mary Blanchet's behalf in order to impel herself on.

The best of the day had gone, and the early evening was looking somewhat chill and gloomy between the huge ramparts of the Victoria Street houses by the time that Miss Grey stood in that sole thoroughfare, and her heart sank a little as she reached the house where her old school friend lived.

"Perhaps Lucy Money is altogether changed," Miss Grey said to herself as she came up to the door. "Perhaps she won't care about me; perhaps I shan't like her any more; and perhaps her mother will think me a dreadful person for not honouring my stepfather and stepmother. Perhaps there are brothers—odious, slangy young men who think girls fall in love with them. Oh, yes, here is one of them."

For just as she had rung the bell a hansom cab drove up to the door, and a tall, dark-complexioned young man leaped out. He raised his hat with what seemed to Miss Grey something the manner of a foreigner when he saw her standing at the door, and she felt a *momentary* thrill of relief because, if he was a foreigner, he could

not be Lucy Money's brother. Besides, she knew very well that the great houses in Victoria Street were occupied by several tenants, and there was good hope that the young man might have business with the upper story, and she with the ground floor.

The young man was about to ring the bell, when he stopped, and said—

"Perhaps you have rung already?"

"Yes, I have rung," Miss Grey coldly replied.

"This is Mr. Money's, I suppose?"

"Mr. Money lives here," she answered, with the manner of one resolute to close the conversation. The young man did not seem in the least impressed by her tone.

"Perhaps I have the honour of speaking to Miss Money?" he began, with delighted eagerness.

"No. I am not Miss Money," she answered, still in her clear monotone.

No words could say more distinctly than the young man's expression did, "I am sorry to hear it." Indeed, no young man in the world going to visit Mr. Money could have avoided wishing that the young lady then standing at the door might prove to be Miss Money.

The door opened, and the young man drew politely back to give Miss Grey the first chance. She asked for Miss Lucy Money, and the porter rang a bell for one of Mr. Money's servants. Miss Grey had brought a card with her, on which she had written over her engraved name, "For Lucy Money," and beneath it, "Nola," the short rendering of "Minola" which they used to adopt at school.

Then the porter looked enquiringly at the other visitor.

"If Mr. Money is at home," said the latter, "I should be glad to see him. I find I have forgotten my card-case, but my name is Heron—Mr. Victor Heron; and do, please, try to remember it, and to say it rightly."

CHAPTER V.

MISS GREY'S FIRST CALL.

MR. MONEY's home, like Mr. Money himself, conveyed to the intelligent observer an idea of quiet, self-satisfied strength. Mr. Money had one of the finest and most expensive suites of rooms to be had in the great Victoria Street buildings, and his rooms were furnished *handsomely and richly*. He had servants in

sober livery, and a carriage for his wife and daughters, and little brougham for himself. He made no pretence at being fashionable—rather, indeed, seemed to say deliberately, "I am a plain man and don't care twopence about fashion, and I despise making a show of being rich; but I am rich enough for all I want, and whatever money can buy for me I can buy." He would not allow his wife and daughters to aim at being persons of fashion had they been so inclined, but they might spend as much money as ever they pleased. He never made a boast of his original poverty, or the humbleness of his bringing up, nor put on any vulgar show of rugged independence. The impression he made upon everybody was that of a completely self-sufficing—we do not say self-sufficient—man. It was not very clear how he had made his money. He had been at the head of one of the working departments under the Government, had somehow fancied himself ill-treated, resigned his place, and, it was understood, had entered into various contracts to do work for the Governments of foreign States. It was certain that Mr. Money was not a speculator. His name never appeared in the directors' list of any new company. He could not be called a City man. But it was certain that he was rich.

Mr. Money was in Parliament. He was a strong Radical in theory, and was believed to have much stronger opinions than he troubled himself to express. There was a rough, scornful way about him, as of one who considered all our existing arrangements merely provisional, and who in the mean time did not care to occupy himself overmuch with the small differences between this legislative proposition and that. It was not on political subjects that he usually spoke. He was a very good speaker, clear, direct, and expressive in his language, always using plain, effective words, and always showing a perfect ease in the finishing of his sentences. There was a savour of literature about him, and it was evident in many indirect ways that he knew Greek and Latin much better than most of the University men. The impression he produced was that of a man who on most subjects knew more than he troubled himself to display. It seemed as if it would take a very ready speaker indeed to enter into personal contest with Mr. Money, and not get the worst of it.

He was believed to be very shrewd and clever, and was known to be liberal of his money. People consulted him about many things, and to some extent admired him; some were a little afraid of him, and, in homely phrase, fought shy of him. Perhaps he was thought to be unscrupulous; perhaps his blunt way of going at the very heart of a scruple in others made them fancy that he rather despised all moral conventionalities.

ver the reason was, a certain class of persons always rather dis-
Mr. Money, and held aloof even while asking his advice. No
o had come in his way even for a moment forgot him, or was
d as to his identity, or failed to form some opinion about him,
d have put clearly into words an exact statement of the opinion
formed.

this particular day of autumn Mr. Money was in his study
letters. He was talking to himself in short, blunt sentences
th letter as he read it, and put it into a pigeon-hole, or tore it
ew it into the waste-paper basket. His sentences were gene-
cise judgments pronounced on each correspondent. "Fool!"
head!" "Just so; I expected that of you!" "Yes, yes; he's
." "That will do." Sometimes a comment, begun rather
ended in a good-natured smile; and sometimes Mr. Money,
read a letter to the close with a pleased and satisfied expression,
y became thoughtful, and leaned upon his desk, drumming with
er-tips of one hand upon his teeth.

ervant interrupted his work by bringing him a message and a
Mr. Money looked up, said quickly, "Yes, yes; show him in!"
Victor Heron was introduced.

Money advanced to meet his visitor with an air of cordial
e. One peculiarity of Mr. Money's strong, homely face was
ular sweetness of the smile which it sometimes wore. The
parted so pleasantly, the white teeth shone, and the eyes, that
seemed heavy, beamed with so kindly an air, that to youth at
e influence was for the moment irresistible. Victor Heron's
al face sparkled with responsive expression.

ell, well! glad to see you, glad to see you. Knew you would
Shove away those blue-books and sit down. We haven't long
k; but I tried to find you, and couldn't get at your address.
dn't know at the Colonial Institute even. And how are you,
at have you been doing with yourself?"

ot much good," Heron replied, thinking as usual of his
ce. "I couldn't succeed in seeing anybody."

f course not, of course not. I could have told you so. People
yet coming back to town, except hard-working fellows like
lave you been cooling your heels in the antechambers of the
il Office?"

es, I have been there a little; not much. I saw it was no use
, and that isn't a kind of occupation I delight in." The young
ace reddened with the bare memory of his vexation. "I hate
it of thing."

"To go where you know people don't want to see you? Yes, it tries young and sensitive people a good deal. They've put you off?"

"As I told you, I have seen nobody yet. But I mean to persevere. They shall find I am not a man to be got rid of in that way."

Mr. Money made no observation on this, but went to a drawer in his desk, and took out a little book with pages alphabetically arranged.

"I have been making enquiries about you," he said, "of various people who know all about the colonies. Would you like to hear a summary description of your personal character? Don't be offended—this is a way I have; the moment a person interests me and seems worth thinking about, I enter him in my little book here, and sum up his character from my own observation and from what people tell me. Shall I read it for you? I wouldn't, you may be sure, if I thought you were anything of a fool."

This compliment, of course, conquered Heron, who was otherwise a good deal puzzled. But there was something in Mr. Money's manner with those in whom he took any interest that prevented their feeling hurt by his occasional bluntness.

"I don't know myself," Heron said.

"Of course you don't. What busy man, who has to know other people, could have time to study himself? That work might do for philosophers. I may teach you something now, and save you the trouble."

"I suppose I ought to make my own acquaintance," said Heron resignedly, while much preferring to talk of his grievance.

"Very good. Now listen.

"Heron, Victor.—Formerly in administration of St. Xavier's Settlements. Got into difficulty; dropped down. Education good, but literary rather than business-like. Plenty of pluck, but wants coolness. Egotistic, but unselfish. Good deal of talent and go. Very honest, but impracticable. A good weapon in good hands, but must take care not to be made a plaything."

Heron laughed. "It's a little like the sort of thing phrenologists give people," he said, "but I think it's very flattering. I can assure you, however, no one shall make a plaything of *me*," he added with emphasis.

"So we all think, so we all think," Mr. Money said, putting away his book. "Well, you are going on with this, then?"

"I am going to vindicate my conduct, and compel them to grant me an enquiry, if you mean that. Nothing on earth shall keep me from that."

"So, so! Very well, we'll talk about that another time—many

other times; and I may give you some advice, which you needn't take if you don't like, and I shan't be offended. Now, I want to introduce you to my wife and my girls, and you must have a cup of tea. Odd, isn't it, to find men drinking tea at five o'clock in the afternoon? Up at the club, any day about that hour, you might think we were a drawing-room full of old spinsters, to hear the rattling of tea-cups that goes on all around."

He took Heron's arm in a friendly, dictatorial way, and conducted him to the drawing-room on the same floor.

The drawing-room was entered, not by opening a door, but by withdrawing some folds of a great, heavy, dark-green curtain. Mr. Money drew aside part of the curtain to make way for his friend; and they both stopped a moment on the threshold. A peculiar, sweet, half-melancholy smile gave a strange dignity for the moment to Mr. Money's somewhat rough face, and he gently let the curtain fall.

"Wasn't there some great person, Mr. Heron—Burke, was it?—who used to say that whatever troubles he had outside, all ceased as he stood at his own door? Well, I always feel like that when I lift this curtain."

It was a pretty sight, as he again raised the curtain, and led Heron in. The drawing-room was very large, and was richly, and as it seemed to Heron somewhat oddly, furnished. The light in the lower part was faint and dim, a sort of yellowish twilight, procured by softened lamps. The upper extremity was steeped in a far brighter light, and displayed to Heron, almost as on a stage, a little group of women, among whom his quick eye at once saw the girl who had come up to the door at the same time with him. She was, indeed, a very conspicuous figure, for she was seated on a sofa, and one girl sat at her feet, while another stood at the arm of the sofa, and bent over her. An elderly lady, with voluminous draperies that floated over the floor, was reclining on a low arm-chair, with her profile turned to Heron. On a fancy table near, a silver tea-tray glittered. A daintily dressed waiting-maid was serving tea.

"Take care of the floor as you come along," said Money. "We like to put rugs, and rolls of carpet, and stools now in all sorts of wrong places to trip people up. That shows how artistic we are! Theresa, dear, this is my friend, Mr. Heron."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Heron," said a full, deep, melancholy voice; and a tall, slender lady partly rose from her chair, then sank again amid her draperies, bowed a head topped by a tiny lace cap, and held out to Heron a thin hand covered with rings, and having such bracelets and dependent chainlets, that, when Heron gave it

even the gentlest pressure, they rattled like the manacles of a captive.

"We saw you in Paris, Mr. Heron," the lady graciously said, "but I think you hardly saw us."

"These are my daughters, Mr. Heron, Theresa and Lucy. I think them good girls, though full of nonsense," said Mr. Money.

Lucy, who had been on a footstool at Miss Grey's feet, gathered herself up, blushing. She was a pretty girl, with brown, frizzy hair, and wore a dress which fitted her so closely from neck to hip, that she might really have been, to all seeming, melted or moulded into it. The other young lady, Theresa, slightly and gravely inclined her head to Mr. Heron, who at once thought the whole group most delightful and beautiful, and found his breast filled with a new pride in the loved old England that produced such homes and furnished them with such women.

"Dear, darling papa," exclaimed the enthusiastic little Lucy, swooping at her father, and throwing both arms round his neck, "we have had such a joy to-day, such a surprise! Don't you see anybody here? Oh, come now, do use your eyes."

"I see a young lady whom I have not yet the pleasure of knowing, but whom I hope you will help me to know, Lucelet."

Mr. Money turned to Miss Grey with his genial smile. She rose from the sofa and bowed, and waited. She did not as yet quite understand the Money family, and was not sure whether she ought to like them or not. They impressed her at first as being far too rich for her taste, and odd and affected, and she hated affectation.

"But this is Nola Grey, papa—my dearest old schoolfellow when I was at Keeton; you must have heard me talk of Nola Grey a thousand times."

So she dragged her papa up to Nola Grey, whose colour grew a little at this tempestuous kind of welcome.

"Dare say I did; Lucelet, but Miss Grey, I am sure, will excuse me if I have forgotten; I am very glad to see you, Miss Grey—glad to see any friend of Lucelet's. So you come from Keeton? That's another reason why I should be glad to see you, for I just now want to ask a question or two about Keeton. Sit down."

Miss Grey allowed herself to be led to a sofa a little distance from where she had been sitting. Mr. Money sat beside her.

"Now, Lucelet, I want to ask Miss Grey a sensible question or two, which I don't think you would care twopence about. Just you go and help our two Therasas to talk to Mr. Heron."

"But, papa darling, Miss Grey won't care about what you call

sensible subjects any more than I. She won't know anything about them."

"Yes, dear, she will ; look at her forehead."

"Oh, I have looked at it ! Isn't it beautiful ?"

"I didn't mean that," Mr. Money said with a smile; "I meant that it looked sensible and thoughtful. Now, go away, Lucelet, like a dear little girl."

Miss Grey sat quietly through all this. She was not in the least offended. Mr. Money seemed to her to be just what a man ought to be—uncouth, rough, and domineering. She was amused meanwhile to observe the kind of devotion and enthusiasm with which Mr. Heron was entering into conversation with Mrs. Money and her elder daughter. That too was just what a man ought to be—a young man—silly in his devotion to women, unless perhaps where the devotion was to be accounted for otherwise than by silliness, as in a case like the present, where the unmarried women might be presumed to have large fortunes. So Miss Grey liked the whole scene. It was as good as a play to her, especially as good as a play which confirms all one's own theories of life.

"England, Mr. Heron," said Mrs. Money in her melancholy voice, "is near her fall."

"Oh, Mrs. Money, pray pardon me—England ! you amaze me—I am surprised—do forgive me—to hear an Englishwoman say so ; our England with her glorious destiny !" The young man blushed and grew confused. One might have thought his mother had been called in question, or his sweetheart.

Mrs. Money shook her head and twirled one of her bracelets.

"She is near her fall, Mr. Heron ! You cannot know; you have lived far away, and do not see what *we* see. She has proved faithless to her mission."

"Something—yes—there I agree," Mr. Heron eagerly interposed, thinking of the St. Xavier's Settlements.

"She was the cradle of freedom," Mrs. Money went on. "She ought to have been always its nursery and home. What have we now, Mr. Heron ? A people absolutely in servitude, the principle of caste everywhere triumphant—corruption in the aristocracy—corruption in the city. No man now dares to serve his country except at the penalty of suffering the blackest ingratitude !"

Mr. Heron was startled. He did not know that Mrs. Money was arguing only from the assumption that her husband was a very great man, who would have done wonderful things for England if a perverse and base ruling class had not *thwarted him* and treated him badly.

"England," Theresa Money said, smiling sweetly, but with a suffusion of melancholy, "can hardly be regenerated until she is once more dipped in the holy well."

"You see, we all think differently, Mr. Heron," said the eager Lucy. "Mamma thinks we want a republic. Tessy is a saint, and would like to see roadside shrines."

"And you?" Heron asked, pleased with the girl's bright eyes and winning ways.

"Oh, I—I only believe in the regeneration of England through the renaissance of art. So we all have our different theories, you see, but we all agree to differ, and we don't quarrel much. Papa laughs at us all, when he has time. But just now I am taken up with Nola Grey. If I were a man, I should make an idol of her. That lovely statuesque face, that figure—like the Diana of the Louvre!"

Mr. Heron looked and admired, but one person's raptures about man or woman seldom awaken corresponding raptures in impartial breasts. He saw, however, a handsome, lady-like girl, who conveyed to him a sort of chilling impression.

"She was my schoolfellow at Keeton," Lucy went on, "and she was so good and clever that I adored her then, and I do now again. She has come to London to live alone, and I am sure she must have some strange and romantic story."

Meanwhile Mr. Money, who prefaced his enquiries by telling Miss Grey that he was always asking information about something, began to put several questions to her concerning the local magnates, politics, and parties of Keeton. Minola was rather pleased to be talked to by a man as if she were a rational creature. Like most girls brought up in a Nonconformist household in a country town, she had been surrounded by political talk from her infancy, but, unlike most girls, she had sometimes listened to it and learned to know what it was all about. So she gave Mr. Money a good deal of information, which he received with an approbatory "Yes, yes," or an enquiring "So, so," every now and then.

"You know that there's likely to be a vacancy soon in the representation—member of Parliament," he added by way of explanation.

"I know what a vacancy in the representation means," Miss Grey answered demurely, "but I didn't know there was likely to be one just now. I don't keep up much correspondence with Keeton. I don't love it."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know."

He smiled.

"You are smiling because you think that a woman's answer? So it is, Mr. Money, and I am afraid it isn't true, but I really didn't think of what I was saying. I *do* know why I don't care much about Keeton."

"Yes, yes; well, I dare say you do. But to return, as the books say—do you know a Mr. Augustus Sheppard?"

She could not help colouring slightly. "Yes, I know him;" and a faint smile broke over her face in spite of herself.

"Is he strong in Keeton?"

"Strong?"

"Well liked, respectable, a likely kind of man to get good Conservative support if he stood for Keeton? You don't know, perhaps?"

"Yes, I think I do know. I believe he wishes to get into Parliament, and I am sure he is thought highly of. He is a very good man, a man of very high character," she added emphatically, anxious to repair the mental wrong-doing of thinking him ridiculous and tiresome.

Just at this moment Mr. Heron rose to take his leave, and Mr. Money left the room with him, so that the conversation with Miss Grey was broken off. Then Lucy came to Nola again, and Nola was surrounded by the three women, who began to lay out various schemes for seeing her often and making London pleasant to her. Much as our lonely heroine loved her loneliness, she was greatly touched by their spontaneous kindness, but she was alarmed by it too.

A card was brought to Mrs. Money, who passed it on to Lucy.

"Oh, how delightful!" Lucy exclaimed. "So glad he has come, mamma! Nola, dear, a poet, a real poet!"

But Nola would not prolong her visit that day even for a poet. A very handsome, tall, dark-haired man, who at a distance seemed boyishly young, and when near looked worn and not very young, was shown in. For the moment or two that she could see him, Minola thought she had never seen so self-conceited and affected a creature. She did not hear his name nor a word he said, but his splendid dark eyes, deeply set in hollows, took in every outline of her face and form. She thought him the poet of a school-girl's romance made to order.

Minola tore herself from the clinging embraces of Lucy, with less difficulty, perhaps, because of the poet's arrival, to whose society Lucy was clearly anxious to hasten back. It so happened that Mr. Money had kept Mr. Heron for a few minutes in talk, and the result was that exactly as Miss Grey reached the door, Mr. Heron arrived

there too. They both came out together, and in a moment they were in the grey atmosphere, dun lines of houses, and twinkling gas lights of Victoria Street. Minola would much rather have been there alone.

Victor Heron, however, was full of the antique ideas of man's chivalrous duty and woman's sweet dependence, which still lingered in the out-of-the-way colony where he had spent so much of his time. Also, it must be owned that he had not yet quite got rid of the sense of responsibility and universal dictatorship belonging to the chief man in a petty commonwealth. For some time after his return to London he could hardly see an omnibus-horse fall in the street without thinking it was an occasion which called for some intervention on his part. Therefore, when Miss Grey and he stood in the street together, Mr. Heron at once assumed that the young woman must, as a matter of course, require his escort and protection.

He calmly took his place at her side. Miss Grey was a little surprised, but said nothing, and they went on.

"Do you live far from this, Miss Money?" he began.

"I am not Miss Money—my name is Grey."

"Of course, yes—I beg your pardon for the mistake. It was only a mistake of the tongue, for I knew very well that you were not Miss Money."

"Thank you."

"And your first name is so very pretty and peculiar that I could not have easily forgotten it."

"I am greatly obliged to my godfathers and godmothers."

"Did you say that you lived in this quarter, Miss Grey?"

"No—I did not make any answer; I had not time."

"I hope you do not live very near," the gallant Heron observed.

"Why do you hope that?" Miss Grey said, turning her eyes upon him with an air of cold resolution, which would probably have proved very trying to a less sincere maker of compliments, even though a far more dexterous person than Mr. Heron.

"Of course, because I should have the less of your company."

"But there is no need of your coming out of your way for me. I don't require any escort, Mr. Heron."

"I couldn't think of letting a lady walk home by herself. That would seem very strange to me. Perhaps you think me old-fashioned or colonial?"

"I have heard that you are from the colonies. In London people have not time to keep up all these pretty forms and ceremonies. We don't any longer pretend to think that a girl needs to be defended

against giants, or robbers, or mad bulls, when crossing two or three streets in open day."

"Well, it is hardly open day now; it is almost quite dark."

"The lamps are lighted," Miss Grey observed.

"Yes, if you call that being lighted! You have such bad gas in London. Why does not somebody stir up people here, and put things to rights? You seem to me the most patient people in all the world. I wish they would give me the ruling of this place for about a twelvemonth."

"I wish they would."

"Do you?" and he looked at her with a glance of genuine gratitude in his dark eyes, for he thought she meant to express her entire confidence in his governing power, and her wish to see him at the head of affairs. Miss Grey, however, only meant that, if he were engaged in directing the municipal government of London, he would probably be rather too busy to walk with her.

"Yes," he went on, "you should soon see a change. For instance"—they were now at the end of Victoria Street, near the Abbey—"I would begin by having a great broad street, like this, running right up from here to the British Museum—you know where the British Museum is, of course?"

"Yes; I live near it."

"Do you really? I am so glad to hear that. I have been there lately very often. How happy you Londoners are to have such glorious places! In that reading-room I felt inclined to bless England."

Miss Grey was now particularly sorry that she had said anything about her place of residence. Still it did not seem as if much would have been gained by any reticence unless she could actually dismiss her companion peremptorily. Mr. Heron was evidently quite resolved to be her escort all the way along. He was clearly under the impression that he was making himself very agreeable. The good-natured youth believed he was doing quite the right thing, and meant it all for the very best, and therefore could not suppose that any nice girl could fail to accept his attendance in a kindly spirit. That Miss Grey must be a nice girl he was perfectly certain, for he had met her at Mr. Money's, and Money was evidently a fine fellow—a very fine fellow. Miss Grey was very handsome too, but that did not count for very much with Heron. At least, he would have made himself just as easily, under the circumstances, the escort of little Miss Blanchet.

So he talked on about various things—the Moneys, and what charming people they were! *the British Museum*, what a noble insti-

tution! the National Gallery, how hideous the building!—why on earth didn't anybody do something?—the glorious destiny of England—the utter imbecility of the English Government.

It was not always quite easy to keep up with his talk, for the streets were crowded and noisy, and Mr. Heron talked right on through every interruption. When they came to crossings where the perplexed currents and counter-currents of traffic on wheels would have made a nervous person shudder, Mr. Heron coolly took Miss Grey's hand and conducted her in and out, talking all the while as if they were crossing a ball-room floor. Minola made it a point of honour not to hesitate, or start, or show that she had nerves. But when he began to run into politics he always pulled himself up, for he politely remembered that young ladies did not care about politics, and so he tried to find some prettier subject to talk about. Miss Grey understood this perfectly well, and was amused and contemptuous.

"I suppose this man must be a person of some brains and sense," she thought. "He was in command of something somewhere, and I suppose even the Government he calls so imbecile would not have put him there if he were a downright fool. But, because he talks to a woman, he feels bound only to talk of trivial things."

At last the walk came to an end. "Ah, I beg pardon, you live here," Mr. Heron said. "May I have the honour of calling on your family? I sometimes come to the Museum, and, if I might call, I should be delighted to make their acquaintance."

"Thank you," Miss Grey said coldly, "I have no family. My father and mother are dead."

"Oh, I am so sorry! I wish I had not asked such a question." He looked really distressed, and the expression of his eye had for the first time a pleasing, softening effect upon Miss Grey.

"We lodge here, all alone. A lady—an old friend of mine—and I. We have no acquaintances, unless Lucy Money's family may be called so. We read and study a great deal, and don't go out, and don't see anyone."

"I can quite understand," Mr. Heron answered with grave sympathy. "Of course you don't care to be intruded on by visitors. I thank you for having allowed me the pleasure of accompanying you so far."

He spoke in tones much more deferential than before, for he assumed that the young lady was lonely and poor. There was something in his manner, in his eyes, in his grave, respectful voice, which conveyed to Minola the idea of genuine sympathy, and brought

ver, the object of it, a new conviction that she really was isolated and friendless, and the springs of her emotions were touched in a moment, and tears flashed in her eyes. Perhaps Mr. Heron saw them, and felt that he ought not to see them, for he raised his hat and instantly left her.

Minola lingered for a moment on the doorstep, in order that she might recover her expression of cheerfulness before meeting the eyes of Miss Blanchet. But that little lady had seen her coming to the door, and seen and marvelled at her escort, and now ran herself and opened the door to receive her.

"My dear Minola, do tell me who that handsome young man was! What lovely dark eyes he had! Where did you meet him? Is he young Mr. Money?"

The poetess's susceptible bosom still thrilled and throbbed at the sight, or even the thought, of a handsome young man. She could not understand how anybody on earth could avoid liking handsome young men. But in this case a certain doubt and dissatisfaction suddenly dissolved away into her instinctive gratification at the sight of Minola's escort. A handsome and young Mr. Money might prove an inconvenient visitor just at present.

Minola briefly told her when they were safe in their room. Miss Blanchet was relieved to find that he was not a young Mr. Money; for a young Mr. Money, if there were one, would doubtless be rich.

"Isn't he wonderfully handsome! Such a smile!"

"I hardly know," Minola said distressedly; "perhaps he is. I really didn't notice. He goes to the Museum, and I must exile myself from the place for evermore, or I shall be always meeting him, and be forced to listen politely to talk about nothing. Mary Blanchet, our days of freedom are gone! We are getting to know people. I foresaw it. What shall we do? We must find some other lodgings ever so far away."

"Do you like Miss Money, dear?" Mary Blanchet asked timidly.

"Lucy? Oh, yes; very much. But there is Mr. Money, and they are going to be terribly kind to us, and they have all manner of friends; and what is to become of my independence? Mary Blanchet, I *will not* bear it! I *will* be independent!"

"I have news for you, dear," Miss Blanchet said.

"If it please the destinies, not news of any more friends! Why, we shall be like the hare in Gay's fable, if we go on in this way."

"Not of any more friends, darling, but of one friend. My brother has been here."

"Oh!"

"Yes; and he is longing to see you."

Minola sincerely wished that she could say she was longing to see him. But she could not say it, even to please her friend and comrade.

"You don't want to see him," said Mary Blanchet, in piteous reproach.

"But you do, dear," Miss Grey said, "and I shall like to see anyone, be sure, who brightens your life."

This was said with full sincerity, although at the very moment the whimsical thought passed through her, "We only want Mr. Augustus Sheppard now to complete our social happiness."

CHAPTER VI.

IS THIS ALCESTE?

MINOLA'S mind was a good deal disturbed by the various little events of the day, the incidents and consequences of her first visit in London. She began to see with much perplexity and disappointment that her life of lonely independence was likely to be compromised. She was not sure that she could much like the Moneys, and yet she felt that they were disposed and determined to be very kind to her. There was something ridiculous and painful in the fact that Mr. Augustus Sheppard's name was thrust upon her, almost at the first moment of her crossing for the first time a strange threshold in London; then there was Mary Blanchet's brother turning up; and Mary Blanchet herself was evidently falling off from the high designs of lonely independence. Again, there was Mr. Heron, who now knew where she lived, and who often went to the British Museum, and who might cross her path at any hour. Sweet, lonely freedom, happy carelessness of action, farewell!

Mr. Heron was especially a trouble to Minola. The kindly, grave expression on his face when he heard of her living alone declared, as nearly as any words could do, that he considered her an object of pity. Was she an object of pity? Was that the light in which anyone could look at her superb project of playing at a lifelong holiday? And if people chose to look at it so, what did that matter to her? Are women, then, the slaves of the opinion of people all around them? "They are," Minola said to herself in scorn and melancholy. "They are; *we* are. I am shaken to my very soul, because a young

man, for whose opinion on any other subject I should not care anything, chooses to look at me with pity!"

The night was melancholy. When the outer world was shut out, and the gas was lighted, and the two women sat down to work and talk, nothing seemed to Minola quite as it had been. The evident happiness and purring high spirits of the little poetess oppressed her. Mary Blanchet was so glad to be making acquaintances, and to have some prospect of seeing the inside of a London home. Then Minola's kindlier nature returned to her, and she thought of Mary's delight at seeing her brother, and how unkind it would be if she, Minola, did not try to enter into her feelings. Her mind went back to her own brother, to their dear early companionship, when nothing seemed more natural and more certain than that they two should walk the world arm-in-arm. Now all that had come to an end—faded away somehow; and he had gone into the world on his own account, and made other ties, and forgotten her. But if he were even now to come back, if she were to hear in the street the sound of the peculiar whistle with which he always announced his coming to her—oh, how, in spite of all his forgetfulness and her anger, she would run to him and throw her arms round his neck! Why should not Mary Blanchet love her brother, and gladden when he came?

"What is your brother like, Mary dear?" she said gently, anxious to propitiate by voluntarily entering on the topic dearest to her friend.

"Oh, very handsome—very, very handsome!"

Miss Grey smiled in spite of herself.

"Now, Minola, I know what you are smiling at; you think it is my sisterly nonsense, and all that, but wait until you see."

"I'll wait," Minola said.

Miss Grey did not go out the next day as usual, although it was one of the soft, amber-gray, autumnal days that she loved, and the Regent's Park would have looked beautiful. She remained nearly all the morning in her own room, and avoided even Mary Blanchet. Some singular change had taken place within her, for which she could not account, otherwise than by assuming that it was begotten of the fear that she would be drawn, willingly or unwillingly, into congenial companionship, and must renounce her liberty. She was forced into a strange, painful, self-questioning mood. Was the old fabric of her self-appointed happiness and independence only a dream, or, worse than a dream, an error? So soon to doubt the use and the virtue of the *emancipation* she had prayed for and

planned for during years ! Not often, perhaps, has a warm-hearted, fanciful, and spirited girl been pressed down by such peculiar relationships as hers at Keeton lately ; a twice-removed stepfather and stepmother, absolutely uncongenial with her, causing her and her youth to congeal amid dull repression. What wonder to her all happiness seemed to consist in mere freedom and unrestricted self-development ? And now—so soon—why does she begin to doubt the reality, the fulfilment of her happiness ? Only because an impulsive and kindly young man, whom she saw for the first time, looked pityingly at her. This, she said to herself, is what our reliance and our emancipation come to after all.

It was a positive relief to her, after a futile hour or so of self-questioning, when Mary Blanchet ran upstairs, and with beseeching eyes begged that Minola would come and see her brother. “ How long I have been longing to see you—and you will like him—oh, you will like him ! Minola dearest ! ” she said beseechingly.

Miss Grey went downstairs straightway, without stopping to give one touch to her hair, or one glance at the glass. The little poetess was waiting a moment, with an involuntary look towards the dressing-table, as if Miss Grey must needs have some business there before she descended ; but Miss Grey thought of nothing of the kind, and they went downstairs together.

Minola expected, she could not tell why, to see a small, rather withered man in Mary Blanchet's brother. When they entered the drawing-room he was looking out of the window, and his back turned, and she was surprised to see that he was decidedly tall. When he turned round, she saw that not only was he handsome, but that she had recognised the fact of his being handsome before. For he was unmistakably the ideal poet of school-girls whom she had met at Mr. Money's house the day before.

The knowledge produced a sort of embarrassment to begin with. Minola was about to throw her soul into the sacrifice, and greet her friend's brother with the utmost cordiality. But she had pictured herself a sort of Mary Blanchet in trousers, a gentle, old-fashioned, timid person, whom, perhaps, the outer world was apt to misprize, not even to snub, and whom therefore it became her, Minola Grey, an enemy and outlaw of the common world, to receive with due consideration. But this brilliant, self-conceited, affected, oppressively handsome young man, on whom she had seen Lucy Money and her mother hanging devotedly, was quite another sort of person. His presence seemed to overcharge the room ; the scene became all of a sudden a *pound of tall bending form and dark eyes.*

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Blanchet," Miss Grey began, determined not to be put out by any self-conceited poet and ideal of school-girls. "I must be glad to see you, because you are Mary's brother."

"You ought rather to be not glad to see me for that reason," he said, with a deprecating bow and a slight shrug of the shoulders, "for I have been a very neglectful brother to Mary."

"So I have heard," Miss Grey said, "but not from Mary. She always defended you. But I have seen you before, Mr. Blanchet, have I not?"

"At Mrs. Money's, yesterday? Oh, yes; I only saw you, Miss Grey. I went there to see you, and only in the most literal way got what I wanted."

"But, Herbert, you never told me that you were going, or that you knew Mrs. Money," his sister interposed.

"No, dear; that was an innocent deceit on my part. You told me that Miss Grey had gone there, and as I knew the Moneys I hurried away there without telling you. I wanted to know what you were like, Miss Grey, before seeing my sister again. I hope you are not angry? She is so devoted to you, that she painted you in colours the most bewitching; but I was afraid her friendship was carrying her away, and I wanted to see for myself when she was not present."

Miss Grey remained resolutely silent. She thought this beginning particularly disagreeable, and began to fear that she should never be able to like Mary Blanchet's brother. "Oh, why do women have brothers?" she asked herself. There seemed something dishonest in Mr. Blanchet's proceeding, despite the frank completeness of his confession.

"Well, Herbert, confess that I didn't do her justice—didn't do her common justice," the enthusiastic Mary exclaimed.

"If Miss Grey would not be offended," her brother said, "I would say that I see in her just the woman capable of doing the kind and generous things I have heard of."

"Yes; but we mustn't talk about it," the poetess said, with tears of gratefulness blinking in her eyes, "and we'll not say a word more about it, Minola; not a word, indeed, dear." And she put a deprecating little hand upon Minola's arm.

Then they all sat down, and Herbert Blanchet began to talk. He talked very well, and he seemed to have put away most of the airs of affectation which, even in her very short opportunity of observation, Minola had seen in him when he was talking to the Money girls.

"You have travelled a great deal," Miss Grey said. "I envy you."

"If you call it travelling. I have drifted about the world a good deal, and seen the wrong sides of everything. I make it pay in a sort of way. When any place that I know is brought into public notice by a war or something of the kind, I write about it. Or if a place is not brought into any present notice by anything, I write about it, and take a different view from anybody else. I have done particularly well with Italy, showing that Naples is the ugliest place in all the world; that the Roman women have shockingly bad figures, and that the climate is wretched from the Alps to the Straits of Messina."

"But you don't think that?" Mary Blanchet said wonderingly.

"Don't I? Well, I don't know. I almost think I do for the moment. One can get into that frame of mind. Besides, I really don't care about scenery. I don't observe it as I pass along. And I like to say what other people don't say, and to see what they don't see. Of course I don't put my name to any of these things; they are only done to make a living. I live *on* such stuff as that. I live *for* Art."

"It is glorious to live for art," his sister exclaimed, pressing her thin, tiny hands together.

Mr. Blanchet did not seem to care much about his sister's approval.

"Myart isn't yours, Mary," he said, with a pitying smile. "Pictures of flowers and of little children saying their prayers, and nice poems about good young men and women, are your ideas of painting and poetry, I am sure. You are a lover of the human race, I know."

"I hope I love my neighbours," Mary said earnestly.

"I hope you do, dear. All good little women like you ought to do that. Do *you* love your neighbour, Miss Grey?"

"I don't care much for anyone," Miss Grey answered decisively "except Mary Blanchet. But I have no particular principle or theory about it, only that I don't care for people."

Although Miss Grey had Alceste for her hero, she did not like sham misanthropy, which she now fancied her visitor was trying to display. Perhaps, too, she began to think that this misanthropy rather caricatured her own.

Miss Blanchet, on the contrary, was inclined to argue the question, and to pelt her brother with touching commonplaces.

"The more we know people," she emphatically declared, "the more good we see in them. In every heart there is a deep spring of goodness. Oh, yes!"

"There isn't in mine, I know," he said. "I speak for myself."

"For shame, Herbert! How else could you ever feel impelled to try and do some good for your fellow-creatures?"

"But I don't want to do any good to my fellow-creatures. I don't care about my fellow-creatures, and I don't even admit that they are my fellow-creatures, those men and those women too that one sees about. Why should the common possession of two legs make us fellow-creatures with every man, more than with every bird? No, I don't love the human race at all."

"This is his nonsense, Minola; you won't believe a word of it," the little poetess eagerly said, divided between admiration and alarm.

"You good little innocent dear, is it not perfectly true? What did I ever do for you, let me ask? There, Miss Grey, you see as kind an elder sister as ever lived. I remember her a perfect mother to me. I dare say I should have been dead thirty years ago but for her, though whether I ought to thank her for keeping me alive is another thing. Anyhow, what was my way of showing my gratitude? As soon as I could shake myself free, I rambled about the world, a very vagrant, and never took any thought of her. We are all the same, Miss Grey, believe me—we men."

"I can well believe it," Miss Grey said.

"Of course you can; in all our dealings with you women we are just the same. Our sisters and mothers take trouble without end for us, and cry their eyes out for us, and we—what do we care? I am not worse than my neighbours. But if you ask me, Do I admire my fellow-man? I answer frankly, No, not I. What should I admire him for?"

"One must live for something," the little poetess pleaded, much perplexed in her heart as to what Miss Grey's opinion might be about all this.

"Of course one must live for art; for music and poetry, and colours and decoration."

"And Nature?" Mary Blanchet gently insinuated.

"Nature—no! Nature is the buxom sweetheart of ploughboy poets. We only affect to admire Nature because people think we can't be good if we don't. No one really cares about great cauliflower suns, and startling contrasts of blazing purple and emerald green. There is nothing really beautiful in Nature except her decay; her rank weeds, and dank grasses, and funereal evening glooms."

While he talked this way he was seated on the piano stool, with his face turned away from the piano, on whose keys he touched every now and then with a light and seemingly careless hand, bringing out only a faint note that seemed to help the conversation rather than to interrupt it. He was very handsome, Minola could not help thinking, and there was something in his colourless face and deep eyes that

seemed congenial with the talk of glooms and decay. Still, true to her first feeling towards all men, Minola was disposed to dislike him the more especially as he spoke with an air of easy superiority, as if who would imply that he knew how to maintain his place above a woman in creation.

"I thought all you poets affected to be in love with Nature," she said; "I mean, you younger poets;" and she emphasised the word "younger" with a certain contemptuous tone, which made it just what she meant it to be—"smaller poets."

"Why, younger poets?"

"Well, because the elder ones I think really were in love with Nature, and didn't affect anything."

He smiled pityingly.

"No," he said decisively; "we don't care about Nature—our school."

"I am from the country: I don't think I know what your school is."

"We don't want to be known in the country; we couldn't end up to be known in the country."

"But Fame?" Minola asked; "does Fame not go outside a twelve-mile radius?"

"Oh, Miss Grey, do pray excuse me, but you really *don't* understand us; we don't want fame. What is fame? Vulgarity made immortal."

"Then, what do you publish for?"

He rose from his seat, and seized his hair with both hands, then constrained himself to endurance, and sat down again.

"My dear young lady, we don't publish, we don't intend to publish. No man in his senses would publish for us if we were never so well inclined. No one could sell six copies. The great, thick-headed public couldn't understand us. We are satisfied that the true art never does have a public, or look for it. The public can have their Tennysons, and Brownings, and Swinburnes, and Tupper, and all that lot——"

"That lot!" broke in Miss Blanchet, mildly horrified; "that lot! Browning and Tupper put together!"

"My dear Mary, I don't know one of these people from another. I never read any of them now. They are all the same sort of thing to me. These persons are not artists; they are only men trying to amuse the public. Some of them, I am told, are positively fond of politics."

"Don't your school care for politics?" Miss Grey asked, now growing rather amused.



[REDACTED]

"Oh, no, we never trouble ourselves about such things. What can it matter whether the Reform Bill is carried—is there a Reform Bill going on now?—I believe there always is—or what becomes of the Eastern Question, or whether New Zealand has a constitution? These are questions for vestrymen, not artists; we don't love man."

"There I am with you," Miss Grey said; "if that alone were qualification enough, I should be glad to be one of your fraternity, for I don't love man; I think he is a poor creature, at his best."

"So do I," said the poet, turning towards her with eyes in which for the moment a deep and genuine feeling seemed to light up; "the poorest creature, at his [best! Why should anyone turn aside for a moment from his path to help such a thing? What does it matter, the welfare of him and his pitiful race? Let us sing, and play, and paint, and forget him and the destiny that he makes such a work about. Wisdom only consists in shutting our ears to his cries of ambition, and jealousy, and pain, and being happy in our own way and forgetting him."

Their eyes met for a moment, and then Minola lowered hers. In that instant a gleam of sympathy had passed from her eyes into his, and he knew it. She felt a little humiliated somehow, like a proud fencer suddenly disarmed at the first touch of his adversary. For as he was speaking scorn of the human race, she was saying to herself, "This man, I do believe, has suffered deeply. He has found people cold, and mean, and selfish—as *I* have—and he feels it, and cannot hide it. I did him wrong; he is not a fribble or sham cynic, only a disappointed dreamer. The sympathy which she felt, showed itself only too quickly in her very eloquent eyes.

Herbert Blanchet rose after an instant of silence and took his leave, asking permission to call again, which Miss Grey would have gladly refused if she could have stood up against the appealing looks of Mary. So she had to grant him the permission, thinking, as she gave it, that another path of her liberty was closed.

Mary went to the door with her brother, and, much to Minola's gratification, remained a long time talking with him there.

Miss Grey went to the piano and began to sing—softly, to herself, that she might not be heard outside. The short autumnal day was already closing in London. Out in the country there would be two hours yet of light before the round, red sun went down behind the sloping fields, with the fresh upturned earth, and the clumps of trees; but here, in West-Central regions of London, the autumn day dies in its youth. The dusk already gathered around the singer, who sang to please or to soothe herself. In any troubled mood Miss Grey had

long been accustomed to clear her spirits by singing to herself and on many a long, dull Sunday at home—in the place that was called her home—she had committed the fraud of singing her favourite ballads to slow, slow time, that they might be mistaken for hymns and pass unproved. Her voice and way of singing made the song seem like a sweet, plaintive recitative; just the singing to hear in the “gloaming,” to draw a few people hushed around it, and hold them in suspense, fearful to lose a single note and miss the charm of expression. In truth, the charm of it sprang from the fact that the singer sang to express her own emotions, and thus every tone had its reality and its meaning. When women sing for a listening company, they sing conventionally, and in the way that some teacher has taught, or in what they believe to be the manner of some great artist; or they sing to somebody or at somebody, and in any case they are away from that truthfulness which in art is simply the faithful expression of real emotion. With Minola Grey singing was an end rather than a means; a relief in itself, a new mood in itself; a passing away from poor and personal emotions into ideal regions, where melancholy, if it must be, was always divine; and pain, if it would intrude, was purifying and ennobling. So, while the little poetess talked with her brother in the dusk, at the doorway, with the gas-lamps just beginning to light the monotonous street, Minola was singing herself into the pure blue ether, above the fogs, and clouds, and discordant selfish voices.

She came back to earth with something like a heavy fall, as Mary Blanchet ran in upon her in the dark and exclaimed—

“Now, do tell me—how do you like my brother?”

To say the truth, Miss Grey did not well know. “I wonder, is he an Alceste?” she asked herself. On the whole, his coming had made an uncomfortable, anxious, uncanny impression upon her, and she looked back with a kind of hopeless regret on the days when she had London all to herself, and knew nobody.

(To be continued.)

THE CHEVALIER D'EON AND PETER THE GREAT'S WILL.

BY O. C. DALHOUSIE ROSS.

Emperor of Russia declared not long since to the British ambassador at his Court that "all that had been said or written of Peter the Great, and the aims of Catherine II., were mere phantoms which never existed in reality;" and this rather severe declaration was followed by the publication of a letter from Orloff to the Russian ambassador in London, containing a periphrastic ejaculation on the same subject: "I see with surprise that ideas of our coveting Constantinople and of the Emperor Peter the Great continue to haunt the minds of some people in England. . . . How often have the Russian emperors publicly declared that no territorial annexation enters into their policy; that they would be much embarrassed by it? . . . What further pledge have we of our having no pretension to the *exclusive* (!) possession of Constantinople?" The emperor "regretted to see that there still remained in England an 'inveterate' suspicion of Russian policy, and a just fear of Russian aggression and conquest. He pledged his word of honour, in the most earnest and solemn manner, that he had no intention of acquiring Constantinople," and a few days afterwards ordered an army of 200,000 men to take up a position on the frontiers of Turkey, with the apparent intention of going to war, which Lord III. might have said, "for an idea"—not this time, as he was not feared, to kill, but to *cure* the sick man of Byzantium.

It was rumoured in usually well-informed circles that, when Lord consfield first read Lord A. Loftus's surprising despatch, he sent the queen's messenger, intending to order him forthwith to bring with him several despatch-bags filled with old histories of Russia, and a collection of the numerous treaties of peace and friendship which were signed by the representatives of those countries during the last half of the eighteenth and first half of this century, together with some other treaties, friendly assurances, correspondence relating to the subjugation and extinction of the Kingdom of Poland; but for my own part I hesitate to

believe the rumour, for those dusty old volumes would disclose a tale of almost ceaseless intrigue and wars waged by Russia, with practical results of a much more substantial nature than "an idea," and such a retort from the Prime Minister of England would scarcely have been courteous to the Emperor Alexander.

There he might have read, amongst other well-known episodes, of how Turkey lost, in the wars forced upon her by Catherine II., all the lands bordering on the northern and eastern shores of the Black Sea, the Crimea, and Little Servia, the Kuban, and the Isle of Taman; of how "in 1770 the agents of Catherine II. procured a revolt in the Peloponnesus and in Crete, with the avowed intention of bringing them under the crown of the Empress;"¹ of how, in 1782, Catherine notified to her ally, the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, her views on the subject of the Porte in the following words: "If our successes in this war enable us to deliver Europe of the enemy to the Christian name, by driving him from Constantinople, your Imperial Majesty will not refuse me your assistance in re-establishing the old Greek monarchy, . . . placing the youngest of my grandchildren, the Grand Duke Constantine, on the throne;" of how five years later she made that brilliant journey to Cherson, which forced the Sultan to declare war, accompanied at once by a court and an army, with foreign ambassadors, an emperor and a king in her train, with the intention of herself assuming the high-sounding title of "Empress of the East and Liberator of the Greeks;" and of how also on that occasion she was received under triumphal arches at Kiow, and, after extending the walls of that city, inscribed in Greek characters on the gate next to Constantinople the words, "Through this gate lies the road to Byzantium." He might possibly have found, also, the treaty prepared in 1808 by Alexander I., which Napoleon I. refused to sign, the object of which was to secure Constantinople for Russia in exchange for Syria and Egypt (which did not belong to him) and the independence of Poland.²

¹ *The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem*, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, *Contemporary Review*, December 1876.

² "Voici les paroles de Napoléon I. écrites à Ste. Hélène: 'A Tilsit Alexandre voulait Constantinople, je ne devais pas l'accorder: c'est une clef trop précieuse; elle vaut à elle seule un empire: celui qui la possédera peut gouverner le monde.' . . . A Erfurth, 28 septembre 1808, il fut question entre l'Empereur Napoléon et l'Empereur Alexandre du partage de l'Orient. La France gagnait l'Egypte et la Syrie; la Pologne renaissait de ses cendres; Napoléon pouvait poser sur sa tête la couronne d'Occident. 'Le traité fut rédigé,' dit-il, 'mais au moment de signer, je ne pus m'y décider. Qui me répondait que l'Empereur Alexandre, une fois saisi de Constantinople, ne reviendrait pas à

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That these interesting incidents in the history of Russia should have escaped the memory of the Emperor Alexander is remarkable, and Lord Beaconsfield generously made no reference to them, any more than to Lord A. Loftus's despatch, at the subsequent banquet at the Guildhall.

But it is not intended in these pages to discuss the political aims of Russia, either past or present, in regard to the still vigorous invalid tekopeer of the Black Sea, or to ascribe any undue importance to the curious and seemingly provocative State-paper which has been commonly described as Peter the Great's Will. The question of the authenticity of this document has been more than once warmly debated in Russia and in France, and the greatest significance has been attributed to it; but in England, although its existence has been frequently alluded to, it is very little known, and it may safely be asserted that it has never in this country influenced public opinion as to the designs of Russia. The Emperor's energetic allusion to it invests it just now with fresh interest, and the fact is that the document to which the name of "Peter the Great's Will" has been given is clearly no will at all; it is called by its author, whoever he may have been, a "Plan for Compassing the Supremacy of Russia in Europe," and is supposed to have been written by the Czar Peter, after the battle of Pultowa, when Charles XII. of Sweden had fled into Turkey, where he received asylum from the Sultan.

It was first published by Napoleon I. in 1811, when on the eve of his Russian campaign, and the *Moscow Gazette* of that date asserted that it was a forgery due to the inventive pen of the French emperor himself, which assumption has been repeated by other more recent writers; but, although the Emperor Alexander's declaration may be considered to have established conclusively that Peter the Great never did make such a "Will," we remain as far as ever from a solution of the mystery of its origin, for, on the other hand, a letter which was published in the *Paris Figaro* of October 16th ult., from Mons. Gaillardet, the author of a biography of the Chevalier d'Eon, seems to upset altogether the theory that the document originated with Napoleon. He states that a previous life of the Chevalier, by Lafortelle, which was published with the sanction of the French Government in 1779, from notes supplied by d'Eon, who was then alive, records the fact that the latter had then asserted that,

'L'alliance anglaise pour me reprendre la Pologne et réduire la puissance française de telle sorte que la puissance russe n'eût plus eu ni rivalité ni contrôle? Et Alexandre m'en a toujours voulu.'—*L'Empereur Napoléon III. et les Principautés Danubiennes.* Paris, 1858.

on his return from Russia in the year 1757, he had placed a copy of a plan of Peter the Great's in the hands of the Minister for Foreign Affairs to Louis XV., the Abbé Bernis; and he also quotes an authentic letter from the Comte de Choiseul to d'Eon, dated November 26, 1770, in which the receipt of a paper relating to Peter the Great is acknowledged, which, according to Mons. Gaillardet, could have been none other than what he calls the Will.

Again, the Chevalier d'Eon, writing in 1778, lamented in bitter terms the small importance which had been attributed to some such paper by the French Government. By that time many of its provisions had been already amply fulfilled. The first partition of Poland had occurred in 1773; a most destructive war, from 1769 to 1774, had been waged by Catherine II. against Turkey, which resulted in Russia obtaining possession of the tract known as New Serbia, of which Odessa is now the capital, on the north shore of the Black Sea, and of the forts of Yenikaleh and Kertch in the Crimea, and in Russian merchant vessels being for the first time admitted to the free navigation of the Bosphorus. In 1787 war had again broken out, and Turkey lost the Crimea, the Isle of Taman and a part of Kouban, in the Caucasus. "The projects of Peter the Great," writes the Chevalier d'Eon in 1778, "were considered in 1757 to be so impossible of attainment as to be simply a chimera, and no attention was paid to my representations by the ministers at Versailles. From my bed of sickness (he had broken his leg on his journey from Russia) I wrote urgently to the king, to the Abbé Bernis, to the Marquis d'Hôpital, ambassador at St. Petersburg, and to Count de Broglie, ambassador in Poland, to impress upon them that the secret intentions of the Court of St. Petersburg were first to carry out Peter the Great's plan, as soon as the King of Poland, who was then on his death-bed, should decease, by massing troops all over the country, and securing the election of a king who should be the nominee of Russia, and then to seize and appropriate a part of the country; but on account of my youth no attention was paid to me, and now (in 1778) we see how fatal this negligence has been to the interests of France." "In the face of these authentic documents, which have been in print since 1760 and 1779," exclaims Mons. Gaillardet, "what becomes of the assertions of the terrible Mons. Ivan Golovine, and of the story of a fraud committed by Napoleon in 1811? The Chevalier d'Eon died in 1810, and the probable explanation of the Will having seen the light in 1811 is, that a copy of it had been found amongst his papers at the time of his death."

The life of this Chevalier d'Eon was one of the most extraordinary enigmas of the eighteenth century, and the circumstances under which he is *supposed* to have been enabled to possess himself of a copy of Peter the Great's "Plan" are amongst the most singular incidents of his adventurous career, some reminiscences of which may be not without interest at the present day. He was the confidential and secret envoy selected by Louis XV., in 1755, just before the commencement of the Seven Years' War in Germany, to convey to the Empress Elizabeth (daughter of Peter the Great) a proposal for an offensive and defensive alliance with France. During many preceding years all diplomatic intercourse between Russia and France had been entirely suspended, for the last French ambassador, the Marquis Lachétardie, who during the earlier part of her reign had been the favourite and chief counsellor of Elizabeth, had been ultimately overthrown by Bestucheff, by whose order he was conveyed unceremoniously to the frontier and sent back to France. An unannounced and uninvited mission in 1755 was consequently a very delicate undertaking, and required to be conducted with the utmost tact. But war was impending, and Louis felt the want of a powerful ally. D'Eon was known to the Prince de Conti, who, having one day seen him at a masquerade dressed as a woman, appears to have originated the scheme of getting the wishes of the king conveyed to the private ear of Elizabeth by a wily counsellor, under the simple and unsuspecting guise of an artless woman.

Although his subsequent career proved him to be a fearless soldier as well as a perfect master of the sword, d'Eon was small of stature, with delicate and feminine features, and, to judge from the portraits which were taken of him in later life, his face must have been singularly free from hirsute ornament. A portrait by Angelica Kauffman, after Latour, represents him as an exceedingly pretty woman, with a look of courtly high breeding. Born at Tonnerre, in Burgundy, in 1728, he had received an excellent education, had already distinguished himself in literature, and was counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, and censor-general for belles-lettres and history. The Prince de Conti, whose grandfather had once been elected King of Poland, had plans of his own which he hoped to forward on the same occasion, for he aspired to the hand of the empress, or, failing that, to the Polish crown.

Elizabeth in her younger days was known to have had a fancy to espouse Louis XV., and the king was by no means averse to the idea that the prince, whom he honoured with his special predilection, should succeed him in her matrimonial inclinations. The Chevalier

d'Eon de Beaumont was accordingly charged with a mission which was to be both political and hymeneal, and, *par ordre du Roi*, was desired to put on feminine attire and be metamorphosed into Mademoiselle Lia de Beaumont. To avoid any suspicion of the purpose of his mission, it was not considered prudent that he should travel under the escort of a Frenchman, and a Scotch gentleman, the name of Douglas, an exile from this country for political causes, was selected to accompany him. The journey was called a scientific excursion, but both were supplied with elaborate instructions (the originals of which are preserved in the archives of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs), and ordered to report with the most scrupulous care on the state of the Court, and of the several political parties, as well as on the military, naval, and mercantile position of Russia. The despatches were to be in allegorical language, so as to be incomprehensible if intercepted; and, whilst those of Douglas were to be addressed to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the more confidential information required from the Chevalier d'Eon was to be sent to the king himself and to the Prince de Conti.

When they arrived at St. Petersburg they learnt that the projects of Louis had been forestalled by the English Government, and that, in return for an annual subsidy of £100,000, Elizabeth had entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with England, and had pledged herself to supply an army of 55,000 men, which was to be sent to Hanover or to any other point in North Germany, to co-operate with the army of Frederick the Great. Thwarted by the English ambassador, Sir William Hanbury, who was at that time all-powerful with the Russian Government, Douglas was unable to gain access to the Court, and was forced to return almost immediately to France; but Mademoiselle de Beaumont was presented by the Vice-Chancellor of the empire, Count Woronzoff, to the empress, who laughed merrily at the ruse when it was explained to her, and gave d'Eon an appointment about her person as reader. He appears in the course of time to have gained great influence over her, and was enabled at length to return to France with a favourable answer to King Louis' proposals.

Meanwhile the war had broken out. At the close of the year 1755 England had entered into an alliance with Prussia, and, on the other hand, by an act of condescension on the part of the empress-queen, which led to an interchange of courtesies between Maria Theresa and Madame de Pompadour, Austria and France had been reconciled, and signed a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance at Versailles on May 1, 1756.

The Chevalier d'Eon was consequently sent back to St. Peter=

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urg, again accompanied by Mr. Douglas, who, on this occasion, was appointed the Chargé d'Affaires of France, to obtain the formal adhesion of the Empress Elizabeth to this treaty. A difficulty then arose, for both France and Austria desired to exclude Turkey, thereby, from the list of the enemies against whom the three sovereigns could combine; whilst Russia, on the contrary, desired to profit by the new alliance to strengthen her hand against the enemy she was most often at war with. The Minister Bestucheff hit upon an expedient by which to evade this difficulty, and succeeded in persuading Douglas, simultaneously with the principal treaty which specially excluded Turkey, and was to be communicated to the sultan, to sign another, marked *secrétissime*, undertaking that, in the event of war between Russia and Turkey or Persia, the French king should aid and abet her with subsidies in money and war materials. When, however, this treacherous document was remitted to France for ratification, it was indignantly repudiated by Louis XV., and Douglas was severely reprimanded. "His Majesty anxiously desired the adhesion of the Empress of Russia to the treaty of Versailles," wrote the Minister for Foreign Affairs, February 16, 1757, "but not at the sacrifice of his honour, which, like that of Her Imperial Majesty, would be extremely compromised by such a proceeding. Whether the separate treaty could remain secret or not, it is none the less contrary to public honesty and straightforward dealing. It is not because it might one day become known that His Majesty refuses to ratify it, but because of honour, by which all his resolutions are guided, forbids him to do so."

Douglas was recalled; the Marquis d'Hôpital replaced him as ambassador, and soon afterwards, through the exertions of d'Eon, and despite of Bestucheff's powerful opposition, Elizabeth was induced to tear up the secret document. She at the same time rescinded her treaty with England, and the quintuple alliance between Russia, France, Austria, Saxony, and Spain against England and Prussia was definitively agreed to, the main object of which was the recovery of Poland by Austria, the partition of Prussia, and the humiliation of England in Europe, Asia, and America.¹

The Chevalier d'Eon conveyed this treaty in triumph to Paris, and was fortunate in being able on the same occasion to be the

¹ "The league of these three powers with France and Spain was silently completed; and so secret were the negotiations, that they had utterly escaped the notice of the Duke of Newcastle, the brother of Henry Pelham, and his successor in the direction of English affairs."—Greer's *Short History of the English People*, p. 726.

bearer of the news of an important success of the Austrians, who had defeated the Prussians at Kolin and driven them out of Bohemia. He was thrown from his horse on this journey and broke his leg, but nevertheless succeeded in arriving thirty-six hours before the Cabine courier. At the same time he brought the Prince de Conti an offer from the Czarina of the Principality of Courland, and of the Command-in-Chief of the Russian army; and his services were altogether so satisfactory to the king that he accorded him a pension of 12,000 francs per annum, and gave him his portrait in a jewelled snuff-box and a commission as lieutenant of dragoons. The Marshal Duke de Broglie soon afterwards appointed him his aide-de-camp; he fought with distinguished bravery and was several times wounded at Hoexter at Ultropp, and at Osterwick, and before the conclusion of the war was promoted to the rank of captain of dragoons.

During the continuance of the war he successfully fulfilled two other missions to St. Petersburg, and on the appointment in 1762 of the Duke de Nivernois as French ambassador in London, to negotiate the terms of peace between England and France, the Chevalier d'Éon was selected to accompany him as secretary to the embassy. His letters relating to these negotiations incidentally throw a new light on an interesting point in the history of that period.

It will be remembered that, although the beginning of the Seven Years' War was disastrous to our arms, England emerged from this gigantic struggle triumphant in all quarters of the globe. The war had been preceded by a period of complete political inaction, and in 1742 there were only three regiments fit for service in England; but the pusillanimity of the Duke of Cumberland and of Admiral Byng, which led, in 1757, to the disgraceful surrender of 50,000 men at Closter-Sevenoak and to the loss of Port Mahon, roused the anger of the people, and brought to the front the great war-minister Pitt, which was soon followed by a complete change in the state of affairs. "I want to call England," he said, on taking office, "out of that enervate state in which 20,000 men from France can shake her," and he thoroughly succeeded. In 1759 Admiral Hawke destroyed the French fleet in Quiberon Bay; Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in command of an Anglo-Hanoverian force, annihilated their army at Minden, on the Weser; and General Wolfe won from them Canada and their other possessions in North America. Clive's victories obliged the French to abandon all right to any military settlement in India, and Spain lost Minorca, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands.

By 1762 England's supremacy at sea was indisputably established, and, with the aid of English troops and enormous subsidies, Frederick

the Great had triumphed over all his enemies in Germany. On the death of the Czarina Elizabeth, in December 1761, the Russians had withdrawn from the alliance; but, although France was exhausted, Louis XV. still desired to continue the war; whereas George III., who had recently ascended the throne, and his minister, Lord Bute, were anxious to make peace on almost any terms, and refused all further subsidies to the Prussians. The result of this was that the terms upon which peace was concluded satisfied no one in England, and were supposed to have been the effect of bribery of the Duke of Bedford, who was the British ambassador at the Court of France; whilst in France they occasioned universal rejoicing.

The Chevalier d'Eon displayed indefatigable energy throughout the negotiations, and amongst the letters to which I have alluded there is one which, although it proves that he sometimes allowed his own zeal greatly to outrun his discretion, at the same time happily clears the character of the Duke of Bedford from this imputation. The anecdote must be told in his own words: "There arrived a moment," he writes, "when some obstacles to the peace presented themselves which threatened to be insurmountable, and this was at the crisis of the negotiations. Fortunately, however, the Sub-Secretary of State, Mr. Wood, came to the Duke de Nivernois for one last discussion about the contested points before sending off the ultimatum, which was to be remitted to the British ambassador at the Court of Versailles.

"He brought with him his portfolio, and was indiscreet enough to tell us that it contained, besides the ultimatum, the latest instructions from the Earl of Egremont to the ambassador. The duke looked at me and then let his eye rest significantly on the portfolio. At once I understood the silent pantomime: it would be of the utmost importance to our Court to know the precise conditions of this fatal ultimatum, and the nature of the instructions by which it was accompanied. Mr. Wood was a lover of good wine and a hard drinker, and instantly I bethought myself of the excellence of my native *vin de Tonnerre*; the duke comprehended my indication and invited Mr. Wood to remain to dinner to try our famous Burgundy. This bait took, and whilst they were engaged in the discussion of many a bottle of my good wine, I carried off the portfolio, extracted from it Lord Egremont's despatch, and made a literal copy of it, which I immediately sent by a special messenger to Versailles, where it arrived four-and-twenty hours before the original. When therefore the Duke of Bedford presented himself, the Dukes de Choiseul and de Praslin were thoroughly well prepared for the discussion, and, knowing the *dernier mot* of his instructions, soon succeeded in

inducing the British ambassador to relinquish every debateable point, and the preliminaries of a satisfactory peace were accordingly signed on the following day (October 1762). England retained Canada, but gave up to France the Islands of Guadaloupe, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada, St. Domingo, and others in the West Indies, as well as the Senegal territory on the coast of Africa, and the southern portion of the continent of America as far as the Mississippi. Spain ceded Florida; but, on the other hand, England restored to her the Islands of Minorca, Havana, and the Philippines."

The Chevalier d'Eon was embraced by Louis XV. and decorated with the order of St. Louis for his services, and a few months later he succeeded the Duke de Nivernois with the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's.¹

This was, however, the culminating point of his career; and in England, where he continued to reside, almost uninterruptedly, until his death in 1810, the Chevalier d'Eon was chiefly known in connection with one very extraordinary consequence of his first journey to St. Petersburg. A violent quarrel with the Count de Guerchy, his successor in the embassy, who was a creature of Madame de Pompadour's, and had behaved on the occasion in such a very faint-hearted way that he was generally considered to have brought disgrace on the nation he represented, led the capricious French monarch to countenance and encourage the report, which was industriously spread by the ambassador, as the only excuse for his cowardice, that the ex-captain of dragoons was a woman in disguise, with whom therefore he *could* not fight a duel. The malicious rumour was so persistently circulated by the supporters of de Guerchy, that at length it was very generally credited, and enormous sums of money were staked in the city of London, in bets or policies, respecting his sex. Although d'Eon afterwards determined to countenance this report, and seems

¹ This anecdote is a curious commentary on one of Junius's withering letters addressed to the Duke of Bedford in 1769: "You are indeed a very considerable man. The highest rank—a splendid fortune, and a name glorious till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. . . . Your history begins to be important at that auspicious period at which you were deputed to represent the Earl of — [Egremont] at the Court of Versailles. It was an honourable office and executed with the same spirit with which it was accepted. Your patrons wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions without daring to insist upon any honourable condition for his sovereign. Their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity as for the welfare of his country, and they found him in the first rank of the nobility. Belleisle, Goree, Guadaloupe, St. Lucia, Martinique, the Fishery, and the Havana are glorious monuments of your Grace's talents for negotiation. My Lord, we are too well acquainted with your pecuniary character

oroughly to have entered into the humour of the hoax, that was not until he had wearied of refuting it. At first it evidently greatly excited his ire, and he twice visited the Stock Exchange and indignantly horsewhipped a banker of the name of Bird, and two brokers, who occupied themselves in promoting such bets; "in a very masculine fashion," as he wrote to his old friend the Count de Broglie. When that was not sufficiently convincing to check the speculative mania, and the bets continued, until at length (but not until several years later) the question of his sex was supposed to have been finally at rest by the result of a trial before the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, "a cause," says the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that date, "the most extraordinary that perhaps ever happened in this or in any other country." The action was brought against a broker and underwriter named Jacques, to recover 700 guineas, but, adds the magazine, "rather immense sums on policies were depending on the suit." One Monsieur Panchaud, of Paris, alone claimed £75,000. Jacques had received premiums of 15 guineas per cent., for every one of which he had engaged to return 100 guineas, whenever it should be proved that the Chevalier d'Eon was actually a woman. A French surgeon of the name of Le Goux swore that of his certain knowledge d'Eon was a woman, as he had attended him in sickness and had examined the person; and a second French witness, named de Morande, was equally positive in swearing to the same effect. On the evidence of these two false witnesses d'Eon was pronounced to be a woman, and the money was ordered to be paid; but the verdict was afterwards, on appeal, set aside on the score of the illegality of such bets.

D'Eon had succumbed to the pressure put upon him by the king before this trial took place. "I know," wrote Louis XV. to him, in a letter which is cited in Madame Campan's memoirs, "that you served me as usefully in the dress of a woman as in that which you now wear. Re-adopt that costume immediately;" his pension was stopped, and he was starved into submission. But when at length (in 1775) he had been induced by the king's agent to sign a contract binding him to wear only petticoats for the future, he put a bold face on the matter and declared it to be perfectly clear that he was really a woman; and, although he rebelled against

to think it possible that so many public sacrifices should have been made without the private compensations. Your conduct carries with it an *interior evidence* and all the legal proofs of a court of justice. Even the callous pride of Lord Mansfield was alarmed. He saw and felt his own dishonour in corresponding to you, and there certainly was a moment at which he meant to have resisted, but not a fatal lethargy prevailed over his faculties and carried all sense and memory away with it."

the king's order, and repeatedly protested and implored to be allowed to return to the army, and was even imprisoned for a time in the Castle of Dijon for having ventured to equip himself for service in the French navy, he continued until the day of his death to assert that he was, and was generally believed in England to be, a veritable woman. The *post-mortem* examination, which established the contrary, was conducted in the presence of the Earl of Yarmouth, Sir Sidney Smith, the Hon. W. S. Lyttleton, Mr. Douglas, and a number of others, who required that proof to convince them.

There can be no doubt that this amazing hoax owed its permanent acceptance in a great measure to the readiness with which Beaumarchais allowed himself to be deceived. The clever and witty author of the "Barber of Seville" and the "Mariage de Figaro" was the secret agent nominated by the French king to carry out his metamorphosis, and d'Eon seems to have been suddenly seized with the idea that he would genuinely mystify him. When binding him to dress as a woman, Beaumarchais had at the same time succeeded in obtaining his signature to a contract, which, as d'Eon understood it, was to secure not only the payment of his debts, but also a large sum of money in exchange for documents of importance touching his former diplomatic missions, upon the security of which his friend Earl Ferrers had advanced £5,000; but the documents were no sooner handed over than d'Eon found he had been outwitted, and that the vagueness of the contract gave him no legal right to claim full payment; whereupon they quarrelled.

D'Eon avenged himself by redoubling his exertions to outwit the king's agent in regard to the other object of the negotiation, as plainly appears from his letters to Beaumarchais, which, although filled with occasional outbursts of indignation against his correspondent, are models of satirical writing and full of sly humour. "It is true," he wrote, "that I disclosed to you the mystery of my real sex, giving you that supreme proof of my confidence in your promises and in your discretion; that I gave you my portrait as a token of my gratitude, and that you promised me yours in exchange as a pledge of your esteem, but that is all that passed between us; and to announce our approaching marriage, as I learn from Paris that you have been doing, is an abuse of my confidence, and can only have been done to raise a laugh against me. Ah! men were ever deceivers; they never fail to take advantage of credulous girls and women. I will confess that my admiration for your talents might have led me to love you, but the feeling was so new to me that *I was far from comprehending it*, and, as I am a girl of very high

spirit and irreproachable virtue, need I tell you how you have wounded my sensitive heart, and made me doubt your honesty?"

Beaumarchais was as devoted to practical jokes as an Irish subaltern, but his unbounded vanity and habit of quizzing others blinded him to the possibility of being himself the dupe, and this letter more than ever convinced him that he had made a grand discovery which would please the king. He forthwith reports to the king's minister, de Vergennes: "The girl is in love with me, madly in love. She thinks that I have slighted her, and women never can pardon such an offence. . . . I am very far from wishing to treat her slightly, but whoever could have imagined that my duty to the king would involve me in the predicament of having to address gallantries to an ex-captain of dragoons?"

Meanwhile Louis XV. died, and perhaps his successor really believed d'Eon to be a woman, for when, in defiance of the contract, the latter shortly afterwards presented himself at Versailles in the full uniform of an officer of dragoons, Louis XVI. gave the crowning touch to the farce by solemnly issuing the following decree:—

De par le Roi.

It is ordered that Charles Geneviève Louise Auguste André Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont shall renounce the dragoon uniform which he is in the habit of wearing, and shall readopt the dress appropriate to his sex. He is forbidden to appear henceforward in this kingdom with any other costume than that proper for women.

(Signed) LOUIS.

(Countersigned) GRAVIER DE VERGENNES.

Done at Versailles, Aug. 27, 1777.

The Chevalier d'Eon objected that he had not a single woman's dress. "Well," said Marie Antoinette, "I will take charge of her trousseau;" and the queen's own milliner equipped him with a complete lady's wardrobe.

The light-hearted society of Paris welcomed him with acclamation as an accomplished heroine, and soon reconciled him to his disguise by worshipping him as the paragon of female warriors—a second Joan of Arc.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of the following year (1778) contains a letter to the editor, which shows how thoroughly he had identified himself with the rôle thus thrust upon him:

Mr. Urban,—Though Mademoiselle d'Eon, who will certainly be regarded as a phenomenon in history, is better known in England than in France, the following particulars, transmitted from Paris, will certainly be acceptable to your readers, as they characterise the sensations wrought upon her by her change of dress.

The (late) Chevalier d'Eon, formerly aide-de-camp to Marshal Broglie, and successively Captain of Dragoons, Knight of St. Louis, employed in embassy famous for her political works, &c., that d'Eon who has often fought with so much bravery, and wielded the pen as ably as the sword, was born at Clermont-Tonnerre in Burgundy, in the year 1728. It is pretended that her disguise, and the singular education which she received, were owing to the caprice of her father, who was ardently desirous of having a boy; and though his wife afterwards gave birth to a girl, the father, still attached to his object, cried, "No matter for that, I will bring her up as a boy." Her desire to return to France induced her, it is said, to change her sex. She has now appeared, it is well known, at Paris in all companies dressed like a woman, for the first time in her life, at the age of forty-nine years.

D'Eon owns that this garb seems very strange to her, and that it will be long before she is used to it; she would gladly have continued to dress like a man if she could. She used at first to laugh at her petticoats, her *cap*, &c., and on the occasion she said, "It is very hard, after having been a captain, to be degraded to a cornet."¹ With her new dress she still, however, retains the cross of St. Louis.

The following incident will show that her manners are far from being prudish. In company with several foreigners who were strangers to her, "Chevalier," said a lady, "to the best of my remembrance, when you were dressed like a man, you had a very handsome leg." "Parbleu!" replied d'Eon with vivacity, pulling up her petticoats, "if you are curious to see it, here it is." "If you wanted satisfaction," said one, "should you not regret your former situation and your arms?" "I have already considered that matter," answered d'Eon, "and when I quitted my horse and sword, I own it gave me some concern; but I said to myself, What signifies it? I may do as much perhaps with my slipper!" D'Eon is so little reconciled to her new metamorphosis that whenever she is in company with any Knights of St. Louis, and one of them is called "Mr. Chevalier," d'Eon turns about, thinking that she is meant. She is not yet accustomed to the usual ceremonials established between the sexes; or rather it is obvious that having always, in her former state of life, shown great attention to the ladies, she finds it difficult to restrain it; at table when she sits near them she is always ready to fill their glasses; at coffee, sooner has a lady emptied her cup, than d'Eon springs from her chair to hand it to the table.

As to the person and stature of our female hero, Mademoiselle d'Eon (for she must be styled) has a handsome neck and bosom, and appears to advantage as a woman. Indeed, as she formerly made herself a beard, her chin is furnished with some hairs, which she employs herself with nipping; her complexion is fair, her stature about 5 feet 4 inches, so she could not be very tall in uniform.

Those who have not seen her in a man's dress cannot conceive how she could appear genteel in her former clothes; she wears her heels very low and somewhat large; she has a particular accent, which is not unbecoming, as her voice is agreeable; she makes her curtsy in a rustic fashion without moving her thighs but bending her knees forward with great quickness.

On being advised to put on some rouge, her answer was that she had tried but that it would not stick upon her face. Considering her body only as a case or as the shell of her soul, she despises it, and even pretends sometimes that her neck is troublesome; everything seems strange to her in her new accoutrements but she is convinced that use will reconcile it.

¹ "The spirit of this pun evaporates in English. *Cornet*, in French, signifies a woman's headdress, as well as a subaltern of horse."—Note by the Editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine* (A.D. 1778).

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On her first return to France she went to Tonnerre, and passed some time with her father. She then came back to Paris, and, though she appeared seldom in society, she lined sometimes with her old friends. To a lady who was giving her advice with regard to her behaviour, &c., she replied, "Madam, I shall be modest, but I can never be modest."

The best natural and moral portrait that you can give of Mademoiselle d'Eon is of one who have had no opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves of this truly extraordinary person.

The pleasant life in Paris did not last long, for a lawsuit with the French government soon drove d'Eon back to England, where, his pension again stopped, he was reduced to great straits, and was obliged to maintain himself by giving lessons in fencing. Matched with the ablest professors, such as St. George and Angelo, he became himself a master of his art, and in a famous assault of arms, of which an engraving has been preserved, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and a crowd of aristocratic patrons, both English gentlemen, he bore himself so well that, notwithstanding his white frockcoats and somewhat advanced age, he carried off the palm from his competitors.

Under the Empress Elizabeth, the Chevalier d'Eon had the opportunities afforded him of transcribing documents in the handwriting of Peterhoff, and it was there that, according to his statement, he met with her father's plan for compassing the supremacy of Russia. His biographer, Mons. Gaillardet, regards it as a document of the highest importance, upon which the whole of the subsequent history of Russia has been founded, and no one can read it at this time without a certain amount of interest. We can well afford to discount the exaggerations contained in the concluding articles, but it is sensible, as one reads the remainder, not to be reminded of the events of which many of the conquests and the territorial acquisitions have resulted from Sweden, Poland, Persia, Turkey, and in Central Asia, brought about; some of them a good deal more recent than the days of Napoleon I.; and, indeed, whether written by Peter the Great, or by Napoleon, it would be almost equally instructive. *Si non è vero, ben trovato.*

"Mémoires sur la Chevalière d'Eon," it is reproduced as

Plan for compassing European supremacy, left by Peter the Great for his son, to sit on the Throne of Russia, and deposited in the Archives of the Palace of Peterhoff, near St. Petersburg.

In the name of the most holy and indivisible Trinity, We, Peter, Emperor of all the Russias, &c., to all our descendants and successors on the throne, in the Government of the Russian nation:

The Great God from whom We received Our life and Our Crown, having constantly illumined Us with His wisdom, and upheld Us with His divine support, &c. &c.

Here the emperor enters upon a long and rather discursive argument, showing why, in his opinion—which he believes to be an interpretation of the will of Providence—the people of Russia are destined at some future period to attain to general supremacy in Europe, and to spread themselves over the whole Continent. Russia, which he found small as a little stream, will have become, when he leaves her, great as a mighty river; but under his successors, if they know rightly how to direct her, she will grow to the dimensions of a vast ocean, overflowing all the bordering lands, fertilising and improving the worn-out countries of Europe. With this object in view he leaves these instructions to his descendants, and desires that they shall be constantly and for ever religiously observed in the manner in which the tablets left by Moses, on which the Ten Commandments were inscribed, have been faithfully followed by the Jewish people.

After this preamble the fourteen commands are set forth as follows:

I. Let the Russian nation be kept in a continual state of war, so that her soldiers may be hardy and always ready for fighting; let there be no repose excepting when it is necessary for the repair of the finances of the Empire, or for the reorganisation of our armies, or for the purpose of waiting for the most opportune moments of attack. Let times of peace be thus made useful for the support of war, and war be conducted so as to give advantages in peace; always keeping in view the aggrandisement and the increase of prosperity of Russia.

II. Attract by every possible means, from the most cultivated nations in Europe, able captains in times of war and the best scholars in times of peace, so that the Russian nation may profit by such advantages as may be obtainable in other countries, without any risk of losing those of which she is herself possessed.

III. Take a part on all occasions in the troubles and disputes in Europe, particularly in those of Germany, which being the nearest to Russia have most direct interest for her.

IV. Keep up divisions in Poland and encourage continual jealousies and agitations; purchase with gold the support of the Nobles, corrupt the Diets so as to have the power of influencing the elections of her Kings; gain partisans of our own; give them protection by moving Russian troops into the country and then keep them there until the proper time shall arrive to take possession. If the neighbouring Powers object, they should be momentarily appeased by sharing the country with them until it is possible to retake what has been so ceded.

V. Take from Sweden as much as possible, and manage so that she may attack us, which will give a pretext for her subjugation. With this view isolate her from Denmark by carefully encouraging rivalries between those two countries.

VI. Always choose wives for the Russian princes in the German States, and by such alliances unite their interests with ours, and obtain their support for our views.

VII. Encourage a commercial alliance with England, she being the Power which has most need of us for the maintenance of her navy, and which can be most useful to us for the development of our own. Exchange our timber and other pro-

ductions for her gold, and establish constant friendly relations between her merchants and sailors and ours, by which our people will be improved in seamanship and in the arts of commerce.

VIII. Extend the frontiers of the Empire unceasingly, towards the North along the Baltic Sea, and towards the South along the shores of the Black Sea.

IX. Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and towards the Indies. *He who reigns at Constantinople will be the real sovereign of the world*, and, with that object in view, provoke continual wars with Turkey and with Persia; establish dockyards in the Black Sea; get possession of the shores of that sea as well as those of the Baltic, those two things being necessary for the ultimate success of our project; hasten the decadency of Persia, penetrate as far as the Persian Gulf, re-establish the former trade of the Levant by appropriating Syria, and, if possible, extend the power of Russia to the Indies, which are the emporium of the world.

Once there, we can do without the gold of England.

X. Carefully seek and maintain an alliance with Austria, appear to support her claims of future sovereignty over all Germany, and covertly excite against her the jealousy of the German princes.

Endeavour to induce either one side or the other to solicit the assistance of Russia, and then take the country, as it were, under our protection, by which means we shall be enabled to prepare it for eventual domination.

XI. Interest Austria with us in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and, when we have conquered Constantinople, neutralise the effect of her jealousy either by stirring up a war between her and the other European States, or by giving up to her a portion of our conquest, which we can retake from her afterwards.

XII. Attach and unite to us all the dissatisfied Greeks and other schismatics in Hungary, Turkey, and the South of Poland, making Russia their centre and support, and establish a universal ascendancy over them by a kind of sacerdotal supremacy; this will secure us serviceable friends in the enemies' country.

XIII. When Sweden has been dismembered, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, and Turkey conquered, our armies united, and the Black Sea and the Baltic in the possession of our fleets, a proposal must be submitted separately and very secretly, first to the Court of Versailles and then to that of Vienna, to divide with them the Empire of the World.

If either of the two accepts, which is not to be doubted, as their ambition and their self-love will be flattered by the suggestion, make use of that Power to crush the other, and afterwards in its turn we must crush the first, which will not be difficult, as by that time Russia will be in possession of the whole of the East and of a great part of Europe.

XIV. If the improbable case should arise of a refusal from both Powers, it will be necessary to bring about a state of war between the two which will exhaust them both, and then, choosing the decisive moment for action, Russia would fall upon Germany with her armies at the same time that two powerful fleets would issue from the Sea of Azoff and from the Port of Archangel, filled with hordes of Asiatics, and uniting themselves to other fleets in the Black Sea and in the Baltic, they would advance by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, and land them on the shores of France, which will speedily be overrun, whilst our land forces do the same in Germany. Once these two countries vanquished, the rest of Europe will soon pass under our sceptre.

It is by these means that Europe can and must be subjugated.

A SCHNAPPER EXCURSION.

BY RED-SPINNER.

DOWN in Moreton Bay, on the ocean side of the island, there lie at high water, just visible above the breakers, a group of rocks which are at once the dread of mariners and the delight of deep-sea fishermen. Brisbane has not many excitements to offer to the sojourner within its gates. The inhabitants apparently exhaust all their enterprise in money-making. It is almost incredible that the metropolis of a thriving and wealthy colony has no theatre better than a small music-hall, and that there are no other regular amusements than the performances of an Amateur Musical Union whose concerts, excellent though they be, are few and far between. But let it not be supposed that the Brisbanians make the fatal error of adopting the policy of "All work and no play." Recreation, however, runs a good deal in the direction of out-of-door pursuits, in which the ladies, it is sad to reflect, can have little if any share. One such favourite amusement is a Schnapper party at the Flat Rock, which rock is the chief member of that brown-headed family of crags standing immovable in the restless sea.

We start for the Flat Rock early in the afternoon of a glorious Queensland winter day. It is the kind of day when a man must indeed be bad in mind and body not to feel that, spite of hard times, it is something after all to be alive ; something to possess lungs that will drink deep draughts of an exhilarating atmosphere. The true type of a Queensland winter day is a keen morning, that smells of frost but bites not ; a cloudless eight hours of warm sun, a radiant and rapid sunset over purple-tinted mountains and woods, and, with eventide, a return of the scent and feeling of incipient frost. I am particular in calling attention to the loveliness of the day upon which we start, because by-and-by I shall have the opportunity of reading my home friends—friends who berate the changeable English climate—somewhat of a sermon.

We start, therefore, in the loveliest of weather. The white paint of the houses—and in Queensland the hot summer is favourable to an immense consumption of white paint—is bright as the light, and

giest gum-tree, bathed in the universal refulgence, becomes a thing of beauty. The grassy heights, the undergrowths at them, the fenced-in allotments whose sward has never yet returned, the land under cultivation, the patches of untouched clumps of banana around the cottages or large suburban places, the numerous reaches in the river, with their profusion of wood—all these, with other features of what, in a previous I have described as a remarkably pretty river, on such a day air best, and are freshly welcome, though to most of the party have been for years familiar enough.

Kate, it must be stated, is the sole representative of the land navy, and the captain and his chief officer wear the only uniform to be seen in Brisbane, except on extraordinary occasions when a stray man-of-war visits the colony. The *Kate* is a pretty middle-wheel boat, but nothing like so large as one of the steamers plying on the Thames. Her chief employment is the conveyance of the mails from the Bay to the Government wharf in the city; but she is, in addition, a maid-of-all-work for the Ministry. Sometimes the Government are persuaded into lending her for expeditions; a number of members of the Legislature, wishing to escape the fatiguing cares of Parliament, coax the Colonial Secretary into lending her for a fishing excursion at Flat Rock or at the marine villages—embryo watering-places around the main-shores of Moreton Bay. To their credit, the Government do restrict their complaisance to the representatives of the people, who have generally more or less a direct influence over them. The servants every now and then humbly petition for the loan of the boat, and so successfully work the oracle that the precious boon is usually granted.

There is generally no fishing the first night. Flat Rock is sixty miles and more from Brisbane, and, with darkness setting in by day, it is as much as we can do to reach Amity Point in time to anchor for the night. The excursionists in the comfortable boat well know how to spend a pleasant evening; cards, conversation, and books—but chiefly cards—help to pass away the time. This of the excursion must needs be mentioned, for it is to many the more important element in the proceedings of a schnapper than actual fishing. The schnapper is, in fact, by some made use of for a water picnic. Quite legitimate, too. Hence, after dark, one of the fishermen is asked whether it has been a successful expedition.

"Moderately so," he replies, thinking only of the sport.

"Ha! ha!" the other rejoins, "only moderately so? Then, were the catering committee?"

I dare say my readers will, with a smile, call to mind certain expeditions on the Thames, where the most serious consideration the day was the amount of bottled beer and sandwiches stowed away in the punt.

Soon after casting anchor we discharge a few rockets and burn blunderbuss lights, a bit of pleasantry on our part that is at once answered by showers of applause and laughter from the shore. Amity Point is inhabited by blacks, who assist in the oyster and dugong fishery, conducted the one by a Brisbane firm; and our pyrotechnic display appears to have brought them out of their bark huts, and down to the beach. Half a dozen of us accordingly go ashore in the captain's gig to procure what is very practically the sinews of war for the coming campaign—to wit—baits; to see the blacks around their own camp-fires; and to enjoy a quiet stroll upon the white sand under the Southern Cross (a miserable fraud as a show constellation, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with our clearly defined and chaste Great Bear and the wonderful stars of the antipodean hemisphere.

The aborigines who live upon the island are better than the vagabond specimens of their race who, in search of rum, prowl about the streets of Brisbane day after day, but even they do not give you a fair notion of the Australian aboriginal as he is seen far away in the interior. As with the Red Indians of North America, so with the blacks of Australia, a little civilisation too often is a dangerous thing. However, we are carried through the surf at Amity Point on the shoulders of good-humoured natives whose white teeth literally gleam through the darkness when no other part of their faces can be seen. One or two of them I noticed gibbering rather than talking. A young undressed gentleman, in a well-intended effort to light us through the tall rank grass covering the low sand-hills, throws the burning brand about in a decidedly reckless fashion, and sets fire to the driest patches in several places. Around a camp-fire that blazes merrily, and casts far and near weird shadows that would assuredly have set Salvator Rosa's rapid pencil in motion, crouch a couple of men motionless like statues and perfectly nude. They sit on the ground, with their knees brought sharply up to support the elbows, which in their turn uphold the hands on which the head rests, and the position, strange as the statement may appear, is not without its graceful picturesqueness. An ordinary skin must have been scorched in such close proximity to the ruddy logs of iron-bark, and ordinary eyes would have been blinded by the smoke. But the hides of our sable friends are successful

tanned by long exposure, and their visual organs are smoke-dried. To dismiss these representatives of the Amity Point savage once for all, they are far gone in intoxication. We afterwards discover that a party of them have been to Brisbane in their master's cutter, a handsome boat named the *Charles Dickens*, to attend the funeral of a friend, and have returned in the condition in which we find them.

The huts in which the Amity Point blacks live are dome-shaped structures of stringy bark, easy to build, warm in cold and cool in bright weather, and ornamented inside with some pretensions to civilisation. We are cordially welcomed into one hut by the chief lady of the establishment, who introduces a couple of young black women—"gins" in colonial parlance—as her nieces. These ladies are decently dressed, and the younger ones, for aborigines, are not ill-favoured.

The most intelligent of these two can speak excellent English, and her manners even in a white girl would be called "pretty." A few pictures from the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* are pasted over the sleeping-places, and (human nature for ever!) the hut is not without a looking-glass. We might prolong our stay, and enjoy our seat on the edge of a truckle bed, were we not driven into a hurried retreat by an attack upon our lower limbs. I once saw an exhibition in Regent Street, the object of which was to prove that the domestic flea could be trained to useful purposes. The proprietor of the menagerie, I remember, harnessed a team of fleas to a tiny carriage, and put them through a variety of astonishing performances. If that ingenious gentleman should be now alive, in the flea business, and short of stock, he may, at a nominal cost, replenish his exhausted stud at Amity Point, Austral hemisphere, lat. 27° , long. 154° .

As we are disembarking, other members of the native colony return from sea in their boat, with a fine cargo of oysters, and I will do them the justice to confess that they regard the vagaries of their inebriated brethren with looks of ineffable contempt, although when later on they row us on board in a cranky whale-boat, which nearly capsizes us into the shark-haunted waters, they are not at all backward in asking for rum. These blacks appear to be happy and contented, but no student of the race requires to be told that nothing can keep them long in steady occupation or wearing the appearance of civilisation. One of the naked fellows crouching by the fire was in youth educated by the missionaries and placed in a Melbourne family as groom. For a while he was proud of his livery and promised well, but, like all the blacks upon whom similar experiments have been tried, he one day disappeared without a sign, wandered back

again to his tribe, and here in his old age we find him in the impressive garb of nature. More singular than this is the presence amongst these aborigines, and living as one of them, of an Englishman, a gentleman born and bred, a member of a noble family, once a student at Oxford. He has his own hut, and comes forward to receive visitors who land at the place with all the ease of a person used to good society, but in the simple and sole costume of a straw hat, short Garibaldi shirt fastened round the waist with a leather strap, and—oh! hear it not in Pall Mall—an eye-glass! Another educated English gentleman, also of high position, has lived at Amity Point for ten years, in the same way adopting the habits of the blacks without reserve.

The manager of the fishery comes on board later in the evening to tell us that a young dugong has just been captured, and straightway an enthusiastic few scramble over the *Kate's* side, and repair a second time on shore to see the singular creature, out of whose kindred, some of these days, goodly fortunes will be made. There it lies upon the beach, a young female calf, weighing about two hundredweight, and the colour, so far as I can observe it in the glare of half a dozen fire-sticks, dark brown. The dugong is becoming better known every year, but hitherto the attempts to turn it into a remunerative commercial channel have not been so successful as they must be when adequate capital is put into a thoroughly equipped fishery. I seize the opportunity to examine the process (conducted, however, on a limited scale) by which the dugongs captured in this part of Moreton Bay are turned to account.

First comes the conversion of the fat into oil. I am grateful to say that cod-liver oil has never been a prescribed portion of my regimen, but there can be no doubt in the world that fine dugong oil possesses all the therapeutic qualities of that flesh-restorer without the unpleasant smell and taste dreaded by so many invalids. The flesh I can vouch for as being excellent. I have tasted the bacon, and it is white, succulent, and clean-flavoured—as good, in fact, as one could wish to have it. Another description of the meat, eaten cold, might pass for a cross between pressed beef and ox-tongue. On board the *Kate*, the day after our visit to the recently captured calf, we partook of a dish of dugong cutlets which would have satisfied an epicure, and were actually declared by some to be very tender and nicely cooked *filet de bœuf*. The hides appear to be invaluable; the leather is of excellent quality *and more than an inch thick*. What will machinists say to that? Dugongs are now principally taken in a net with immensely wide meshes. The nets are laid in subterranean thoroughfares through

which the experienced fisherman knows the creatures will pass on their search for marine grasses; the animal becomes entangled, struggles himself into inextricable toils, and, being unable to rise to the surface to breathe, drowns. The dugong is well named the sea-cow, for its head is not unlike that of a polled bullock, though its nose is considerably broader, and furnished with a square terminal by which it may discover and crop the herbage of the marine pastures to which it flocks. The body roughly resembles that of a gigantic seal, and dugong are sometimes taken weighing a ton and a quarter.

Now let us return to our party on board the dainty *Kate*. We sleep, some on deck, some below in the saloon, some in the hold; and though under the sunshine we might dispense with any description of coat, at midnight the thickest Ulster or pilot jacket is not too heavy. At six in the morning there are signs of movement on board; the early sportsmen are preparing for action. Day is waiting the signal to rush impetuously upon the heels of night, and, in these latitudes, night has to be pretty sharp if it would clear away before the full-orbed sun is close upon it. On this particular morning there is no sun; a steely-blue cloud-fabric veils the blushes of dawn and boorishly curtains off the expected brightness.

The *Kate*, once out of the shelter of Amity Point, proves herself a remarkably frisky lass, much given to dancing to the piping of the wind, and familiarly responsive to any wave that chooses to flourish its arms around her waist. Then it begins to rain, and the sea begins to rise, and the prophets begin to prognosticate an unpleasant day, and we are, in short, doomed to fishing under considerable difficulties. My threatened sermon will be as appropriate here as elsewhere. Good grumblers at home, be comforted with the assurance that yours is not the only land of changeable weather. In Queensland, where the climate, especially between March and July, is said to be perfection, there has been during April, May, and June, and part of July in this year 1876, weather as wet, as miserable, and as changeable, as any that we execrate in the Old Country. To be sure, everybody is eager to explain that such a season is unprecedented in the meteorological annals of the colony, while others maintain, as the farmers used to maintain at home, that in the matter of seasons Nature is quite losing her memory.

The dangerous nature of the ocean bed at Flat Rock renders it impossible to anchor near the fishing-ground; the *Kate*, as fast as she is brought near the desired spot, drifts back again, and, as the fish are only to be had near the rocks, the moral enforced upon us is that we

must make the most of our time. And this is how we do it. The man takes up his position, and clings to it. At his feet, and, if he is a deft fisherman, disposed so that there shall be never a hitch, lies his line, thirty fathoms long if it is to be of any service, about the thickness of a lead pencil, and weighted with three egg-shaped pieces of lead, each a pound in weight, and so bored that the line will pass freely through it. The hook is a trifle, but not much, smaller than a young meat-hook, and it is best to have it attached with a long overgrown gimp, or three pieces of ordinary gimp twisted. There is a lump of fish or meat the size of a walnut. Slowly the steamer advances to the charge until you can hear the green water stream off the rocks. Look well to the thick leather gloves on your hands, else presently your fingers will pay the penalty. It is comical to see the twenty gentlemen, cabinet ministers and what not, waiting at the bulwarks line in hand, in all kinds of expectant attitudes, eager to heave the tackle overboard the moment the way of the steamer slackens.

With splash and shout at length twenty heavily-weighted lines are speeding through the beautifully clear depths—twenty lines run through finger and thumb at a rate that renders either a glove or a canvas sheath an absolute necessity. Do your best in ten minutes for no longer can we remain in such dangerous neighbourhood. What is that? Forward there is a loud and long-sustained rub-a-dub on the deck. Is it a heavy-footed man dancing a breakdown? No, it is the first schnapper announcing his release from the nasty, salt sea, and heralding his kith and kin, so that within a couple of minutes the entire deck echoes with the rub-a-dub of arrivals.

It is scarcely sport; it is next door to slaughter. Alas! as one comes to this? On this day twelvemonth I scored the best thing afternooon in my life, all fish artistically caught with delicate complements in a clear running stream; and here I am hauling up from the bottom, 180 feet down, a burden which taxes all my strength, makes the perspiration ooze from every pore. Yet it is grand for a while. The fish bite fast and furious. Bang, bang, bang! There is no mistake above about the bite, and no mistake below about the strike. Haul, haul, haul! the line throwing out clouds of silver in its rapid ascent. Soon your eye discerns, far deep, an almost impalpable flashing to and fro, as if a large dish gyrating in an eddy; it assumes a lovely pink hue as you bring it nearer the service, and then, in a twinkling, a burly schnapper of *or eight pounds* is dancing vigorously and noisily on deck. S

it is a fish at every haul; and, under those circumstances, not least amusing feature of the sport is the spectacle of a score of men jumping around a score of big fish which are doing their utmost to convey their amazement and indignation to an unfeeling d.

The schnapper is, like nearly all the fishes of these waters, beautifully tinted, and the prevailing colour is pink. It is a thick, broad-fellow, as if originally intended for one of the bream tribe. The resemblance to the bream, however, ceases at the top of the shoulders, where there is a bony hump, and a sharply sloping, undulating ridge runs down to the mouth, which is horny and well furnished with teeth. You deposit your game, not in the familiar creel, but in a sack, knowing full well that at the wharf at Brisbane by-and-by there will be an astonishing number of acquaintances, who happened to be passing just by accident, of course, and who will somehow walk away with a brace of fish dangling from a bit of spun yarn. The schnapper is a fine, excellent eating. It does not come amiss in any shape—broiled and served with caper sauce, fried with egg and crumbs, baked, and, better still, as mayonnaise.

The best of schnapper-fishing is that you leave off contented. It is hard work; the fish range between five and twelve pounds; it will be a very bad visit indeed to the Flat Rock if you do not get your ten dozen schnappers. One of our party has five-and-twenty—much more than he can carry. My own modest “swag” of eighty pounds hereabouts I find quite sufficient before I cast the burden off my shoulders. Our fishing lasts not more than two hours, and a large portion of that time is occupied in steaming, after the drifts, up to the wharf again. Yet we return with 250 schnapper on board, besides other fish, making a total weight of not much less than 2,000 pounds. Everybody condoles with me that my first schnapper excursion has not been particularly successful. It is no uncommon thing for a large schnapper to be taken on one of these excursions.

Luck at this, as at all other fishing at which I have “assisted,” is of course, and is distributed in a most unaccountable way. For example, at my right is a gentleman suffering severely from rheumatism (for we play heavily at pitch and toss during our other sports), but who catches four to my one. He has nothing to do but to throw his hooks, cast them over, and pull up schnapper with a “Yo, ho ho!” To my left is another gentleman who fishes carefully and patiently, but who never hooks a fish. Yet we are close together, and adopting precisely the same mode of procedure.

It is not, however, schnapper alone that we take. At one of our

halts we catch a very strange collection of fish indeed. First, there are three varieties of the parrot-fish, shaped somewhat like a carp, coloured a brilliant scarlet, and armed with four ivory teeth, protruding like a rabbit's. A small fish, the exact image of a thick-set trout in bodily form, and about half a pound in weight, falls to my share. How it could have taken the schnapper hook is a mystery to this day; but there it is in the Brisbane Museum, admirably set up and preserved, and taking its place amongst the Natural History curiosities, with its scientific name, and my own name as the distinguished donor, duly set forth in intelligible characters. The fish is designated "*DiaCOPE octolineata*, family *Peresidei*." The colours fade somewhat after death, but I make a memorandum with fishy fingers, before it gives up the ghost, and thus it runs: "In shape not unlike a Wandle trout; fins and tail bright gamboge; belly ditto with vermilion spots; sides bright yellow, with four lateral stripes of bright blue—rows of turquoise on cloth of gold." A king-fish is also taken, a blue and white gentleman, apparently of the bonito persuasion. A perch, own brother in shape to our English friend of that ilk, only a magnificent vermilion with black spots, is another celebrity. Two or three metallic-coloured fellows have no name, so far as I can find out.

During the last half-hour we have a succession of surprises. A member of Parliament calls lustily for help, and we rush to his aid. He has hooked a shark, and after a tremendous tussle the beast is landed by means of a couple of boat-hooks thrust into its carcase. It is about five feet long, and as it betrays an uneasy conscience, and is far too lively to be safe, it is conciliated with a well-sharpened axe. Another member of the Legislative Assembly, not to be outdone, sets up a wild hullabaloo; he too, so he avers, has a shark. It is no for me, of course, to contradict an old colonist, and a gentleman moreover who writes M.L.A. after his name, but I know that is not a shark. You can see it is a big fish, nevertheless; there are three strong men (all senators) engaged in bringing it in, but instead of darting swiftly hither and thither, it comes up a dead weight, no more like the shark than the chub is like the pike. Its sheer weight unfortunately severs the line, and there are three lamenting faces near the sponson, and general laughter from the rest of the company.

The lion of the collection, however, is taken by not only a M.L.A. but an honourable cabinet minister, now in England; to his lot falls a groper of sixty pounds weight.¹ It is a kind of rock cod, with

¹ Two years since a groper of three hundredweight was taken in the Brisbane river.

ark-brown leather skin, and tremendous head and mouth, and its behaviour while on its journey from the tranquil caves of deep ocean to the upper air convinces me that it was a groper also which the honourable member lost near the sponson. The sixty-pounder does not show an ounce of pluck from first to last, but allows itself to be hunted in as if it were its fate, against which it were useless to contend; and the only protest it makes on deck is to open its jaws, but in a manner more indicative of an ill-mannered gape than a decided exhibition of defiance. I do not hesitate to repeat that this groper is distinguished by its large mouth: a medium-sized port-manteau might be stowed away in it without the slightest inconvenience to the fish.

After the engagement is over the combatants clear the decks, remove the slain, put away their weapons, and resume the attitude and pursuits of peace. So, as the engines are thumping at full speed like steeds who smell the stable afar off, we gather together our spoil, string them on all manner of belaying-pins, rails, and stanchions; while buckets of water soon make the decks look a little less like shambles, and more like a very modest member of Her Majesty's fleet. We are very tired and very satisfied. Our shoulders ache and our fingers smart; but there are piles and strings of fish decorating the ship fore and aft, and we light our pipes and sprawl luxuriously about, watching the sunset and pondering dreamily about nothing in particular, as beacon after beacon is passed and the familiar landmarks lessen the distance from home. The great, awkward pelicans rise from the beacon-posts and sail through the air shorewards; they are fishermen too, and they, like ourselves, have done their day's work and are thinking about their nests.

MASKS.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

WITHOUT question truth is the most difficult of all the virtues, whether we place it in sincerity of speech or transparent life. Either way it is impossible as an absolute and, as things would cease to be a virtue at all if carried to its ultimate. We wear masks and speak through mufflers if society is to hold together. We cannot cry aloud in the market-place all that we think of fellow-men, scarcely all that we think in matters of pure speculation; nor yet proclaim on the house-top all that we do. That we can is only to wear that kind of mask which pretends to be none at all, and to speak with a more subtly-made voice-condition than the rest. Even the advocates for nothing but the truth find themselves obliged to leave out the "whole;" thus conceding the lawfulness of reticence—which is conceding the lawfulness of falsehood by default and that a wrong impression may be made by negation if one by affirmation is forbidden.

Notwithstanding this right of keeping one's own counsel, and the necessity of concealment by silence, which every rational man and woman must confess and allow for, there are falsehoods and masks; that is, there is the evil of excess: which is the true name of that Satan to whom theologians have given the lieutenancy of the world ever since Christianity came into it. We cannot live in the Palace of Truth without the talisman, we must not carry about with us a portable shed of falsehood; and though we must fence ourselves off from prying inquisitors, there is no necessity to put up lying finger-posts and mislead the questioning world with false land-marks. We may map out our lives according to our own ideas; do what we think right in our own eyes; and, so long as we keep inside the lines of the law, we have only our own souls to which we stand accountable. We have too the most absolute right to deny our fellow-men any share in our confidence, and to close every door that leads to the hidden shrine where we carry our secret devotions; but we have no right to pretend to be what we are not, nor to tell falsehoods to conceal what we are. Silence is not falsehood. The mask which is a blank is free to all mankind,

the wall which you build round your kitchen garden or the shutters that you put against your windows. It is only the mask which pretends to be the real face that is repudiated by honest men and faithful women. And of these masks which are intentionally false there are as many as there are moral qualities to feign, and social circumstances now to conceal and now to display.

There is the mask of piety; in the forefront in our days as in times past, when to make long prayers and wear broad phylacteries counted for spiritual garments of such sufficiency as made the filthy rags of practical righteousness unnecessary. The brewer who poisons his beer with *coccus indicus* and strychnine, the woman who slanders her neighbour, the fraudulent trustee and the breaker of certain stringent commandments in the Decalogue, think themselves safe from suspicion when they hurry on the mask of piety—doing a great deal of extempore praying if they are “low,” and spending two-thirds of their working-day in church if they are “high.” The mean little moralities of daily life—such petty virtues, for instance, as thinking small evil of one’s neighbours and saying less; of patience under minor crosses and dignity under great trials; of compassion for the weak and forbearance for the troublesome; of pity for the sinful and steadfast fellowship with the ruined; of that grand kind of self-respect which is too proud to do wrong, without needing the fear of eternal punishment as a restraining influence—to these homely moral graces the wearers of the mask of piety, when a mask, give no heed; but they will cap texts with you by the hour, and they know exactly where to draw the line between sound doctrine and the unsound. Speak to them of human duties, and they will answer that they love God. Loving God is a grand term and above reproach or cavil. It has the merit also of being vague; which is an advantage in a mask; and can be made to fit either Torquemada or Tartuffe. But loving one’s brother is a concrete matter which may bring one into trouble; and the roses of philanthropy have thorns of which the wise are wary.

That mask of spiritual piety is perhaps the most comprehensive or all in the moral wardrobe where hang the disguises behind which men masquerade. It conceals the class ambition and lust for spiritual domination of priests and leaders of religious opinion; it conceals wrong-doing in the man and the danger of the thought if translated into political action; it asserts a divine sanction for bigotry, and a holy purpose in the suppression of free-thought and the oppression of free-thinkers; it enables the wearer to practise self-indulgence here and cruelty to his kind there; but all the while it claims the respect of man on the ground of its lofty origin, and he who dares

to speak contemptuously of it—as a mask—is assumed to deride religion in the abstract and to be lost to the sense of good. At this present time this mask of piety is in supreme request. The world is rapidly dividing into the two camps of those who love knowledge and those who are afraid of it; those who venerate science and those who blaspheme it; and the wearers of this mask take the latter side. They set themselves forth as faithful witnesses of the divine life, while those who believe that effects must have corresponding causes are materialists, atheists—from whom the Lord has hidden His face. Venerable in its aspect, it is formidable in its results; and because venerable, all the more formidable; for few dare judge one who assumes to speak as God dictates, and who is therefore the mouth-piece of the divine. He threatens with mysterious penalties the bold questioner who wishes to look behind the altar when the glory of Isis declares itself and the thunder and lightning are her witnesses—who strews with sawdust the floor of the temple where the god nightly descends to accept the offerings of his devotees. It is not meet for the uncovenanted to understand the secrets of the Holy of Holies, say they who wear this mask professionally; and to reveal the false method of religion is as impious in their eyes as to discover the true working of nature. Ever since one man trembled at a thunder-storm, and his bolder brother told him that this was how the gods spoke when they were angry, and that they were only to be appeased by presents—which he would undertake to deliver—this mask of piety to frighten away knowledge has ruled the human race. And there seems small chance of its being laid aside just yet, while pilgrimages to Lourdes are in fashion abroad, and science is the Baal to which pious knees must not bow down at home. There are appointed times however for all things; and even this mask, stout as it is, has to drop piecemeal from the human face and leave the eyes free for the recognition of the truth.

Connate with this mask of piety are those of respectability and propriety. The man whose fortune is based on frauds that would split the whole edifice from foundation to roof were they discovered, is sure to be the most respectable man in his parish. He goes punctually to church, and his gold at the offertory shines conspicuous among the silver and copper which make up the rest of the donations. He is one of the bench of magistrates and chairman of the board of guardians; and he is severe on the ragged stealer of a turnip for a dinner, and on the lazy rascal who will not earn enough to support his wife and family but who comes to the board for out-door relief. *To be sure the ragged thief was hungry, and the lazy rascal is crippled*

with rheumatism and weighted with a sickly wife and numerous family. All the same, the man who committed frauds whereby widows and orphans were left destitute, because he hated the toil of his profession and wanted to be luxurious and idle, doles out the relief pence to his crippled brother with a niggard hand and a sharp tongue; and makes him a present of a fine discourse on the grandeur of honest industry and the shamefulness of a man like himself putting his hand into the pockets of the ratepayers. His respectability is his mask. Portly, conservative, the wearer of broadcloth, and the father of a family, who can suspect him of quaggy places in his past career?—places over which it took all his skill and cleverness to glide without foundering. The thing is impossible. If there should be anyone profane enough to hint at odd rumours that were once afloat concerning certain operations with shares and balance-sheets, his present respectability is his safeguard against these ugly spectres of the past.

Sometimes, indeed, he does collapse; when the world lifts its idle hands and bleats: "Who would have thought it?" All that solid respectability a sham!—all that handsome broadcloth so much shoddy, and the whole thing a masquerade! Much bewailing breaks out when such collapses happen; as they will at times, in spite of the care of those whose salvation it is to conceal, and whose faculty for keeping afloat is as a second sense. Society suffers under a kind of temporary earthquake, which affects it painfully, and induces a feeling of instability that makes men wonder, Who next? But the old mask, readjusted to a new face, does its prescribed duty of disguise once more; and the world goes on its old way, comfortably worshipping its idols of copper burnished to look like gold, and satisfied with its vestments of shoddy, sleek and shining like velvet and broadcloth.

So with the twin mask—that ferocious propriety of some men and women, so useful to take as moral diachylon for the sore places of their own histories. When women are rampantly severe on the failings of each other—severe beyond justice; as for poor, shivering Charity, we will not speak of her—it is only fair to suspect a mask. Even children know the artifice of a false scent to draw away attention from the true, and practise what they know; and men and women are but children grown into maturity. Elderly women, who find youth a crime and who grudge it all its enjoyment, are for the most part those whose own past would show some queer shady spots if clearly made out. Young women who are so passionately indignant at the flirtation of Mrs. A., or at the manner in which Miss B. uses her eyes, and her flesh-paints, are sure to have comfortable little afternoon teas in the boudoir when the husband is safe at his club or in the city. It is

their disguise; the mask which they think most useful for the occasion and most profitable for concealment. But the woman who has seen more than she has felt, and has conquered more than she has confessed, has only pity for the suffering so sure to follow on the heels of folly; and she who has not yielded to temptation on her own account can compassionate her who has. The frail fair sinner however, who must hide her real self if she would keep her footing in society, finds the mask of ferocious propriety the best disguise there is, and loses no opportunity of wearing it.

How many "spotted peaches" have that outside bloom of theirs which has been rubbed bare to the flesh long ago, artistically simulated!—how many faces, which it would be destruction to show as they are, hide behind the mask of untouched purity and indignant virtue! It is pretty and edifying to hear that blonde pink-and-white beauty, whose hair last year was a strong brown with complexion to match, inveigh against the antimony and the rouge, the blanc de perle and the aqua amarilla of her friends;—just as prettily edifying as to hear her denunciations on that lightness of behaviour with Miss —, which has been a little more candid than with most, and so has got the girl who loved more warmly than wisely into public disgrace;—she, that blonde of to-day made out of yesterday's brunette, meeting her husband and the world behind the calm of an impenetrable mask, but of whom, if Truth were Fame, such things would be said as would finish her claims to virtuous ministration once and for all time. Ah! if Asmodeus could strip off visors as well as roofs, what would be revealed would shut the mouths of many—the indignantly virtuous among others; and of those whose special mask is that false optimism which maintains that all things are just what they seem to be, that the undercurrent of English life is as the surface, and that society is sound to the core and pure all through.

For this is a favourite mask, and one very generally adopted. People who know the truths of human life, and how the realities give the lie to the appearances, smirk and smile through the infantile mask of belief in universal goodness. They deny that the satirist is a legitimate target for his shafts, and maintain that all the men of their acquaintance are honest and all the women virtuous. The moralist who deplors the current corruptions of the time is only a man with a diseased liver and a defective digestion; and to say, "I know," proves nothing but an exceptionally unlucky experience with, may be, a practical illustration of how birds of the same feather are sure to flock together. It is very odd, they say, but Blank, whose life is above suspicion and whose area of experience has been

large as any man's, says that he has never seen anything of all this seething, secret, passionate protest against restraints moral and legal, which you pretend exists ; and So-and-So, who ought to know if any man should, denies positively that it exists at all. And all this time their own lives, and the lives of men and women known to them, prove the contrary and confirm the statements of those who maintain that the undercurrent is to the surface what fire is to snow, and that everyone who knows life at all knows that the world agrees to wear a universal mask, now of one kind and now of another, whereby the real face may be concealed.

But humanity has this one great and overpowering need—it must be flattered. If you would be on good terms with your generation you must praise it for its virtues, but never hint at its defects. All the satirists of past generations, whose racy words, sharp and pungent, delight both the scholar and the humourist, spoke of men and things that were: not of humanity at large—say of ourselves—as we are. You must make this distinction if you would be popular, and preface your sermon or your satire on human vices with the old-fashioned formula: “Present company (the present generation; you my hearers, or my readers) excepted.” Above all, you must be careful not to characterise masks as masks, but must meekly accept shows for substance, and a parrot's cry for a human voice. Religion is true wherever it is professed, and *Tartuffe* was a libel on the holy sect of professing believers ; all English homes are private *Agapemones*, save those few exceptions where the scratchings done at the open street-door, and the angry words flowing through the window, leave nothing to be known and make concealment impossible. The larger proportion of marriages are happy, and the revelations of the Divorce Court go for nothing ; every woman who studies the revolting details of vice and disease, as a good comrade with men, does so from the loftiest motives and with the purest results in personal conduct and scientific research ; there is no secret polygamy carried on under another name, at least not among the middle class—that palladium of British virtue and source of British respectability ; *Azamat Batuk* coined what it is almost too polite to call a fiction of his own brain, when he drew the portrait of Miss Lucy of Bayswater ; our girls and young semi-detached wives, who run about the world alone yearly more and more impatient of both guidance and chaperonage, do so without tripping by the way ; young wives with their ardent male friends closeted together, now in her boudoir and now in his lodgings, are only as so many good little boys learning their lessons out of the same book ; there is no sand in the city sugar, and no shares of bubble companies are passed over to

influential promoters, or to city editors wielding powerful pens fact, we are an incorrupt and incorruptible people ; and let bold gainsayer who dares to question this universal innocence test the bloom of Ninon with a damp handkerchief, to handle strings of the mask with a rude hand, be anathema maranatha.

This is the authoritative demand of society and the generation which you live, and the only terms on which you can gain popular approval, or success. Accept masks for faces ; ascribe to men above all, to women, the virtues which they do not possess and which they know that they do not possess, while suppressing all that on the other side which is not the side of virtue ; call the dull bright and the weak strong, and dispense cakes and comfits all round ; and then the world will love you, listen to you, smile on you, respect you, value not only your good heart but your accurate knowledge of human life and finally carry you shoulder-high to the Pantheon where sit favourite demi-gods, writing on social statics with doves'-quills, and painting pictures of human life all in rose colour and azure blue. This is your mask ; the mask of optimism in the midst of evil, and cry Peace, peace, where there is no peace.

Ingenuousness, again, makes a useful disguise. To single-minded people the latitude of speech and action is practically unlimited. That old proverb which tells us how one man may steal his neighbour's horses and another may not look over the hedge into the field where they are grazing, holds specially good with those who have adopted the mask of ingenuous simplicity. Who can blame the frank, good-natured fellow who has the trick of saying the most disagreeable things imaginable with the brightest smile and the most boyish innocence of offence ? He comes down on you in direct questions which you cannot refuse to answer, yet which you would give a round sum to evade. But you have to reply. A refusal would be the same as to confess ; and if you are to be paraded in full daylight you might as well be paraded boldly, and dragged along by your coat-collar ignominiously. If he has found anything that a schoolboy's common sense would tell him you would not like betrayed, he—having less than a schoolboy's common sense because more than a child's ingenuousness—blurts out the fact at a crowded dinner-table, taking that inevitable moment of silence which always comes for the occasion. How can you be annoyed ? He is so honest himself, so ingenuous, so transparently pure-hearted, he had no idea that you, whom he loves and respects, could be otherwise ! And then—what was there in the story which *should* annoy you ? He met you walking with —— at such and

an hour, in such and such a place. Of course you were going together to your own house:—why should you be uncomfortable then, and why should the partner of your bosom turn pale, and look unspeakable things, when he mentions this harmless, this very unimportant little incident? To him it was the most natural and unsuggestive thing in the world; how was he to know that you would not care to have it mentioned?

You have opinions which you do not wish to parade, though you do not dream of denying. Your ingenuous friend asks you in a loud voice what you think of certain theological doctrines which he knows that you do not hold—and that in the house of your aunt, from whom you have expectations, and who is half insane in her attachment to these very points. Or he puts you through your paces about Gambetta, the Commune, Republicanism, and the like, in the presence of that starched and crabbed old Tory whose daughter you secretly worship and long to call your own. Your opinions as to the best form of government yet hammered out on the political anvil, or on the worth or worthlessness of certain men of modern history, do not affect your daily life, your social status, or your moral value. The father of your adored thinks that they do; and your friend who wears the mask of ingenuousness knows that he thinks they do; but in his character of boyish innocence he strips from you the harmless mask of silence which you had worn, and shows you to your greatest disadvantage—as your beloved girl's father counts gain or loss in men. What can you say—still less do? The *enfant terrible* of past years is still the *enfant terrible* grown into manhood; and enjoys in a dress-coat the immunity which he claimed when in knickerbockers. To ramp and rave would only put you still more in the wrong, and his ingenuousness has put you there quite enough as it is. You have nothing for it but silence, fortitude, and the mask, of not caring what has been revealed, and less what has been suggested, brought out of your own pocket for the occasion.

If this subtly-adjusted mask is true of men, how much more of women, to whom come naturally the delicate cruelties of insinuation rather than the bolder brutalities of assertion? No man is able to wound by implication, by false ingenuousness, so deeply as they can; nor reveal, under the guise of childlike candour, what you wish to keep secret. The *ingénue* can flirt too, as not the most confessed coquette dare; and can sail over shallows where others would run aground and be shipwrecked for life. With her whole nature penetrated by deceit, riddled through and through with falsehood, she can adjust the mask of ingenuous simplicity to such perfection that not even an expert can touch the line of demarcation, or say

where the true ends and the false begins. Becky Sharp is only one type of the class which numbers several; but, without question, the most dangerous and the most irrepressible of all is she who masquerades in the guise of candid innocence, of ingenuous simplicity, of that truthfulness which fears no evil for itself and believes none of its neighbour; who stabs you under the appearance of a caress, and betrays you under the pretence of there being nothing to conceal.

For the miserable marriage what mask so good, or so general, as the ostentation of affection displayed without reserve in public? The man at whom his wife trembles so soon as the house door is shut between them and the world, is quoted by his acquaintances as the most affectionate husband to be found within the four seas. The wife—of whom that handsome fellow in the corner, who treats her with rather more formality than one would have thought natural after so long an acquaintance, could tell more than she would care to have known—is much more complaisant to her husband now than she was six months ago, when she was honest and ill-tempered, and, with nothing to conceal, made no show of unreserve. The couple who at home quarrel without ceasing, and lament daily the stringency of the marriage law in England, call each other endearing names before folk; and, when they shoot their poisoned arrows at each other, take care to make them look like flowers playfully pelted for love. The sisters who wrangle behind backs rarely do so before the face of the world; and the homes which the inmates feel to be prisons rather than homes are covered up by huge masks of profound contentment, and that sorriest pretence of all, that the greatest proportion of English homes are happy.

The good friend and sympathetic listener who worms out all that you think and feel, under the mask of sincere friendship and profound sympathy, then turns your confessions against you and goes about the world with his Judas wallet open to all listeners—what can we say of him—that arch-traitor who knows neither faith nor truth? There are many such men, and women too; creatures who work their crooked way into the very hearts of those who trust them, only to empty them of a love which they do not prize and of confidence which they present as common property to the world. It is a mask which unfortunately gives no sign by which it may be known for what it is. Certain things are to be tested only by experience, and the reality of professed regard is one of them. So long as humanity loves love and craves sympathy, so long will it accept the *appearances* of these without too close enquiry; and the mask will *seem to it* as the real face. Perhaps sometimes the masquerader

himself forgets for a moment that it is all a play, and that what he pretends has neither existence nor reality but is a mere show, conjured up for the moment, and made to do duty as living truth.

We adopt masks too, to conceal our secret selves, not only our deeds—to hide from men what we are as well as what we do. Who would believe that still face, that noticeably quiet manner, that soft voice, those gentle words, concealed a very volcano beneath?—a nature full of so much passionate impulse, so much intensity, that, sensitive as well, it dare not show itself to the world at large, hence has adopted that mask of extreme quietness as its best safeguard? Only one or two intimate friends know anything of the truth; perhaps only one person of them all knows the whole truth; perhaps no one does, if a few suspect. These volcanic natures hidden behind the mask of stillness, with their fires covered and their inner turmoil battened down under strong controlling forces, are not rare in England where Nature is voted either childish or indelicate, either the sign of such want of culture as is fitter for a savage than a Christian, or the mask of a weakness of understanding that is worthy only of men's contempt. Things happen, however, at times which tear off the mask and show the real face; and then people wonder at the revelation—and their own want of perspicuity which could not read between the lines, or mark the play of the living muscles underneath the transparent coating of wax and silk.

On the other hand, cold and selfish, calculating and worldly, men mask themselves behind an appearance of exquisite good-nature and universal *bonhomie*; ostentation hides greed; envy is the loudest in its congratulations; malice the most profuse in its flatteries; jealousy gives its hand as if it had never known the bitter ache of its unquiet heart; and even anger smoothes its brows, veils its fiery eyes, puts on a careless look for the superficial to accept, and laughs loud because it may not curse deep. So the world goes on, and the truth is the last thing known by men of men.

We need not try to shut our eyes to the fact of masks. They exist; and he who denies their existence has only chosen the mask of universal belief rather than any other. So also exists the impossibility of truth, pure and simple; and that man or woman is the bravest, and presumably the most honest as well, who confesses to this: and, not attempting any overt disguise, is satisfied with the simple blank of silence concerning things which it is not expedient to declare. The Palace of Truth is a dream; but lies are the weapons of defence of slaves. Silence is the privilege of men, and the only shield behind which a truly brave or honourable soul should consent to shelter itself. That golden silence! if only we would cultivate it more, and appreciate better than we do its exceeding worth!

RECOVERY OF PALESTINE.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

VII.—CANA IN GALILEE.

CANA of Galilee is one of those places mentioned in the Gospel narrative in which we feel a physical and domestic interest. The temple in which our Lord taught has a spiritual interest; the mount on which He preached the Great Sermon has a moral interest; the hill on which He was transfigured has a supernatural interest. These are places of the soul. Not so that Cana in Galilee where the feast was held, the water turned into wine. Cana is connected in our thoughts with family affairs and household rites. "There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. Where stood Cana of Galilee?"

On quitting Nazareth, never to return, our Lord took up his abode in Cana. Mary, his mother, was then with Him. There was a bridal feast going on, the bridegroom being a neighbour and a friend. We see a household and familiar group: a bride and groom, a bridegroom's friend, a ruler of the feast, young men and old, servants and guests. The scene is social, the sentiment human. Coming through the door, we see the stone jars, and have the purifying water poured by attendants on our hands. We step into the guest-chamber, and find the bridegroom, who is also master of the house. There is the party seated at table, with the figs and melons, bread and meat of an Oriental repast. Wine is going round; the jars empty their contents. More wine is needed, and the woman from Nazareth whispers to her son, "They have no wine." That son turns to the servants, and bids them fill the water-pots with water and then draw the contents off. The servants see that what they draw is wine. The ruler of the feast (the man whom *we* call master of the ceremonies) cries out to the bridegroom, making his pleasant little joke: "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now." All this is matter of our daily life; so plainly practical that the mere *facts* are given as reasons why we should drink wine or abstain from drinking wine. Within the last few days an eminent prelate has cited Cana of Galilee as a conclusive answer to all pleas in favour of putting down "the accursed thing" *called wine*.

Where was this sacred place?

All the native Churches, whether Greek or Latin, Coptic, Nestorian, or Armenian, reply that Cana of the marriage feast lay on its sunny slope, under the shade of these pomegranate trees, on the road from Nazareth to Capernaum. Kefr Kana (or Kenna) means Village of Cana. Till the days of Robinson there had been no dispute about the locality of the first miracle. Cana was a common name in Palestine, very much like Ashton in England, Steinberg in Germany, San Lucar in Spain. There were a Cana in Judæa, a second Cana near Mount Tabor, a third Cana near Tyre. There may have been more. Villages of this name rose and perished without a record. One such village seems to have flourished in a recent period at a spot some six miles north of Sephoris, now called Khurbet Kana, Ruins of Cana. For fourteen hundred years the Church was not disturbed by critical doubt as to the actual site of our Lord's Cana, scene of the marriage feast. During all those years, the Church traditions had been constant and complete. An ignorant Frankish pilgrim confused the new Cana north of Sephoris with the old Cana north-east of Nazareth. But the false suggestion died away with the ignorant Frank who made it. Quaresmius heard of the suggestion, and refuted the pretence by a simple statement of the facts. Robinson revived the doubt, and in his usual style.

On going up the hill of Nazareth with his Arab servant, Abu Nâsir, to get a view of the country, Robinson heard of that new Cana, lying beyond Sephoris. The name was new to him, and the spot indicated was a desert place. Abu Nâsir spoke of it as Kânâ el-Jelil—Cana of Galilee. Robinson caught at these words, and, in his haste to sneer at monks and priests, adopted the ridiculous heresy which Quaresmius fancied he had crushed. Once more, Robinson thought, he had caught the monks at their tricks. The real Cana lay out of their way, and they changed the site for their own convenience. Abu Nâsir's word was enough. "The name is identical. . . . On this single ground, therefore, we should be authorised to reject the present monastic position of Cana." When Robinson had once made up his mind he found plenty of texts to support his theories—found them, in this case, by the easy process of misreading and false translation. He never went to see the spot! The place was called Khurbet Kana, Ruins of Cana; but he never asked whether the ruins were new or old—the waste of an Arab village later than the Crusades, or a Syrian hamlet earlier than the birth of Christ. Enough for him that Abu Nâsir called it Kânâ el-Jelil; Abu Nâsir's word outweighed for him the authority of all the native Churches.

This story sounds like a farce; yet since Robinson's time Khurbet

Kana has for many persons usurped the place of the genuine Cana of Galilee. Karl Ritter adopted Robinson's mistake, and his authority has led to the insertion of his blunder in many maps. A note to the English edition of Ritter's work affords the means of correction; but several map-makers were misled before that correction came. This blunder occurs in Chambers's map of Palestine, in Hughes's map of Syria, in Bædeker's "Galilee," and (I am sorry to add) in Murray's far more valuable map of the Holy Land. A striking instance of this prevalence of error is the fact that a man so able and learned as Lieut. Conder, our recent explorer in Palestine, takes the fiction for a settled fact, and writes as though Khurbet Kana were acknowledged on all sides to be the genuine Cana of Galilee. Let us scan the evidence of fact.

I.—EVIDENCE OF NAME.

Kefr Kana (Village of Cana) and Khurbet Kana (Ruins of Cana) are places in the same district of Galilee, hardly a dozen miles apart. In Greek their names are identical—they are both called *Kaná*; in our English form Cana. To distinguish either of them from Cana in Judæa it is necessary to add the words "in Galilee" or "of Galilee." Robinson's first mistake arose from treating the form "Cana of Galilee" as a proper name. His theory rests on this foundation. Cana of Galilee, he argues, is the name of a place mentioned by St. John; *Kânâ el-Jelil* is the name of a place mentioned by Abu Nâsir. They must be one and the same. Such is his process—such his proof.

But was Cana of Galilee a proper name? Some names of towns are compound, the words wedded and inseparable, like *Civita-Castellana*, *Boulogne-sur-Mer*, and *Ashton-under-Lyne*. Is Cana of Galilee such a compound name? If not, Robinson's theory is untenable—his inference absurd.

On this point there is no room for philological mistake. Cana is mentioned by two authors, and no more. They mention it by the same name, and with very nearly the same descriptive adjunct. These authors are Josephus and St. John. The name is known in the Greek form *Kaná*, to which the English form Cana corresponds with perfect accuracy. No Hebrew, Chaldee, or Aramaic form of the word is known. All modern forms, whether Arabic or Frankish, are derived from the Greek word, and must be carried back to it in case of variance. Robinson, ignorant of Arabic and of etymology, fancied he saw an argument in favour of his heresy in the fact that some modern Arabs have rendered the Greek word *Kaná* by two different Arabic forms, Kana and Kenna. Robinson used the form

a reference to Khurbet Kana, Kenna in reference to Kefr Ka na. is no philological ground for such a distinction. Kana and come from Cana and return into Cana. Such variations as belong to the modern Arabic, not to the ancient Greek.

Josephus and St. John knew Cana well. While Josephus held his post in Galilee he lived at Cana, as a convenient post from which he could watch Sephoris on one side and Tiberias on the other. Cana figures in the narrative of his life on at least one very important occasion—that of his night-march on the capital of Lower Galilee.

Josephus calls the place in which he lived and from which he wrote "a village in Galilee called Cana." Nothing in his text suggests that the place was called "Cana of Galilee," as Robinson supposes it to have been called. St. John knew Cana almost as well as Josephus.

More than once he was there with his divine Master. He was at the marriage feast, and saw the water turned into wine. Cana is the home of Nathaniel, his fellow-disciple, and was only a few miles from his own house at Capernaum. St. John calls it Cana of Galilee, or Cana in Galilee. The name occurs twice in the fourth Gospel—once in the second chapter, and again in the first chapter; and our translators render the first passage Cana of Galilee, and the second Cana in Galilee. The texts of Josephus and St. John leave no doubt that Cana is a proper name; Cana of Galilee, or Cana in Galilee, a descriptive phrase. Josephus says "a village of Galilee called Cana," as Black says "a village in Kent called Maidstone."

He never mentions his dwelling-place as a village called Cana of Galilee. There was more than one Cana in Palestine, as there was more than one Richmond in England. Like causes produce like effects. A Yorkshire writer having to mention Richmond describes it as Richmond in Yorkshire, not because "Richmond in Yorkshire" is a proper name, but because he might otherwise run the risk of being thought to mean the better known Richmond in Surrey.

St. John uses the form Cana of Galilee, or Cana in Galilee, in order that his readers may not confuse the scene of the marriage feast with the better known Cana in Judæa. Cana in Judæa had in the time of St. John a fame like that of Sedan in our own days. There it had given battle to the Arabs. There he had fallen, and his army had been destroyed. Any Jew who wrote in those days of Cana would be understood to mean Cana in Judæa, the scene of the great disaster to the Jewish arms. Hence, for the sake of clarity, both Josephus and St. John added the name of the province to their Cana lay—the first saying, simply, a village of Galilee called Cana; the second, no less simply, Cana of Galilee, or Cana in Galilee.

The notion of "*Cana in Galilee*" being a proper name having

been set aside, it is waste of time to seek a modern equivalent in Arabic for that unknown form. If any place is now called Kânâ el-Jelil—Cana of Galilee—the place is likely to be modern, and the name a mistake. Kefr Kana is an exact Arabic rendering of the Greek words used by Josephus—Village of Cana; so that the whole argument from philology is in favour of the native Churches.

II.—EVIDENCE OF SITE.

A reader who has never stood in the white roadways under the pomegranate blossoms of Cana should open his map. The site is laid down with more than usual accuracy for Palestine. Until the new map, now being prepared by the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, is ready, he may use Vanderveldt's. From its situation, Cana was an important point. Standing at the head of several valleys—natural roadways in a country not much used by engineers—and on the water-parting of the province, Cana commanded passes leading on one side down to the lake district, and on the other towards the plains and the sea-coast. In ancient days, when the land was swarming with towns and villages, such a position was of greater moment than it is now; in days to come, should the waste be recovered, that position will become of greater moment than it is now; but, while the people dwelling in the fertile lake districts have the spirit to keep up traffic with that outer world which goes about the earth in ships, Cana will always remain a post and market-place. It is the head of several tracks, and, take it all in all, is even now one of the most prosperous towns in Galilee.

The village stands on the slope of a low hill, having a rich bottom in front, with a spring of sweet water—the only spring in the neighbourhood; so that, if the native Churches are right in placing Cana of the marriage feast at Kefr Kana, this was the source from which the water-jars were filled. Orchards surround the houses, and in these orchards the pomegranate is a favourite tree. Everyone knows how often the pomegranate is mentioned in Scripture; everyone knows the legendary connection of this tree with the marriage rite. It is curious that the lovers of myths have not sought in the pomegranate gardens of Cana an explanation of the mythical origin of the marriage feast. Ruins of church and convent may be seen; particularly the ruin of an ancient Greek edifice. At Khurbet Kana there are also ruins; but they are only of small houses; and at Khurbet Kana there is a great deal of broken pottery, but the broken jars are clay, not stone, as in the Gospel text. No large remains are seen, and not a trace of any sacred edifice can be found. Nothing on the spot suggests the existence in that locality of a village older than the first crusade.

Cana (Kefr Kana) is five English miles from Nazareth, in a north-eastern line, on the present main road to Tiberias and the lake district. Sefurieh (old Greek colony of Sephoris) stands north-west of Kefr Kana, on the road to Acre, the city called, in the time of our Lord, Ptolemais. Sephoris was a walled city, and the Roman road passed through its streets.

Now the present heap of ruins called Khurbet Kana lies five miles due north of Sephoris, which walled city cut it off from the whole region in which the Teacher lived.

Khurbet Kana is *not* on the road from Nazareth to Capernaum. A man coming up from Capernaum to Nazareth, as in the Gospel narrative, could not have come near the spot now called Khurbet Kana. That spot lay on the road from Sephoris to Ptolemais, not on the road from Sephoris to Tiberias. A man coming up from Blackwall to Highgate does not pass through Harrow.

In the time of St. John the Evangelist, Cana was a station at the crossing of two roads; a country road used by Hebrew herdsmen and peasants, and an imperial road used by the Roman and other strangers—a fact which gave it value from a military point of view. The country road led from Nazareth and other open towns and villages, through Cana, to Magdala, Capernaum, Bethsaida, and other water-places on the lake. The Roman road ran from Acre (then Ptolemais) to Sephoris, the old Greek capital of Upper Galilee, and thence through Cana to Tiberias, the new Roman capital of Lower Galilee. Thus, Cana was a station on the road between Sephoris and Tiberias, very much as Rochester is a station on the road from London to Dover.

Keeping this position on the map in mind, let us turn to the several texts in which Cana is mentioned. Jesus, coming up from the lake country with his disciples, met his mother at Cana (St. John ii. 2). From Cana He goes “down to Capernaum” (ii. 12). The expressions show that Cana stood on the ledge of the hill country, above the lake, and on the road from Bethsaida and Capernaum to Nazareth. The words could not apply to a place standing six miles beyond Sephoris, on the way to Ptolemais. Again, the nobleman of Capernaum, coming to seek Jesus, finds Him in Cana. “Come *down*, ere my child die,” says the father. On being assured that his son lived, the nobleman went down. “As he was now going down his servants met him.” A journey from the spot now called Khurbet Kana could not be described as “going down;” for the road first leads up to Sephoris, the capital, and then through a rough sort of table-land as far as Cana; and it is only from this point that the road begins to drop down. Every word in the Gospel narrative implies that Cana stood near the ledge of the hill country over the lake,

Next turn to Josephus. Happily for us, Josephus had a good deal to do with Cana. Sent from Jerusalem into Galilee, as a delegate of the Sanhedrin, he first went to Sephoris, capital of Upper Galilee, where he found the people excited, but at peace. He next went to Tiberias, capital of Lower Galilee, where he found the people in revolt. Josephus raised a large body of men, fortified several strong places, including Mount Tabor, and in a short time became master of the whole province. He saw a good deal of fighting. Twice he had to storm Sephoris; four times he had to storm Tiberias. These populous cities had to be sternly watched. In order to keep an effective watch over both, Josephus had to fix his camp at Cana, in a position in the hill country between the two capitals. When John Gischala induced the Jews of Tiberias to rise against Silas, Josephus says he left Cana with 200 men, made a night-march down the hills, and came before Tiberias early in the morning. That night-march was impossible from Kefr Kana; impossible from the place now marked Khurbet Kana. The distance from Kefr Kana to Tiberias is about ten miles; and a night-march means, in the language of Josephus, a march from midnight watch to morning watch, a period of five hours. Every one who has walked in Palestine knows that ten miles down-hill are not often done in less time than five hours. If the camp of Josephus had been at the spot now called Khurbet Kana, the Jewish captain could not have made his secret night-march at all; since he would have had to pass through Sephoris, a walled city, with her gates closed and her sentinels on guard.

The whole argument derived from site is therefore in favour of the native Churches.

III.—EVIDENCE OF REMAINS.

The evidence of existing remains is no less strong than that of name and site. Kefr Kana is an old place and a prosperous place; Khurbet Kana is a new place and a deserted place. At Kefr Kana there are remains of ancient edifices; at Khurbet Kana, though the buildings are in ruins, there is nothing older than late Saracenic times, even the broken tanks and cisterns belong to Saracenic times at all.

No one can look at Kefr Kana without a strong conviction that the place is old. Here is a house old enough to pass for that of St. Bartholomew. Here are the foundations of an early church and a monastery. The church, built in honour of the miracle, was standing in Cana before the Moslems established their power in Galilee. St. Willibald prayed in that church, then dedicated to the Ruler of the Feast. "A large church stands here," said the English saint in 743. Four hundred years later—that is to say, in 1102—another Eng-

pilgrim, Sæwulf, saw that monastic edifice. Five hundred years after Sæwulf, Quaresmius mentioned the monastery. To-day the ruins of that early Christian edifice may be seen. This sort of evidence is, for ordinary men, decisive. Syrian Christians build a church and monastery at Cana in honour of the marriage feast. Various pilgrims from the western countries see that shrine from time to time during a period of 900 years. The foundations of these buildings are now in site.

Are there any remains of ancient buildings at the other Kana? None at all. The village is a heap of rubbish; but the dust and ashes are new—not old. No house there is old enough to be shown as that of St. Bartholomew. There are no foundations of church or convent. All the dwellings are small and mean. The shards of pottery are not of ancient form or colour. Here and there you come on a tank or cistern of latter date; but these are seemingly of Arabic construction. The stones used in building are small, and of a modern pattern. Jackals prowl in the ruins, and wild boars grub among the tanks, while the hills around are barren and the plains in front are desert waste. No vestige of an antique world is seen. In truth, from the mere evidence of remains, a traveller without a theory to support would say that Khurbet Kana was a modern village which had sprung up round a potter's field and furnace, and had perished with the trade that gave it birth.

On the other hand, the house of St. Bartholomew and the monastic ruins prove the antiquity of the true Cana; so that from the evidence of existing remains a traveller, without a theory to support, would have no difficulty in identifying Kefr Kana with the Cana of Josephus and St. John.

IV.—EVIDENCE OF HISTORY.

The evidence of history, as regards Cana of the marriage feast, is a chain in which there is no missing link. St. Willibald, who visited Galilee in 722, started from Nazareth on his way to Cana. His route lay eastward, not northward—that is, toward Kefr Kana, not toward the place now called Khurbet Kana. He took Cana on his way from Nazareth to Mount Tabor. "He stayed at Cana one day, and then continued his journey to Mount Tabor." Khurbet Kana lies in the opposite direction. Sæwulf, who went to Galilee in 1102, is more precise. "Six miles to the north-east of Nazareth, on a hill, is Cana of Galilee, where our Lord converted the water into wine." Sæwulf uses the Roman mile of 1,614 yards; and his guess of "six miles" is near the actual truth. If our knowledge of the site of Cana had perished as completely as that of Bethsaida and Chorazin has perished, the bearings and distances supplied by Sæwulf

would enable us to lay it down correctly on a map. When Sæwulf was in Galilee, Cana had been partly but not wholly destroyed. "Nothing is left standing," he says, "except the convent called after the Ruler of the Feast"—Holy Architrictlinius. Later in the twelfth century, Phocas, following in the track of Sæwulf, from Acre to Nazareth, describes the points of his journey. Leaving Acre, Phocas comes—first to Sephoris, next to Cana, and then to Nazareth. To all these witnesses, Kefr Kenna was the true Cana "of Galilee." The distance of Cana from Nazareth is given by Mandeville in 1322 "four miles from Nazareth." Mandeville uses the old English mile which gives the distance of Kefr Kenna pretty accurately, but not the distance of Khurbet Kana, which is fully eleven miles from Nazareth.

Robinson was not original in the mistake corrected by so many proofs. The first blunder is due to Marino Sanudo, a Venetian, who compiled a book on Palestine for the use of crusading princes. Sanudo lived in the fourteenth century. There is no evidence that he ever visited Palestine, or that he had the use of actual itineraries in making his tract and chart. He placed his Cana to the north of Sephoris, instead of to the south-east. "You go," he says, "from Acre to Cana; then due north to Sephoris; and afterwards due north to Nazareth." At that time Palestine was closed to pilgrims. Sæwulf and Phocas were the latest authorities on the subject, but their accurate observations seem to have escaped the notice of Sanudo. After Sanudo had put Cana in the wrong place on his map, a Frank pilgrim now and then fell into his error, until Father Quaresmius, a monk who lived in Palestine, took the matter up, and settled the dispute in favour of Kefr Kana. Robinson revived the blunder of Sanudo, and Lieut. Conder has (for the moment) fallen into the error of Robinson.

The only passage which Robinson ever found in any writer previous to Sanudo that appeared (only appeared) to favour his theory, is a line in Sæwulf. "Cana," says that author, "stands six miles north-east of Nazareth." This is the true text; but Robinson, ignorant of the use of middle-age Latin, translated Sæwulf's *six miliaris ad Aquilonem*—"six miles north," instead of six miles north-east. (See Wright's Vocab., p. 16, for illustrations of the meaning of *aquilo* in the age of Sæwulf.) Contrary to the usage in classical Latin, this word, in the time of Sæwulf, was always used for the north-east wind.

Such is the evidence in favour of Kefr Kana as the true Cana "of Galilee" or "in Galilee;" identity of name and site; constant record of the Syrian Church; actual remains; and the testimony of the succession of travellers from East and West.

THE THREE ROSES.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

*Three roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.
The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like flower on flower that night, on beauty's breast.
The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrank in the tangles of a harlot's hair.
The third a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.*

ALDRICH, *Flower and Thorn.*

THESE Roses (in the world we do not see)
Strove for the palm. Thus spake the beauteous Three :

THE MAIDEN'S ROSE.

I AM the happiest flower. I lay
Dying, as suits sweet blossoms best ;
It was not pain to pass away
Upon her warm and fragrant breast.

Blossom on blossoms, so we slept ;
My odours richer with her breath,
My white leaves whitest where I crept
Closer, to die delightful death.

I heard her secrets, pure and soft ;
She prayed for him, kissed me, and laid
His gift where, since, his cheek full oft
Nestles ; he knows what words she said,

And how, when morn oped the bright eyes,
She locked me in a casket close ;
Nothing can take away my prize,
The kiss she gave her faded Rose.

The crown, fair sisters, I must hold ;
I died upon that heavenly bed ;
She buried me in silk and gold ;
I made them lovers, being dead.

THE WIDOW'S ROSE.

I AM the wisest Rose : there lay
A dew-drop on me when she shut
The little ice-cold palm, and put
My blossom there to fade away.

It was a tear for her and me
That she should grieve, and I should go
Clasped in a hand that did not know,
And set to eyes that could not see.

Torn from my garden green and bright,
As he too ; first-born of her spring,
Once flower-fair, now a lost, dead thing,
Hidden with me in graveyard night.

But, lo ! it was not thus at all !
I did not think that flowers could see
The wonder of the worlds to be
When the poor leaves of this life fall.

For while they wept, and sadly threw
The black earth on our coffin-lid,
A light came there where we were hid,
A wind breathed softer than I knew.

There shine no sunbeams so on earth,
There is no air blows in such wise
As this that swept from Paradise,
And turned grave-gloom to grace and mirth.

I saw him rise unspeakably ;
I saw how subtle Life receives
New gifts from Death. It was but leaves—
Dead leaves—we left there, I and he.

The Three Roses.

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And clasped in that small hand I came—
A spirit-Rose as he was spirit—
The further marvels to inherit
Of Life, which is for all the same.

Crown me, white sisters ! When she bent—
That tender mother by his grave—
'Twas I who, with a rose-waft, gave
The thought that filled her with content.

THE HARLOT'S ROSE.

I WAS the blessed flower ! Give back
The crown, dear sisters ! for you lack
My joy—you ! that her bosom bore ;
You they entombed !—my deeper lore.

'Twas sweet in lovely death to fade,
Rose-blossom on rose-bosom laid ;
'Twas rare, in grasp of Death, to see
The flower of Life blow changelessly.

But I, most happy of all three,
Rejoice for what he did to me ;
Binding my bud on locks that rolled
Their wasted wealth in rippled gold.

For loveless love he set me there ;
With thankless thanks she found me fair ;
Laughed with sad eyes to hear him tell
The gold, with white and green, "went well."

We did our kind : she to bestow
God's grace in her rich beauty so
That good grew evil ; I to scent
Her steps and be Sin's ornament.

Yet 'twas my duty to seem sweet,
She had such bitter bread to eat !
She put me at her breast—I heard
Her heart-beats speaking, without word.

"Each spring I plucked such long ago,"
She said—"Ah, God! if we could grow
Clean like spring-roses—white again—
Forgetting last year's rain and stain!"

She said, "Ah, God! ah, mother!—some
Are blooming so about my home,
The home-scent makes me dream—let be!
I have no lover that loves me.

"What was it that we read in class?
'*And she supposing Him*'—alas!
'*The gardener.*' Fool! as if God's Son
Cares for the flowers that are done!"

Thereat our lips and leaves did kiss—
I was as sweet and soft in this
To her as any Rose could be—
"God's flowers forgive," she sighed,—"*Doth He?*"

And fondling me, as though she felt
Her mother's kisses on her melt,
The tear-drops from her painted lids
Ran on the rouge. "*What eye forbids,*"

She said, "to try if any hear?"
Mocking herself she sighed this prayer:
"Oh, Christ! I am Thy wilted Rose,
Renew me! Thou renewest those!"

Then laughed,—but did not see, as I,
The angels gather at her cry,
Their fine plots weaving out of sight
To help this soul that strove aright.

She did not feel the great wings fold
Thenceforward o'er her locks of gold;
Nor know thenceforward that the place
Was sentinelled by Shapes of grace.

But when again she bound her hair,
And set me in its tresses fair,
I did not "shrink," as he has said:
I was too proud! for we were led

By holy hands through wicked streets,
Past things to speak of is not meet ;
Till when the tender plot had place,
God's mercy met her face to face.

In all this earth there is not one
So desolate and so undone,
Who hath not rescue if they knew
A heart-cry goes the whole world through.

Of thousands cruel one was kind ;
We found the hand she could not find ;
The fragrance of me brought her cry—
We saved her : those Wise Ones and I,

I and her angels ! She hath rest.
Of all Rose-service mine was best.
Oh, sisters sweet ! no longer boast ;
Give me the crown ! My joy was most !

SOME SAVAGE MYTHS AND BELIEFS.

BY J. A. FARRER.

THE question of the universality of religion, of its presence in some form or another in every part of the world, seems to be one of those which lie beyond the bounds of a dogmatic answer. For the accounts of missionaries and travellers, which furnish the only data for its solution, have been so largely vitiated, if not by a consciousness of the interests supposed to be at stake, at any rate by so strong an intolerance for the tenets of native savage religions, that it seems impossible to make sufficient allowance either for the bias of individual writers or for the extent to which they may have misunderstood, or been purposely misled by, their informants.

Although, however, on the subject of native religions we can never hope for more than approximate truth, the reports of missionaries and others, written at different periods of time about the same place or contemporaneously about widely remote places, as they must be free from all possible suspicion of collusion, so they supply a kind of measure of probability by which to test the credibility of any given belief. Thus an idea, too inconceivable to be credited, if only reported of one tribe of the human race, may be safely accepted as seriously held if reported of several tribes in different parts of the world. An Englishman, for instance, however much winds and storms may mentally vex him, would scarcely think of testifying his repugnance to them by the physical remonstrance of his fists and lungs, nor would he easily believe that any people of the earth should seriously treat the wind in this way as a material agent. If he were told that the Namaquas shot poisoned arrows at storms to drive them away, he would show no unreasonable scepticism in disbelieving the fact; but if he learnt on independent authority that the Payaguan Indians of North America rush with firebrands and clenched fists against the wind that threatens to blow down their huts; that in Russia the Esthoni-ans throw stones and knives against a whirlwind of dust, pursuing it with cries; and that also in the Aleutian Islands a whole village will unite to shriek and strike against the raging wind, he would have to acknowledge that the statement about the Namaquas contained in itself

intrinsically improbable. And besides this test of genuine thought, a test which obviously admits of almost infinite application, there is another one no less serviceable in ethnological criticism, namely, where the reality of a belief is supported by customs, spread and otherwise unintelligible. No better illustration can be given of this than the belief, which, asserted by itself, would be utterly disbelieved, in a second life not only for men but for all things; but which, supported as it is by the practice, common to the old world and the new, of burying objects with their owner again with him in another state, is certified beyond all possibility of doubt. If to us there seems no more self-evident truth than that a man can take nothing with him out of the world, a vast mass of evidence proves that the discovery of this truth is one of comparatively modern date, and of still quite partial distribution over the

much, then, being premised as to the nature of the evidence on which our knowledge of the lower races depends, and as to the conditions within which such evidence may be received and its veracity tested, let us proceed to examine some of the higher beliefs of savages, in as far as they bear some analogy to the beliefs on such subjects of advanced societies, are in a sense religious, and, so far at least as the collected information justifies us in judging, seem of independent and independent growth.

The results of ethnology are more interesting than the wide-spread superstitions among savages, arrived at purely by their own reasoning, and, in a creator of things. The recorded instances of such superstitions are, indeed, so numerous as to make it doubtful whether the contrary may not have been based on too scanty information. The difficulty of obtaining sound evidence on such matters is well illustrated by the experience of Dobritzschöffer, the missionary, who spent seven years among the Abipones of America. For when he asked whether the wonderful course of the stars and heavenly bodies had never raised in their minds the thought of an invisible being who had made and guided them, he got not the answer that of what happened in heaven, or of the maker or ruler of the universe, the ancestors of the Abipones had never cared to think, but enough to trouble themselves with in providing grass and water for their horses. Yet the Abipones really believed that they had been created by an Indian like themselves, whose name they mentioned with great reverence, and whom they spoke of as their "grandfather," who he had lived so long ago. He is still, they fancy, to be seen in the clouds; and when that constellation disappears for some months

from the sky they bewail the illness of their grandfather, and congratulate him on his recovery when he returns in May. Still, the creator of savage reasoning is not necessarily a creator of all things, but only of some, like Caliban's Setebos, who made the moon and the sun, and the isle and all things on it,

But not the stars ; the stars came otherwise.

So that it is possible the creator of the Abipones was merely their deified First Ancestor. For on nothing is savage thought more confused than on the connection between the first man who lived on the world and the actual Creator of the world, as if in the logical need of a first cause they had been unable to divest it of human personality, or as if the natural idea of a first man had led to the idea of his having created the world. Thus Greenlanders are divided as to whether Kaliak was really the creator of all things, or only the first man who sprang from the earth. The Minnetarrees of North America believe that at first everything was water, and there was no earth at all, till the First Man, the man who never dies, the Lord of Life, who has his dwelling in the Rocky Mountains, sent down the great red-eyed bird to bring up the earth. The Mingo tribes also "revere and make offerings to the First Man, he who was saved at the great deluge, as a powerful deity under the Master of Life, or *even as identified with him* ;" whilst among the Dog-ribs the First Man, Chapewee, was also creator of the sun and moon. The Zulus of Africa similarly merge the ideas of the First Man and the Creator, the great Unkulunkulu ; as also do the Caribs, who believe that Louquo, the uncreate first Carib, descended from heaven to make the earth, and also to become the father of men.¹ It seems, therefore, not improbable that savage speculation, being more naturally impelled to assume a cause for men than a cause for other things, postulated a First Man as primæval ancestor, and then applying an hypothesis which served so well to account for their own existence, to account for that of the world in general, made the Father of Men the creator of all things : in other words, that the idea of a First Man preceded and prepared the way for the idea of a first cause.

However this may be, and fully admitting the possibility of such low tribes as the Bushmen or Californians being absolutely devoid of any idea of creation at all, let us take some of the more interesting savage fancies about it as typical examples of primitive cosmogony.

In one of the Dog-rib Indian sagas, an important part in the creation is played by a great bird, as among the Minnetarrees ; these

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, ii. 312, 313, and 333.

tribes probably deducing their descent from a bird, as others deduce theirs from a toad or a rattlesnake. Originally, the saga runs, the world was nothing but a wide, waste sea, without any living thing upon it save a gigantic bird, who with the glance of its fiery eyes produced the lightning, and with the flapping of its wings the thunder. This bird, by diving into the sea, caused the earth to appear above it, and proceeded to call all animals to its surface (except indeed the Chippewya Indians, who were descended from a dog). When its work was complete, it made a great arrow, which it bade the Indians keep with great care; and when this was lost, owing to the stupidity of the Chippewyas, it was so angry that it left the earth, and has never since revisited it.

Many thousands of miles separate the Tongan Islands from North America, yet there too we find the idea of the earth having come from the waters, and the Tongan creation myth is especially striking from its strange resemblance to the well-known stories of Cain and Abel, or Romulus and Remus. In the beginning nothing was to be seen above the waste of waters but the Island of Bolotu, which is as everlasting as the gods who dwell there, or as the stars and the sea. One day the god Tangaloa went to fish in the sea, and, feeling something heavy at the end of his line, drew it in, and there perceived the tops of rocks, which continued to increase in size and number till they formed a large continent, and his line broke, and only the Tongan Islands remained above the surface. These Tangaloa, with the help of the other gods, filled with trees and herbs and animals from Bolotu, only of a smaller size and not immortal. Then he bade his two sons take wives and go to dwell in Tonga, dividing the land and dwelling apart. The younger brother was steady and industrious, and made many discoveries; but the elder was idle and slept away his time, and envied the works of his brother, till at last his envy grew so strong, that one day he murdered him. And Tangaloa came in wrath from Bolotu, and asked him why he had slain his brother, and bade him bring his brother's family to him. They were told to take their boats and sail eastward till they came to a great land to dwell in. "Your skin," said Tangaloa, blessing them, "shall be white as your souls, for your souls are pure; you shall be wise, make axes, have all other riches, and great boats. I myself will command the wind to blow from your land to Tonga, but the people of Tonga will not be able with their bad boats to reach you." To the others he said: "You shall be black because your souls are black, and you shall remain poor. You shall not be able to prepare useful things, nor to go to the land of your brothers. But

your brothers hall come to Tonga and do with you as they please."

The Kamchadal belief is instructive, as showing that, by the creation of the world, the savage only means that small portion of it which he knows, and that, so far from it being any proof of his intelligence to suppose a cause for the hills or island which limit his energies, it is rather his want of logical thought which impels him to the belief. For seeing, as he does, a spirit in everything, whether it be moving animal, or rushing wind, or standing stone, and accounting, as he does, for everything by a spirit which is at once its cause and controlling principle, it is only natural that he should draw from his unlimited spirit-world one who made and governs all things. Thus the Kamchadals believe that after Dusdaechschitsh, their supreme deity, of whom they predicate nothing but existence, the greatest god is Kutka. Kutka created the heavens and the earth, and made both eternal, like the men and creatures he placed on the earth. But the Kamchadals openly avow that they think themselves much cleverer than Kutka, who in their eyes is so stupid as to be quite undeserving of prayers or gratitude. If he had been cleverer, they say, he would have made the world much better, and not put into it so many mountains and inaccessible cliffs, nor created such rapid streams, nor caused such great storms of wind and rain. In winter if they are climbing a mountain, or in summer if their canoes come to rapids, they will vent loud curses on Kutka for having made the streams too strong for their canoes, or the mountains so wearisome for their feet.

Nor do the Tamanaks of the Orinoco manifest a much higher conception of a creator than the Kamchadals. They ascribe the creation of the world to Amalivacca, who in the course of his work discussed long with his brother about the Orinoco, having the kind wish to make it so that ships might as easily go up its stream as down, but being compelled to abandon a task which so far transcended his powers. The Tamanaks still show a cave where Amalivacca dwelt when he lived among them, before he took a boat, and sailed to the other side of the sea.

Not only, however, is the idea of a creation of things by a spiritual being quite common among untutored savages, but there is often a belief closely connected therewith that in the beginning death and sickness were unknown in the world, but came into it in consequence of some fault committed by its hitherto immortal occupants. Such a belief, reported as it is from places so widely sundered as Ceylon, North America, and the Tongan Islands, seems effectually to discountenance the suspicion which might otherwise attach to it.

collusion or mistake on the part of our informants. It is the fancy of the Cingalese cosmogony that, in the fifth period of creative energy, the immortal beings who then inhabited the earth ate of certain plants, and thereby involved themselves in darkness and mortality. "It was then they were formed male and female, and lost the power of returning to the heavenly mansions. These beings had theretofore been liable to mental passions, such as envy, covetousness, and ambition. Thereafter, in addition, corporeal passions developed themselves, and the race which now inhabits the earth became subject to all the evils that afflict humanity. After their fall all was darkness."¹ According to the saga of the Dog-rib Indians, the first man who lived upon the earth, when food and other good things abounded, was Chapewee. And Chapewee became the father of children, to whom he gave two kinds of food, black and white, forbidding them, however, to eat of the former. And Chapewee went away for a long journey to bring the sun into the world, and whilst he was away his children were obedient, and ate only of the white fruit, but ate it all. But when Chapewee went away a second time to bring the moon into the world, in their hunger his children forgot the prohibition, and ate of the black fruit. So when Chapewee returned, he was very wroth, and declared that thenceforth the earth should only produce bad fruit, and that men should be subject to sickness and death. Afterwards, indeed, when his family lamented that men should have been made mortal for eating the black fruit, Chapewee granted that those who dreamt certain dreams should have the power of curing sickness, and so of prolonging human life; but that was the extent to which Chapewee relented.² The Caribs, Waraues, and Arawaks are said to believe in two distinct creators of men and women; the creator of the former being superior, and doing neither good nor harm. After he had created men, he came on the earth to see what they were doing; and finding them so bad that they even attempted his own life, he took from them their immortality, and gave it to skin-casting creatures instead.³ The Aleutian Islanders believe that the god who made their islands completed his work by making men to inhabit them; but these men were immortal beings, for when age came over them they had but to climb a lofty mountain and plunge from thence into

¹ Forbes Leslie, *Early Races in Scotland*, i. 177.

² Klemm, *Cultur-Geschichte*, ii. 155-7, where the beliefs are referred to. Franklin's *Second Journey*, p. 308. They are so remarkable as to arouse suspicion that European influence has affected the native imagination; but the influence, if any, seems beyond the reach of criticism in this as in other striking cases of analogy.

³ Quandt, *Surinam*, 256.

a lake, in order to come forth young again and vigorous. Then happened that a mortal woman, who had the misfortune to draw up herself celestial love, remonstrated one day with her lover for having in his creation of the Aleutian Islands, made so many mountains, and forgotten to supply the land with forests. This imprudent criticism caused her brother to be slain by the angry god, and all men after him to be subject to death. A similar idea is contained in one of the Tongan traditions of creation; for when the islands were made, but before they were inhabited by reasonable beings, some two hundred of the lower gods, male and female alike, took a great boat to go to see the new land fished up by Tangaloa. So delighted were they with it that they immediately broke up their big boat, intending to make some smaller ones out of it. But after a few days some of them died; and one of them, inspired by God, told them that since they had come to Tonga, and breathed its air and eaten its fruits, they should be mortal and fill the world with mortals. Then were they sorry that they had broken their big boat, and they set to work to make another, and went to sea, hoping again to reach Bolotu, the heaven they had left; but they could not find it, and so returned regretfully to Tonga. Similarly the Tibetans and Mongolians believe that the first human beings were as gods, till they ate of a certain sweet herb which roused lower feelings within them; then they lost their beauty and their wings, and their years were made few in number and full of bitterness.¹ It seems, indeed, that wherever men have so far advanced in power of thought as to realise the conception of remote antiquity, the troubles of their actual lot have always tempted them to idealise the past, and the glories of the age of gold have been sung by the poets of no particular land or literature. According to the legend in the Zend-Avesta, when Ormuzd created Meschia and Meschiana, the first man and woman, he appointed heaven as their dwelling, under the sole condition of humility, and obedience to the law of pure thought, and pure speech, and pure action. For some time they were a blessing to one another, and lived happily and said it was from Ormuzd that all things came—the water and earth, trees and animals, sun, moon, and stars, and all good roots and fruits on the earth. But at last Ahriman became master over their thoughts, and they ascribed the creation of all things to him. So they lost their happiness and their virtue, and their souls were condemned to remain in Duzakh until the resurrection of their bodies when Sosiosch should restore life to the dead.²

¹ Clodd's *Childhood of Religions*, 45.

Klemm, *Cultur-Geschichte*, vii. 368.

The belief in a future life, a belief probably first suggested in that rude state of culture where the dreaming and waking life are not clearly distinct, but are both equally real, appears to prevail so generally among the lower races, that it is more difficult to find instances where it is *not* found than instances where it is. The dead who visit the living in their sleep are not thought of as dead, but as simply invisible; and for this reason all over the globe it is so common to bury material things in the graves of the departed, to serve them in that other world which is so vividly conceived as but a continuation of this one. The American Indian takes his horses, the Greenlander his reindeer, and both the common requisites of earthly economy; just as the Oriental takes his slaves and his wives to accompany him on that journey, which, as it is imagined so distinctly, is undertaken without mystery to a fresh existence. Till lately, in parts of Sweden, a man's pipe and tobacco-pouch, some money and lights, were interred with him; and at Reichenbach, in Germany, a man's umbrella and goloshes are still placed in his grave.¹ The Russian Christian priest places on a man's breast, as he lies in his coffin, a pass, which, besides being inscribed with his Christian name and the dates of his birth and death, is also a certificate of his baptism, as well as of the piety of his life and of his having partaken of the communion before his death. These are but survivals of savage ideas, which picture the continuation of consciousness far more vividly than more advanced religions. The Delawar Indian used to make an opening at the head-end of the coffin, that the soul of the deceased might go in and out till it had thoroughly settled on its future place of residence. When the Chippewyas killed their aged relatives who could hunt no more, the medicine-song used proves the simple faith which made the cruel deed an act of mercy: "The Lord of life gives courage. It is true, all Indians know that he loves us, and we give over to him our father, that he may feel himself young in another land and able to hunt." It is possible, indeed, that the attention shown by savages to their dead, by burying their property, which would have been of use to the survivors, or placing food on their graves at periodical feasts, arose rather from fear than from any kinder motive, dictated by the dread always felt by

¹ Koehler: *Volksbrauch im Voightland*, 444. "Dem Verstorbenen giebt man die Gegenstände mit in das Grab, welche er im Leben am liebsten hatte: so ist es geschehen, dassman selbst Regenschirm und Gummischuhe mitgab. (Reichenbach.) In Schweden hat man dem Todten Tabakspfeife, Tabaksbeutel, Geld und Feuerzeug mitgegeben, damit er nicht spuke..... In einem Grabe des Gottesackers zu Elsterberg wurde eine Anzahl Kupfermünzen gefunden."

the living of the dead, and the wish to allay them, if possible, some peace-offering. The Samojed sorcerer, after a funeral, goes through the ceremony of soothing the departed, that he may trouble the survivors nor take their best game; a feeling further illustrated by their habit of not taking the dead out to be buried by the regular hut door, but by a side opening that if possible they may not find their way back—a habit found also in Greenland and in many other parts of the world. For the fear of the dead is a universal sentiment, and prevails no less among the Abipones, who think that sorcerers can bring the dead from the graves to visit the living, or among the Kaffirs, who think that the dead men alone live a second time, and try to kill the living by night, or among the ignorant, who still believe in the blood-sucking vampire belief which little more than a century ago amounted to a kind of epidemic in Hungary, and resulted in a general disinterment, and the burning or staking of the suspected bodies. So that in burying the dead with a man it was probably thought that the dead would be less likely to haunt the dwellings of the living, if they were not compelled to re-seek upon earth those articles of daily use which they knew would be found there.

But the savage belief in a future is very variable; nor could we expect to find it much affected by ideas of earthly morality, where such ideas themselves hardly appear to exist. At most, it is the men of rank and courage who live again, while cowards and the commonalty perish utterly; generally there is no qualification of any kind. The Bedouins have no fixed belief at all, some thinking that after death they are changed into screech-owls, and others that if a camel is slain on their graves they will return to life riding on it, but otherwise on foot. All North American Indians are said to believe in the continual life of the soul, and, because they think themselves the highest beings on earth, postulate a hereafter, where all their earthly longings will be satisfied.¹ But they trouble themselves little about it, thinking that the god they recognise as supreme is too good to punish them. Thus the Indians of Arauco look forward to an eternal life in a beautiful land, which lies to the west far over the sea, whither souls are taken by the sailor Tempulazy, and where is no punishment: for Pillican, their god, the Lord of the world, would not inflict pain.² The Tunguz Lapps look on the next life as simply a continuation of this one; in it there will be no punishment, for here everyone is as good as he can be, and the gods kill men

¹ Klemm, *Cultur-Geschichte*, ii. 165.

² Stevenson, *Travels in South America*. i. 58.

tantly, but are thereby satisfied. The Patagonians seem to all men to the enjoyment of eternal drunkenness in the caves of ancestral deities—an idea of future happiness which recalls the man's celestial bowls of liquor to be quaffed in Paradise, where times never rise to the drinker's head.¹ In the Polynesian there is a similar absence of any idea of retribution. There is, hence, no moral qualification, but only one of rank, for Bolotu, happy land of the dead which lies far away to the north-west of beyond the reach of Tongan boats, and greater than all the islands put together, wherein abound beautiful and useful whose plucked fruit instantly grows again; where a delicious ce fills the air, and birds of the loveliest colours sit upon the where the woods swarm with pigs, which are immortal so long are not eaten by the gods. Nothing shows so well the want of endence of imagination on race, as the great similarity of those d earths which constitute the heavens of the most distant. The Mohawk Indian, who visits in a dream the unseen reports of it, in language recalling that of Homer, that it is a land there is neither day nor night, for the sun never rises nor sets; rain and tomahawks and arrows are never seen; where pipes everywhere, lying ready to be smoked; where the earth is ever and trees ever in leaf; where there is no need of bearskin nor; where, if you would travel, the rivers will take your boat soever you will, without the need of rudder or paddle. Just as Tongan Bolotu the plucked fruit is replaced, so there the goat rily offers its shoulder to the hungry man, in full confidence will grow again, and the beaver for the same reason makes a sacrifice of its beautiful tail.²

far there is no idea of a future life as in any way affected by e. But such ideas do exist among savages, and are extremely ing as indications of the growth of their moral ideas. The most necessary for a savage is pre-eminently courage, and e therefore appears as the first recognised virtue, and first lays as such, to consideration hereafter. The Brazilians believed e souls of the dead became beautiful birds, whilst cowards were into reptiles. The Minnetarrees think that there are two s which receive the dead; but that the cowardly and bad go to all one, whilst the brave and good occupy the larger. Among ribs, who entertain the strange fancy that they have as many s they feel nerves in their body, but that the chief of these

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, ii. 66 and 77.

² Klemm, *Cultur-Geschichte*, ii. 166.

resides in the heart and goes to heaven at death, whilst the others to the sea or the woods, we meet with the reservation of happiness to the souls of the brave. They alone will live merrily, dancing, feasting and talking; they alone will swim in the great streams, feeling fatigue; the Arawaks will either serve them as slaves or wander about in desert mountains. Somewhat similar was the faith of the Mexicans, who divided the future world into three parts: the first, the House of the Sun, where the days were spent in joyful attendance on that luminary, with songs and games and dances, by such brave soldiers as had died in battle or as prisoners had been sacrificed to the gods, and by women who had died in giving children to the community; the second, the kingdom of Tlalocan, hidden among the Mexican mountains, not so bright as the former, but cool and pleasant, and filled with unfailing pumpkins and tomatoes reserved for priests and for children sacrificed to Tlaloc, and for all persons killed by lightning, or drowning, or sickness; the third, the kingdom of Mictlauteuctli, reserved for all other persons, but with nothing said of any punishment there awaiting them. One of the beliefs in Greenland is that heaven is situated in the sky or the moon, and that the journey thither is so easy that a soul may reach it the same evening that it quits the body, and play at ball and dance with those other departed souls, who are encamped round the great lake and shine in heaven as the northern lights. But others say that it is only witches and bad people who join the heavenly lights, where they not only enjoy no rest, owing to the rapid revolutions of the sky, but are so plagued with ravens that they cannot keep them from settling in their hair. They believe that heaven lies under the earth or sea, where dwells Torngarsuk, the Creator, with his mother, in perpetual summer and beautiful sunshine. There the water is good and there is no night, and there are plenty of birds, and fish, and seals, and reindeer, all to be caught at pleasure, or ready cooking in a great kettle; but these delights are reserved for persons who have done great deeds and worked steadfastly, who have caught many whales or seals, or who have been drowned at sea, or have died in childbirth. These persons alone may hope to join the great company, and feast on inconsumable seals. Even then they must slide for five days down the blood-stained precipice; and unhappy they to whom the journey falls in stormy weather or in winter, for then they may suffer that other death of total extinction, especially if their survivors disturb them by their noise or affect them injuriously by the food they eat. The Kamchadal belief is very curious, and shows how the idea of compensation in the next world for the evils of this—an idea already

rent in the Mexican and Greenland beliefs—may have been the distinction between the Continuance and Retribution theories of the fate of the soul. They imagine that the dead come to a place below the earth, where Haetsch dwells, son of Kutka, the Creator, and the first man who died on earth, now Lord of the under-world and the receiver of souls. To those who come dressed in fine furs, he gives fat dogs before their sledges, he gives instead old ragged and lean dogs; but to those who have known poverty on earth he gives new furs and beautiful dogs, and also a better place to live than the others. The dead live again as on earth; their wives are added to them, and they build ostrogs again, and catch fish, and sing; and there is less storm and snow than above ground, more people; indeed, abundance of everything.

It is easy to conceive how, when once the idea had been reached that the brave deserved compensation in the next world for their courage, the poor for their earthly wretchedness, or the sick for their earthly sufferings, and all men for the misfortune of premature death, it should also be inferred, as soon as any criterion between good and badness more refined than the mere difference between the brave and cowardice had been attained, that the good should have an advantage over the bad, and from such an inference to a complete theory of retribution and punishment of the bad the logical result seems fairly obvious. Few things, indeed, are more remarkable in the lower races than the general absence of the ideas we associate with hell. At most the idea of future punishment is negative—the lives of slaves and cowards terminating in a total cessation of consciousness, as opposed to its continuance for warriors and the brave.

Still, the idea of difficulty in attaining the blessed abodes, such as that above noticed as prevalent in Greenland—an idea, as Taylor suggests, probably connected with the sun's passage from the sky to the west, where the happy land is so generally believed to lie—is very common, and from such an idea it is natural to connect the difficulty of the journey to Paradise with the destruction of those whose presence in it would mar its blessedness.

The trial of merit generally lies either in the passage of a river or over a narrow bridge, or in the climbing of a steep mountain. The Chocataws, for instance, believe that the dead have to pass a long slippery pine-log, across a deep and rapid river, on the other side of which stand six persons, who pelt new-comers with stones, and the bad ones to fall in.¹ The Blackfoot Indians, on the other

¹For other instances of the myth of the heaven-bridge, and its wide range, see *Early History of Mankind*, 348.

hand, believe that departed souls have to climb a steep mountain from the summit of which is seen a great plain, with new tents and swarms of game. The dwellers in that happy plain then advance to meet them and welcome those who have led a good life, but they reject the bad—those who have soiled their hands in the blood of their countrymen—and throw them headlong from the mountain. Fijians think that even the brave have some difficulty in reaching the judgment-seat of Ndengei, and provide the dead with war clubs to resist Sama and his host, who will dispute their passage. Celibacy is in their eyes apparently the only offence which calls for peremptory and hopeless punishment. Unmarried Fijians “try in vain to steal, at low water, round to the edge of the reef, where Nangananga, destroyer of wifeless souls, sits, laughing at their hopeless efforts, and asking them if they think the tide will never flow again till at last the rising flood drives the shivering ghosts to the beach, and Nangananga dashes them in pieces on the great black stone on which one shatters rotten firewood.”¹ The Norwegian Lapps consider that abstinence from stealing, lying, and quarrelling entitles a man to compensation hereafter. Such receive after death a new body and live with the higher gods in Saiwo, and indulge in hunting, magic, brandy-drinking and smoking, to a far higher degree than is possible on earth. Wicked men, perjurers, and thieves go to the place of the bad spirits, to Gerre-Mubben-Aimo.² The idea of compensation of the good leads naturally to the idea of retribution to the bad; and even among the Guinea Coast negroes we find few inducements to the practice of such moral duties as they recognize. For they are wont to make for themselves idols, called Suma, whose favour they endeavour to secure by abstinence from certain kinds of food, believing that after death those who have been constant in their vows of abstinence and in offerings to the Suma will come to a large inland river, where a god enquires of every man how he has lived his days on earth, and those who have not kept their vows are drowned and destroyed for ever. The inland-dwelling negroes declare that at this river dwells a powerful god in a beautiful house, which, though always exposed, is never touched by rain. He knows all past and present things, as though he had been present. He can send any kind of weather he pleases, heal sicknesses, and work miracles. Before him must all the dead appear; the good to receive a happy and peaceful life, the bad to be killed for ever by the large wooden club which hangs before his door. Lastly, it may be noticed

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, ii. 23.

² Klemm, *Cultur-Geschichte*, iii. 71-77.

that many negro tribes believe that death will take them to the land of the European, and give them the white man's skin; but, as they generally paint their devil white, we cannot be sure that such a change is not rather dreaded as a punishment for the bad than regarded as a change for the better.

So far it appears that savages have developed from the promptings and imaginings of their own minds some ideas of a Creator and of a soul, as well as of a hereafter to some extent dependent on earthly antecedents. It is of course difficult to judge how far the missionaries or travellers, who have mainly supplied the only evidence we have, may have clearly understood, or how much they may have unintentionally imported into, beliefs they represent as purely indigenous. In many cases a remarkable similarity may lead us to suspect that the belief is not native, but implanted at some time by Christian or other influence, though traces of such influence may be absolutely wanting, or at least not proved. Thus there can be little doubt whence Sissa, the devil of the Guinea Coast negroes, derived the pair of horns and long tail with which he is usually depicted. But, on the other hand, we cannot lay down any rigid canon for the imaginations of men, and say that if one belief is identical with another a thousand miles off it must therefore have been borrowed, and cannot be of independent growth. Indeed, when we reflect on the limited nature of the mental faculties of savages, on the limited range of objects for their minds to work upon, on their childlike fear of the dark and the unseen, and their still more childlike delight in the indulgence of their fancy, so far from there being anything strange in the analogies of thought between distant tribes, the strangeness would rather be if such analogies did not exist. It is probable that children tell one another much the same stories in London as they do at the Antipodes, and there is no more reason to be surprised at finding much the same theologies current in Africa as in Australia or Ceylon. The same sun which colours men's skins alike, colours their minds alike too; and myths, like dreams, with all the apparent field for variety in their formation, are really subject to the closest laws of uniformity and sameness.

We have, however, to be careful, in applying terms of our own religious phraseology to savage thoughts and fancies, to discriminate between the higher and lower meaning they bear, and always to employ them in the lower. The belief, already noticed, of the Kamchadals in Kutka well illustrates how different is the meaning involved in the Kamchadal theory of creation from that involved in Genesis or the Zend-Avesta. The same is true of the belief in a soul and its future life; for

the savage, intensely vivid as is his future beyond the grave, seldom doubts for an instant but that he will share it with all the rest, not only of the animate, but of the inanimate world. That is why Laplanders bury axes, and clothes, and food with the person they belong to, that they may accompany him to the next world. So of the animate world. The Kamchadal believes that the smallest fly that breathes will rise after death to live again in the under-world.¹ If the Laplander expects that all honest people will re-meet in Aimo, he as fully expects that bears and wolves will meet there too. The Greenlanders believe that all the heavenly bodies were once Greenlanders, or animals, and that they shine with a pale or red light according to the food they ate on earth. He also believes that when all things now living on the earth are dead, and the earth cleansed from their blood by a great water-flood; when the purified dust is consolidated again by a great wind, and a fairer earth, all plain and no cliffs, is substituted for the present one; when Priksoma, he who is above, breathes on men that they may live again—then animals will also rise again and be in great abundance. The old inhabitants of Anahuac and Egypt believed equally that animals would share the next world with them; and, if the universality of an opinion were any reason for its credibility, few opinions could claim a better title to acceptance than this one. So confident were the Swedish Lapps of the future life of animals, that whenever they killed one in sacrifice they buried the bones in a box, that the gods might more easily restore it to life.² There is really nothing very unnatural in this idea, when we remember that in the lower stages of culture mankind not only admits the equality of brutes with himself, but even acknowledges their superiority by actual worship of them. It is not difficult to understand how it is that savages who see deities in everything, in the motionless mountain or stone no less than in the rushing river or wind, should see in animals deities of extraordinary power, whose capacities infinitely transcend their own. Recognising, as they do, in the tiger a strength, in the deer a speed, in the monkey a cunning, all superior to their own, they naturally conceive of them as deities whom above all others it is expedient to humour by adoration and sacrifice. Some negro tribes, holding that all animals enshrine a spirit, which may injure or benefit themselves, will refrain from eating certain animals.

¹ Klemm, *Cultur-Geschichte*, ii. 315. "Jedes Thier, auch die kleinste Fliege, ersteht sofort nach ihrem Tode und lebt unter der Erde."

² *Ib.* iii. 83. "Endlich wurden die besondern Theile nebst den Knochen in der Kiste begraben. Man glaubte, das Opferthier werde von den Göttern wieder belebt und in den Saiwo versetzt."

perfectly edible, and endeavour to propitiate them by life-tion. Thus some regularly offer food at the earth-houses, or fatten sheep and goats, for a purely temporary and per-ritual advantage. It is on account of their divine and nature that the well-known custom of apologising to animals the chase is so general among savages. It is simply a depre-any *post-mortem* vindictiveness on the part of the animal's natives of Greenland refrain from breaking seals' heads them into the sea ; but they pile them in a heap before poor, that the souls of the seals may not be angry, and in frighten living seals away. The Lapps are so afraid that the animal whose flesh they have killed may take its a disembodied spirit, that before eating it they not only don for its death, but perform the ceremony of treating it uts or other delicacies, that it may be led to believe it s a guest—not to be eaten, but to eat. Another Kam-y indicates how savages, whose theory of cause and effect be that it is quite sufficient for two things to be connected neously for one to be cause and the other effect, are led ially to see deities in birds, from the observation that weather are associated with their arrival and departure. associated with a thing is to be caused by it, and so irds take away or bring the summer with them. For the the spring and the wagtails return together the Kam-ks the wagtail for bringing back the spring, and it is pro-a similar confusion of thought that he thanks the ravens for fine weather.¹

the myths, however, most widely spread over the world, n to races in all stages of culture, from the most barbarous civilised, ranks above all the myth of an all-destructive ch may well have arisen, as Mr. Tylor suggests, to account ils and bones found far inland, and at high levels, or may e to the actual subsidence of a large continent, of which esian Islands are now the only remains. There are as well as ethnological reasons for supposing such a to have occurred ; but, without here speculating on its on the length of time during which it may have been in e is worth noticing that the traditions of a flood, which his day in the most distant localities of the globe, may not refer to a fact which, as it was the most stupendous in

emm, *Cultur-Geschichte*, ii. 329, from Steller's *Kam-chatka*.

human history, has not unnaturally impressed itself most permanently on human memory. Such traditions exist in India, East Tartary, Greenland, Kamchatka, in the Society Islands, among the Dog-Indians, just as they did in ancient Greece, Mexico, and Chaldea. Thus the Hindûs believe that the world was once deluged and all inhabitants destroyed, that it was set up again on the back of a floating tortoise, and that when the tortoise sinks under its load there will be a deluge again. The Greenlanders appealed to the bones of whales found on their mountains, in support of the assertion that the world had once been tilted over, and all men drowned but one; he struck upon the ground with his stick, and a woman came forth, with whom he repopled the earth. Similarly in East Tartary, oyster-shells lying far from the sea were accounted for by the tradition that in remote antiquity a deluge had flooded the land. The Kamchadals believe that the earth was once flooded, and many persons drowned, though they tried to save themselves in boats. But only some who made great rafts by tying trees together saved themselves, together with their property, and by letting down stones as anchors prevented themselves from drifting out to sea. When the waters subsided the rafts rested on the mountain tops. The Mexicans held that the fourth age of the world, that is the present age, would be destroyed by fire, so they thought that the first age, created by Tezcatlipoca, had been destroyed by water; but they also held that the second age had been destroyed by an earthquake, and the third by a wind, each age being ultimately destroyed by the element of which it was the representative. The Dog-rib Indian tradition is very curious, whether we regard it as of purely native growth or influenced by Christian teaching. Chapewee lived with his family in a strait between two seas, and when he had constructed a dyke wherein to catch fish, so many flowed in that the strait was blocked with them, and the water rose till it flooded the land. The Chapewee took his family and all kinds of birds and four-footed beasts into his canoe, and, when the water did not subside, he took measures to discover land. He began by sending out a beaver to look for it. But the beaver was drowned; and Chapewee then sent out a musk-rat, who was away so long that when he returned he was nearly dead with fatigue, but he brought a little earth in his paw. With this Chapewee made the earth, by laying it on the water, till it grew to the size of an island, whereon he placed a wolf as its first inhabitant. But the wolf was too heavy for the island, and received orders to run round constantly at the edges, till after a year the earth had grown so large that Chapewee was able to ship over to it all the

animals from his canoe. Finally it grew to the American continent, wherein Chapewee made river and sea beds, by making grooves in the earth with his fingers; and he then appointed their dwellings and qualities to all animals, and birds, and fishes.¹

It is noticeable, however, in the above traditions that there is an entire absence of the idea, so familiar to ourselves from the account in Genesis, of the deluge resulting from any fault committed by the men then living on the earth. At most, the germ of such an idea may be discovered in the tradition of the Society Islanders, who say that a fisherman once caught his hook in the hair of the great sea-god as he lay asleep in his coral groves, and the god, angry at being roused, caused the waters to arise and flood the very tops of the mountains, and drown the inhabitants. With a strange inconsistency, however, he let the offending fisherman and his family find refuge on a coral island, whence they issued to repopulate the earth. But the Chaldæan account of the deluge, only of recent years deciphered, compares remarkably with the Mosaic, not only in its general features, but in the connection of the catastrophe with human wickedness. Hasisadra, the sage, who with his wife escaped the general destruction, tells Izdubar, the giant, how he built a vessel according to the directions of Hea, to save himself and his family from the universal deluge which the gods sent upon the earth to punish the wickedness of men; how the deluge lasted six days, and on the seventh, when the storm ceased, the vessel was stranded for seven days on the mountains of Nizir; and how on the seventh day Hasisadra sent out first a dove and then a swallow, both of whom, finding no resting-place, returned to the vessel, till a raven was sent forth and did not return; and Hasisadra sent out the animals to the four winds, and poured out a libation in thanksgiving, and built an altar on the summit of the mountain.²

It is of course possible that all these deluge legends, scattered so widely over the world, if they are traditions of a fact at all, and not rather pure myths, like the myths of the great First Man, relate simply to changes in the level of sea and land, which at different times may have caused extensive inundations in different localities, and not to any general deluge acting at one time over the greater portion of the globe. A local flood, like that which on the occasion of an earthquake in 1819 was caused by the sea flowing in at the eastern mouth of the Indus, and converting within the space of a few hours a district of 2,000 square miles into a vast lagoon, would naturally be an event which would remain for ever in the oral traditions of the

¹Klemm, *Cultur-Geschichte*, ii. 156. ²*Year-book of Facts*, 1876, pp. 285-6.

district, and tend to become exaggerated when the event itself was forgotten. So it may have been where other legends of deluges occur. But in the present state of our knowledge, or rather ignorance, it seems safest on the whole to regard all such legends as pure nature-myths, of which we may possibly have the key in the Greenland belief, that the souls of the dead are encamped round a large lake in the sky, which when it overflows causes rain upon earth, and would cause a universal deluge if at any time its floodgates were burst.

Whether then, in conclusion, it be true or not that the more civilised nations of the earth have gone through stages of growth in which their religious conceptions resembled those of contemporary savage tribes, one result at least is clear, that the actual standpoint of the savage with regard to the great mysteries of existence is removed *toto cælo* from that of Christian, or Mahometan, or Parsee. The creator he believes in is not so much the cause of all things as the maker of some things, because seemingly the first father of men needed the wherewithal to exercise his energies. The savage's soul is simply his breath or ghost, which indeed will survive his body, but may lose its identity in the body of an animal or thing, destined like himself to live again. He conceives of himself generally as not mortal, but not therefore as immortal. For his future is but a repetition of his present, with the same base wants and pursuits, only with a greater possibility of indulgence, and not necessarily indefinite in duration. It is perhaps some compensation for this, that, if it does not hold out great hopes, its prospect serves to deprive death of its terror, and brightens the sufferings of the passing day. No thought of possibly flying from present evils to find still greater ones awaiting him after death would ever occur to a savage, and he will even kill himself, or cheerfully submit to be killed by his friends, in order to realise the sooner the difference imagined between earth and heaven. The powers of evil which vex him here will be absent hereafter, and the Spirit he recognises as supreme in his hierarchy of invisible powers is either conceived as too beneficent to punish, or, if he punishes at all, as likely to punish at once and for ever. Such ideas, it must be allowed, widely distinguish savage from civilised religion, and may seem to be difficulties in any theory of growth or natural development of one from the other almost as great as those involved in the differences of anatomical structure between man and ape, which are still thought by many to set an impassable barrier between their species. We can here only state the difficulty, *without attempting to solve it.*

CALCUTTA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JAMES HUTTON.

IN the last quarter of the eighteenth century, Calcutta—to judge from Mr. Seton-Karr's selections from the *Gazettes* of the period—must have been a much more sociable and enjoyable place to live in than it is at the present day. It is somewhat startling, however, to find the salubrity of the climate pronounced superior to that of any other part of the world, on the ground that, of a hundred subscribers to a Tontine established in 1785 for the benefit of survivors, not one had died in the space of two years and a half. Appeals to chance, indeed, seem to have been much in vogue. Independently of the State lotteries, schemes were frequently organised on the same principle to raise money for any particular purpose, or to obtain an exceptionally high price for articles otherwise not easily disposable. It was by this means that funds were collected for the erection of a church, and in this manner Mr. Tiretta disposed of his bazaar for the goodly sum of nearly £20,000. Other house property valued at £12,000 he got rid of in the same way; that is, by issuing 3,200 tickets at £10 each, and offering as a bait six prizes, estimated respectively at £19,600, £3,900, £3,600, £2,500, £1,600, and £800. Captain Dance, again, must have made a very good thing out of his "Raffle for Europe Goods," consisting of 150 subscribers at 100 sicca rupees each, with ten prizes. "The highest of three throws doublets, to have the first prize of 3,500 rupees; the second highest, the second prize of 2,500, and so on. All tie throws to be determined after every subscriber has thrown." This was fair enough, no doubt, but £60 is a stiff price for a gold horizontal stop-watch; and so, too, is £100 for a lady's gold enamelled watch and chain. The silver drawing instruments at £14, the ladies' paste shoe-buckles at £8 10s. the pair, the two salad forks at £5 12s., and the spectacles in silver case at £5, ought all to have been very good of their kind, as well as the cambric at £12 the piece, and the Scotch holland at £10 for 24 yards. Messrs. Moore & Co. likewise informed the public that they had "in agitation a scheme of a lottery for Europe goods to the amount of *sicca rupees* 60,000. The number of tickets

to be 600 at 100 rupees each ; that of Prizes of various amounts 200 and of Blanks 397 ; so that there will not be two blanks to a prize. In like manner Messrs. Stewarts, the coach-builders, raffled "a new elegant, and fashionable Europe coach, with a set of plated harness for four horses, with postillion saddles, and long spare traces; thirty subscribers at £20 each, barely covering the cost price—at least, if the advertisement be worthy of credence. Messrs. William & Rankin also offered sixty-one prizes, of the aggregate value of £4,000, to 400 purchasers of £10 tickets; but it is probable that a ample margin was allowed for profit when a sofa and twelve chairs were valued at £60, a looking-glass at £20, a table clock at £26, a tea urn at £70, and when the bulk of the prizes consisted of rings, pins, pearls, and paintings. Apropos of paintings, the fashionable Calcutta painter of the day was the celebrated Zoffany, whose portrait of the Governor-General, the Hon. Warren Hastings, was engraved by J. Bettridge, of Loll Bazar ; and the engraving readily sold at two gold mohurs, or £3 4s. Artistic achievements were certainly rather dear. Six shillings for a sheet almanack, although "particularly adapted for Calcutta," and containing besides "a table of remarkable events since the creation," seems a good deal to give for information of the kind, just as ten rupees for an Indian calendar might have been thought likely to diminish the sale. Under all the circumstances, in the case, however, it would be unfair to cavil at the charge of eight rupees per mensem, made by Messrs. Maxwell & Co. for the use of the circulating library, seeing that they undertook to "furnish a collection of the most approved ancient and modern authors on medicine, surgery, anatomy, and chemistry."

In truth, even in these more thrifty times, a rupee in India is barely equivalent to a shilling in England, and is squandered with greater alacrity on both trivial and charitable objects. Be that as it may, the abolition of lotteries—with the exception of Derby sweepstakes—is not the only change that has come over Calcutta society. The visit of a Duke of Edinburgh or of a Prince of Wales may at long intervals stir the sluggish depths of that weary and home-sick community, but no journalist would nowadays hazard the statement that "such are the attractions of Calcutta during the present cold season that two ladies who intended to return to Europe on the *Pharos* have, we understand, lately resolved to remain for the present, and to proceed on one of the last ships." In the days of Lord Cornwallis, however, a subscription assembly was held every fortnight in the Old Court House, throughout the cold season—a hot supper including oysters and ice (the latter made at the Hooghly ice-factory).

being a conspicuous feature of the entertainment. The annual subscription was five gold mohurs, £8; but tickets could be had, on the recommendation of a subscriber, for twelve rupees for each assembly. During the administration of Warren Hastings these balls seem to have come off weekly, doors being opened at half-past seven. "The minuettes to commence precisely at one-half past eight, and supper be served at one-half past ten. The dancing to begin immediately after supper, and two Country Dances and a Cotillon to be continued alternately through the evening. No hookahs to be admitted upstairs."

On one occasion we read that the ball "was opened by Mrs. Bristow and Mr. Camac. The minuet walkers were few, but the lively country-dance runners bounding and abounding." The assemblies concluded with an annual masquerade ball. In 1788 it took place on the 13th of March, when the Old Court House was "illuminated in a superb style, and the illuminations so disposed as to render the rooms exceedingly light, and at the same time perfectly cool." The front rooms were left entirely open, and the supper rooms opened at half-past eleven, when a cold collation was provided "and all kinds of wine of the best quality." Tickets cost a gold mohur, £1 12s., each, and the company were "requested to come up the Front Stairs." At an earlier period masquerade balls were evidently of more frequent occurrence, though it is possible that these additional balls were got up as a private speculation by the spirited proprietor of the Harmonic Hall. In any case, Mr. Creighton announced the second for the season, for the 31st of January, 1786, tickets for non-subscribers being charged at two gold mohurs; the doors to be opened at eight, and supper served at eleven. Masks and dominoes could be obtained at the Harmonic, if sent for a day or two previously. In the preceding year a masquerade was given on the 24th of March, "the rooms and tents being fitted up with taste, in a style entirely new to this country." Among the "most remarkable characters" are mentioned:—

Huneeamunea, an admirable mask, and astonishingly well supported the whole night; two Gypsies, very smart and witty in their questions and replies; an Oxonian, by a lady, who supported the character with great spirit; two boarding-school Misses and their Governess, excellent; a French Beau and Belle, very entertaining; three admirable Sailors, who sang a glee; an Armenian Gentleman and Lady, much in character; a very good Milkmaid; a Naggah, very capital; a smart Ballad Singer, but was so modest she could not venture to sing; an excellent Jew; a fortune-telling Gypsy, very good; a Watchman; an Harlequin and Clown, very lively and active; a Joghee, well performed; a Soldier, a good mask; an imitable Housemaid; a Metrany, capital; a French Pastrycook; a French Pedlar; a Subadar; a Turk; a Moonshee; several Moghuls, Persians, and Moormen.

The King's Birthday was usually kept about the 8th or 9th of December, instead of on the 4th of June, by reason of the great heat at the proper date. St. Andrew's Day was also celebrated much in the present fashion, and in 1785 a grand entertainment was given at the Government House, at Madras, in honour of the patron saint of Scotland. "A number of loyal toasts were drunk, and the utmost festivity, harmony, mirth, and good humour prevailed. Some of the choice spirits did not break up till near two o'clock the next morning." The "Qui Hyes" were not a whit behind the "Mulls" in love of pleasure and appreciation of good living. On New Year's Day, 1788, the Governor-General invited "a very large and respectable company" to the Old Court House, "where an elegant dinner was prepared. The toasts were as usual echoed from the cannon's mouth, and merited this distinction from their loyalty and patriotism."

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to the earth.

The dinner was followed up by a ball, in which Lady Chambers, the wife of the Chief Justice, and Colonel Pearse, in command of the artillery at Dum Dum, "danced the first minuet; and the succeeding ones continued till about half after eleven o'clock, when the supper tables presented every requisite to gratify the most refined Epicurean. The ladies soon resumed the pleasures of the dance, and knit the rural braid in emulation of the Poet's Sister Graces, till four in the morning, while some disciples of the Jolly God of Wine testified their satisfaction in Pæans of exultation." In that particular year the King's Birthday was not kept till the 15th of December, on which occasion the Governor-General's table was "graced by the Governors of the Dutch and Danish Settlements, the Nabob Saadut Aly and his son, two of the Judges, and others of the principal gentlemen of the Settlement. The entertainment being private, however, the King's health was not echoed from the cannon's mouth." There was, of course, a ball in the evening. "The minuets, which began a little before ten o'clock, were so few as to allow a country dance before supper. They were opened by Madame Shefaleski and Colonel Pearse. The country dances were resumed after supper, and continued till past three in the morning. The Nabob Saadut Aly and his son were among the company, and stayed till near two. What their sentiments on the occasion were we have not heard"—and probably just as well. The News-Writer to the last King of Delhi, in describing the dinner and ball given by the Resident in 1852 in

honour of Her Majesty's Birthday, dwelt emphatically on the large consumption of the flesh of the unclean animal and of forbidden liquors. After which, he went on to say, the company withdrew to another apartment, when every sahib seized the wife of another sahib and pulled her round and round, till they all became giddy and fell down together in a promiscuous heap. Even in the present day the natives find it difficult to reconcile with their notions of modesty and decorum the appearance of virtuous women, often *décolletées*, in the character of nach-dancers. Under Lord Cornwallis the drama flourished in a vigorous condition. The preference seems to have been given to Shaksparian plays, with the occasional introduction of Rowe's "Fair Penitent" and of various musical pieces and farces. The performers were amateurs, and we find the Governor-General apologising for his absence on a particular evening. The prices of admission were tolerably high—a gold mohur to the boxes and sixteen shillings to the pit. Oratorios were also attempted, and not unsuccessfully if we may credit the eulogistic report of the performance of Handel's "Messiah," on the 11th of May 1786. "The songs and recitations," we are assured, "would have been applauded on any theatre in Europe, and the management of the chorusses exceeded every expectation. Equal praise is due to the instrumental performers, who entered perfectly into the spirit of the composer, and to a refined taste added the most correct execution. In short, it was a most delicious treat to the lovers of musick." It is very doubtful if an oratorio of any kind could be got up in the Calcutta of 1877, and certainly not in the broiling month of May. Concerts, too, were frequently given, under the management of a Mr. Oehme, a teacher of music. The subscription was eighty rupees, "the ladies of the families of subscribers being invited by tickets with their names upon them." Not even Vauxhall was wanting to the votaries of pleasure. Mr. Gairard announced, for six o'clock in the evening of Friday, the 8th of December, 1786, a grand representation of the "Metamorphosis of Jupiter into a Shower of Gold." "There will be musick Champetre," he continues, "playing in different parts of the Gardens, while the Ladies and Gentlemen may amuse themselves at the agreeable exercise of throwing out small rockets, &c. to win prizes. At seven, the concert, directed by Mr. Oehme, will begin; at eight precisely the grand exhibition; at nine all the walks in the gardens will be illuminated, and another Concert. N.B. Refreshments of all kinds at a reasonable price;" the price one gold mohur for each ticket, issued at the General Bank. By 1788 a perceptible difference was observable in these "Vauxhall Exhibitions of Fireworks." Tickets could then be had at the door, and walking about had evidently ceased to be the

correct thing, for boxes were provided for families at sixty rupees each including refreshments. Three sets or tiers of boxes had also been introduced, the tickets to which cost respectively for ladies, eight, for gentlemen, sixteen, and two rupees, while gentlemen's tickets were double those prices. The fireworks were to commence at eight o'clock, with a detached piece exhibiting "The Compliments," and to culminate in a grand display entitled "The Garden of Pleasure." Vauxhall was then situated at Cossinant Baboo's Garden House in Dhurrumtollah, and Mr. Gairan informs his patrons that "the Garden is laid out in very great order with the additional advantage of new walks all covered in, to protect the company from the vapours of the evening, and when illuminated will afford a very pleasing Coup d'Œil." Nothing of the kind is now to be seen in Calcutta, nor would any speculation of the kind have the slightest chance of success except through the support of quite the lower strata of the community. In those days society was confined to the Civil and Military Services, everyone being acquainted with his neighbour, as an Indian career signified a continuous residence of many years in that country. Even such a mild excitement was acceptable as might be administered by the ascent of a carless balloon, filled with rarefied air, and measuring from 6 to 8 feet in diameter.

The two principal taverns were the London and the Harmonic irreverently styled Punch Houses. The former could boast of two spacious assembly rooms, the one 68 feet by 22, the other 96 by 36, the proprietors putting in a further claim to "encouragement and support from a generous public" on the ground that they had "contracted with a person to supply them with oysters, and some time ago advanced a considerable sum of money for that purpose." In 1785 Messrs. Martin & Parr fitted up "their very large and extensive rooms in a rural style, for the reception of company every Thursday." They were not only elegantly illuminated, but "laid out in several rural walks, diversified with taste and fancy," with "alcoves conveniently interspersed," in which "the best cold collation" could be had at a moment's notice. A band of music, consisting of French horns, clarionets, &c., "as good as could be provided," was among the attractions, and the price of admission only four rupees. By 1788 the London Tavern had passed into the hands of Messrs. Lowder & Wilson, and the public were asked to presume, "from Mr. Wilson being regularly bred a cook, under the immediate care and instruction of Mr. Birch, of Cornhill, that he can dress his diners, &c. with the truest propriety and greatest perfection." A dinner consisting of "everything the season affords," was charged five rupees *a head*, and suppers three rupees. "N.B. Gentlemen can be accom-

modated with excellent soup in the house, at any hour from ten to three." Now and then the arrival of a live turtle is announced in the *Gazette*, and oysters, probably from Chittagong, seem to have been eagerly bought up by the rival establishment. The Harmonic Tavern, conducted by Mr. Creighton, appears to have been somewhat superior to the London. Assemblies were held there likewise, and families supplied at their own homes "with everything in the baking branch." Racing, hunting, and shooting were, of course, much in vogue, and dogs seem to have been imported from Europe as an ordinary investment. In 1786 we read of fifteen and a half couple of "strong, bony terriers, three couple of puppies, and three and a half couple of terriers, all healthy and in good condition, just arrived from Europe," and to be sold two couple in a lot. On the same day "ten brace of staunch pointers, a brace of spaniels, and two brace of terriers, brought out in the *Hillsborough*," are advertised for private sale, the lowest price for the pointers being 800 sicca rupees per brace. Crow-shooting was another amusement, conducted after a dangerous fashion, so far as the sportsman's neighbours were concerned. A nervous correspondent complains not only of the shot rattling against his venetians, but of the risk to his own person. "Not long ago," he writes, "at sunrise, as I had just ascended to the top of my house to take my accustomed walk there, a range of crows and kites intermixed were in possession of that part of the parapet which looks into my neighbour's ground, and immediately joins my spiral staircase, from whence I had no sooner made my appearance than I saw my neighbour with his gun levelled at the birds upon my wall, in the exact direction of his piece with my head. To do him justice, he instantly dropped his aim, appeared greatly shocked at the hazardous rencontre, and shrunk into his house with evident marks of sensibility." Notwithstanding all these varied amusements, occasionally seasoned by a fatal duel, suicides, both among Europeans and natives, were of weekly occurrence, without any explanation being offered of the frequency of the painful phenomenon. It is also sad to learn that, in 1787, private letters from home "mention the great disrespect in which East Indians are held in England, so much so that they are driven to associate almost entirely with each other." In those days no prejudice could have existed to their disadvantage by reason of the institution of domestic slavery, which prevailed in all the British settlements in India, and which led to the insertion of numerous advertisements with reference to runaway slave-boys, who sometimes went off with silver plate and other articles of value. At the same time, all could not have been sons of Belial, for in that case no

auctioneer would have cared to recommend an upper-roomed as "very convenient for a moderate and devout family, its being near the Church, which will be exposed to sale precisely at 12 o'clock;" it was the house, and not the church, however, that was to be sold. House rent was not very much less than at the present time, 600 rupees per mensem being thought nothing out of the way for a good-sized, pleasantly-situated, unfurnished house. The prices of carriages and horses likewise varied very little from those of the present time, but wages were not above one-half the present rate. The residents of the olden time were better off than their successors, for they enjoyed the advantage of having their washing and mangling done, and linen of all sorts got up "according to the Europe method," in consideration of the monthly payment of 12s. a month for each adult; a considerable allowance being made for children. The rupee in those days was worth 2s. 3d. when remitted to England, instead of the present rate of 1s. 9½d. The servants there seemed to be such a superfluity that a considerable number of them were placed on subsistence allowance, at the rate of £400 per annum for a senior merchant, £300 for a junior merchant, and £200 for a factor or writer; but, on the other hand, they were not permitted to reside in Europe until a vacancy occurred. In 1780 the cotton trade had become "a very lucrative branch of commerce," and was confined to eastern ports; and opium was thought "rather high," on averaging 590 sicca rupees per chest. Among the things generally known is the fact that cholera morbus is mentioned by name, as prevailing to an alarming extent at Arcot, in November 1787, though it is commonly supposed that its first outbreak took place in 1817. Inoculation appears to have been introduced in 1780, being first successfully tried upon the children of the Orphan School.

During the rainy season the Company's dâkhs were taken over a few roads that were then travelled by Europeans; but the ordinary mode of going up-country was by river, and it took 25 days to reach Moorshedabad, 60 to Patna, 75 to Benares, 90 to Cawnpore, 100 to Dacca, 60 to Chittagong, and 75 to Goalpara. Though the river journey was diversified by capital sport; but was exposed the Lower Provinces to much danger from Dacoits, unless passengers went well armed and several in company. On the rivers leading to Dacca the Dacoits were in great force, and turned out in open dâkhs in fleets of a dozen to twenty boats. In 1788 a Mr. Menchin was attacked by nineteen armed boats, each carrying 100 men, dressed in buffaloes (scarlet faced with green), and secured against musket-balls by buffalo-hides. However, after eighteen months' impunity, these r

were at last hunted out by armed police-boats, and for a time the Sunderbund passage was rendered tolerably secure. The police generally were so bad that Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar, in charging the Grand Jury, expressed his conviction that many of the thefts and murders which swelled the calendar might be traced to the houses of the Thannadars, or heads of police-stations, which "he was informed were the receptacle of gamesters and drunkards." It should perhaps be mentioned that there were land Dacoits as well as river Dacoits—and the evil is not yet put down—who plundered not only houses but villages, in gangs of forty, eighty, or a hundred armed men, and more. To them was ascribed a human sacrifice offered on the 6th of April 1788, on the night of the new moon, to Kallee, the goddess of destruction, at her temple at Chitpore. The door of the pagoda had apparently been forced open, and in the morning the trunk of the victim, a villager of low caste, was found before the threshold, while the head was laid at the feet of the idol, which had been clothed in new robes of costly manufacture, and bedizened with necklaces and bracelets of gold and silver. The natives, however, could reverence good as well as evil, and the poor salt manufacturers in the Sunderbunds, to testify their gratitude to Mr. Tilman Henckel, the collector, set up an image of their benefactor, to which they made offerings of water and flowers. Cases of sati, too, could then be witnessed within a few miles of Calcutta, and were regarded as merely "a custom of the country," and not half so interesting as the arrival of a hairdresser from Paris, who undertook to introduce the latest fashion. In his advertisement M. Lafleur coolly states: "He takes four rupees for dressing a lady, two rupees for a gentleman, and six rupees for cutting hair." Previous to this accomplished artist, "Malver, hairdresser from Europe," "proposed himself to the ladies of the Settlement to dress hair daily, at two gold mohurs a month, in the latest fashion, with gauze, flowers, &c." He also expressed his willingness to "instruct the slaves at a moderate price." Hairdressing, indeed, was then one of the fine arts, a knowledge of which was as indispensable to valets as to ladies' maids.

This article, already too long, may fitly close with a *bon-mot* dated the 15th of March 1787. "A gentleman, remarkable for his gallantry the elegance of his equipage, drove up to a young lady, a night or two ago, on the Course, and, after a little conversation, asked how she liked his wife-trap. 'Very well, sir; I think it a very handsome carriage.' 'And pray, madam, how do you like the Bait withinside?' 'Pray, sir,' replied the lady, 'do you speak in French or English?'"

FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

BY B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

IT cannot but occur to any regular visitant of our numerous exhibitions, that the range of subjects upon which the exhibitors think fit to expend their powers is strangely limited. Passing the department of landscape, on which the present remarks have no immediate bearing, and the domestic school, with its rather narrow sentiment, and its vulgar realism, we see the same incidents at the same times represented, more or less efficiently, *usque ad nauseam*. In classical art, painters seem to have forgotten all but one or two of the ancient myths, and to labour under an impression that the gods were Monotheists, worshipping none but Aphrodite! Bygone ages contract into a narrow cycle of time, variously depicted as if they had been passed in Venice, or at the Court of Whitehall. The inexhaustible library of romance might as well have been never gathered together, known literature being apparently confined to small portions of Thomas Mallory, and to the works of Scott and Goldsmith—or at best, or two of Shakspeare having also survived the general destruction. Growing weary of milk-and-water damsels, in hats and black robes, of brazen Imogens, and *roué* Sir Galahads, one begins at last to despair; there be no hopes of escape from such “damnable iteration,” and there really no other themes that could furnish to our artists topics for the head and work for the heart?

In the particular direction to be considered, there would seem to be no limit to the pursuance of an almost entirely untrodden path along which there lies a way of escape from this quagmire of wearisome sameness. There is no literature in the world that should be so attractive to any painter who would depict that greatest and proudest study of mankind—human life—as our national ballad-literature. Springing from the very wells of thought—the outcome of the deepest feeling in its noblest, because its simplest state, the expression of the most unsophisticated humanity—it contains most rich store of its most loving detail of noble deeds, of suffering and victory, of passionate and tender description of love, friendship, loyalty, all the *men hold dearest*; and what more can any poetry need to pr

place on the shelf and in the esteem of an artist? Yet, with few exceptions, the minstrels might as well have made firewood of the strings of their harps, as to have struck them to ditties, and left them doomed to rot on the shelves of the antiquary! Occasional, as in the case of Mr. Wyburd's never-to-be-forgotten "Burd," some one seems to stumble over the idea of using this treasure; but such lucid intervals are exceptional—the rule is

not far to seek for a reason why this field, so large and so promising, should have been left untilled of artist hands: a land so barren invites few cultivators, and this plot bears the name of being only ill weeds. Almost everyone sneers at our ballads, as being out of date, or as being the growth of a comparatively remote, worthless to all but the curious in old-world lore: a most and untrue estimate; for if the past with its records be of any value, which few would deny, surely those salient points of old life which, by their own force, fixed themselves so strongly in the popular mind of the day, must be worth a passing attention! And, in fact, the simplicity and conciseness of diction have worth in poetry, it is hard to find poems which, in these as well as in other qualities, equal the wild northern songs. But we have not, as yet, recovered from the blight of the eighteenth century. The wise men of that age, wedded to their own scholastic pedantry, scorned, in their own estimation, all which they could not, Procrustes-like, fit to their own mould; until then, this branch of our literature held its own, but must give way, in company with Chaucer and Shakspeare. If our earlier and truer men had known and loved their native song, as it is evident, was conversant with the popular rhymes: his frequent use of random stanzas, many of which we can no longer identify with their parent poem, as for instance, those suggestive lines in "King Lear"—

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;

Childe Roland to the dark tower came:

After we may, it is true, hope to have belonged to a known author. Other writers, also, of the Elizabethan and Carolinian age, quote freely as well-known things what fifty years converted into matter of curious research—research as painful as it was unappealing. A few there were who tried to unearth what had so soon become a fossil; but even they were half ashamed, either of their task or of their object. Addison, in his papers in the *Spectator*, dedicated to a friend of "Chevy Chase," thought it needful to apologise, in a manner

almost piteous from its defiant self-assertion, for having chosen such a subject; and Bishop Percy apparently thought his materials unfit for publication without much polishing and detrimental re-writing; yet Sir Philip Sidney, a better man than Addison, had said, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet;" and a wiser than the bishop, Fletcher of Saltoun, declared, "Let me make a people's ballads, I care not who makes their laws!" About the end of the century, there came a shaking of the dry bones, and an apparent resuscitation of the buried lore, as hideous as the grimacing of a galvanised corpse, or the wandering of a dead body moved by an indwelling fiend. The Della Cruscan school took it into their heads to write what they were pleased to call ballads: and, mistaking maundering for pathos and rant for fire, made most sorry work of it, the world being cursed with such monstrosities as "Edwin and Eltruda," or "Amyntor and Theodora." It remained for our own time, in this and other respects an age of struggling growth, to revive some of the spirit of the old singers, in the writers of such soul-stirring works as the "Lays of Ancient Rome," and the "Lays of the Cavaliers."

Now, I have undertaken to show that this neglect is, in as far as artists are concerned, not only unwarranted but a mistake, as the painter thereby deprives himself of a well-nigh boundless field for the exercise of head and hand. Whether his attention be turned to subjects of a pathetic or ludicrous nature, whether he undertake the representation of past times from an historical or a domestic point of view, matter will be found, enough and to spare, to employ him in the old ballads. One point seems worth insisting on specially—viz. the internal evidence, often curiously minute, of manners, customs and even of dress, which this early poetry contains; going so far as to specify the colours of ladies' robes, the jewels they wore, the way in which the horses—whose colours are again expressly stated—were housed, with many similar particulars which must occur to anyone who knows never so little of the subject. Thus, in "The Death of Queen Jane," King Henry is described as dressed "in a gown of green velvet from the heel to the head;" in "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie" we are told of the shoeing of Annie's horse, and that "four-and-twenty siller bells were a' tied to his mane;" and of "Fair Janet's Bridal," that—

Some put on the gay green robes, and some put on the brown,
But Janet had on the scarlet robes to shine first through the town;
And some they mounted the black steed, and some mounted the brown,
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed to ride first through the town.

The Robin Hood ballads are full of such notes, in which also one of the best of a later day, Allan Cunningham's "Mermaid of Galloway," is singularly rich; and everyone will at once remember Mr. Tennyson's heroine in "Lady Clare" with her russet gown, and the "single rose in her hair," and the white doe by her side. One of the most notable instances occurs in a passage of "Thomas of Ercildoune:" the Queen of Faërie enters—

Her palfrey was a dapple grey;
Such one I saw ne never none;
As does the sun on summer's day
That fair lady herself she shone.

Her selle it was of royal bone,
Full seemly was the sight to see!
Stiffly set with precious stone
And compassed all with cramoisie.

Stones of orience, great plentie;
Her hair about her head it hung;
She rode over that lonely lea,
And whiles she blew and whiles she sung.

Her girths of noble silk they were,
The buckles were of beryl stone,
Her stirrups were of crystal clear,
And all with pearles o'er-begone.

Her paytrell was of irale fine,
Her crupper was of orfarie,
And as clear gold her bridle shone;
On either side hung bells three.

She led seven greyhounds in a leash,
Seven raches by her foot they ran,
She had a horn about her halse,
And under her girdle many a flane.

We are elsewhere told that her kirtle was "all of grass-green silk," and the instruments are specified upon which the musicians of her court played. Occasionally, these glimpses give extremely unpleasant ideas of bygone society; as when parents are described as belabouring their offending and marriageable daughters without let or hindrance, and a lord resents his wife's non-appreciation of a joke by throwing a plate at her. Sometimes we get curious examples of the simplicity of our forefathers. The lords at court retire to rest "through the floor"—presumably through a trap-door—into a common dormitory; while king and porter alike air themselves after dinner at the palace gates, leaning against the door-post. This point is, of course, only of secondary importance, but would have advantages with reference to pictorial illustration.

The mention which has just been made of a fairy ballad leads naturally to consideration of a more important point than the preceding—viz. the vast scope which is afforded for exercise of imaginative faculty. These songs deal much with supernatural matters; either as simply and sternly narrating instances of spirit communion with the living, or vaguely hinting at the great unknown surrounding world, and the awful possibility of such intercourse harmless or illicit. Terrible and weird are these latter suggestions for the which we must go chiefly to northern lore; the softer southern heart seems not to have dwelt so eagerly on the invisible unknown. Did the authors of such poems as "William's Ghost," "Clerk Saunders," "The Demon Lover," "The Clerks of Oxenford," and many others. And, apart from these more sinister influences, there is an undercurrent of tender, fanciful imagery, derived chiefly from nature, and suggestive half-description, which, being independent of, though in relation to, the main gist of each particular story, may serve as a whereon to hang goodly raiment from the loom of thought. This meaning cannot be better instanced than by the mention of a well-known lament, "Oh, waly, waly up the bank," and by quotation of stanzas from two several ballads, the first from the "Lytell Ge" where Robin, pining at court for the greenwood, breaks out—

"I made a chapel in Bernysdale,
That seemly is to see;
It is of Mary Magdalene,
And thereto would I be!"

The second from "Willie's drowned in Yarrow"—

"Oh, came ye by yon water's side,
Pu'd ye the rose or lilie,
Or came ye by yon meadow green,
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?"

In pointing out the way in which these writings might be utilized it will be necessary to make some broad and general divisions, each of which shall embrace a particular class of subject, and appeal more especially to particular minds; but, difficult as generalisation of such a nature must always be, it is here more difficult, and less satisfactory when done, than in most collections of literature. So many diverse elements enter into the composition; the broadest farce so joined to the darkest tragedy, the most simple details of household life are interspersed amid the rush of chivalrous narrative, that one is inclined to give up the task in despair, as only less hard than classifying human nature. For the present purpose, however, although such an *arrangement* is unavoidably superficial and often inadequate, we

generally class the ballads under the three heads of *Historical*, *Pathetic*, and *Comic*; the *Historical* embracing those which either are, or profess to be, distinct narrations of national facts; the *Pathetic* those which are of a purely imaginary cast, dealing with stories of the passions and affections, or with deeds of romance; lastly, the *Comic*, including all in which the interest is mainly of a humorous nature. I propose to give, under each head, a few instances in illustration of the subject, treating first of the two shorter and less important divisions, the *Historic* and the *Comic*, and reserving the *Pathetic* for final consideration.

At the very outset, in speaking of historic ballads, the insufficiency of such a classification stares one in the face, as there are several of the best, treating of adventures, real or imaginary, which befell heroes and kings in olden times, which must be relegated to the comic division. We may begin with the mention of two sets of poems, belonging respectively to England and Scotland; the former recording the doings of one man and his followers, the latter those of several allied families, and specially of one most turbulent, good-for-nothing noble house, which seems to have taken the lead in their lawless bond—I mean the Robin Hood series, and what may be called the Armstrong series. Of the former, many again must be set aside as pure comedy, whatever may be their foundation in fact; but the “*Lytell Geste*,” “*Guy of Gisborne*,” and “*The Death and Burial of Robin Hood*,” may, at any rate, claim mention. The first of these turns upon adventures of the bold outlaw, attendant on help which he gave to a certain knight, Sir Richard of the Lea, whose inheritance was in peril at the hands of the Abbot of St. Mary’s and the Sheriff of Nottingham, against which worthies Robin had a sort of vendetta; the description of the knight is most picturesque:—

All dreir then was his semblante and lytell was his pryde,
Hys one fote in the sterope stode, that other waved besyde.
Hys hode hangyn over his eyen two, he rode in symple aray;
A soryer man than he was one, rode never in somer’s day.

Little John goes to serve this knight, and after to the Sheriff of Nottingham, to whom he is, as indeed he swore to be,

— the worst servant that ever yet had he;

clearing his master’s coffers, carrying off his cook, and finally betraying him into the hands of the outlaw captain. At last the king, coming to Sherwood, falls in with good Robin, and, for very love of the man, engages him to Court; but there the hunger for greenwood gets too strong, and Robin, *pinning* for some time, at last flees back

to his dear Barnesdale for life and death. The opening of the "Guy of Gisborne" is enough to recommend it :—

When shawes been shene and shraddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and long,
'Tis pleasant walking in the fayre forest
To heare the small birde's song.

The woodwele sung, and would not cease,
Sitting upon the spray,
So loud he wakened Robin Hood,
In greenwood where he lay.

But this particular ballad, being contained in Percy's "Reliques," is pretty well known. "The Death of Robin Hood," as we at present have it, is one of the poorest of all the collection, though the subject is the most suggestive. This apparent poverty of treatment is accounted for by the fact that the original ballad is almost entirely lost, the only known copy being a very fragmentary one in the Percy folio; the loss of the missing portions is all the more lamentable, inasmuch as they must have explained a striking passage in which, contrary to popular use, an old woman *curses* Robin on his way to Kirkley. The modern version has nothing of this, but contains one or two of the old verses, which serve only to make the remainder appear even worse than they otherwise would. But the story is powerful in the extreme: one may imagine the beautiful, wicked prioress of Kirkley so speciously entreating her sick cousin into her power; the lone room where the forester lay bleeding to death, with hardly strength to wind his horn, and the grief of his follower, which could only find vent in a longing for vengeance—vengeance which Robin would no means admit, for the honour he bore all womankind for Our Lady's sake. Then comes his last desire :—

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
Another at my feet,
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet,
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet."

Of the Scottish series, the Armstrong ballads, it may be thought that they, being narrations of stirring incident, are not so well suited for artist use; but they also contain passages which may attract some. "Kinmont Willie" has, it is true, been treated in respect of one stanza, but there might something be made of the variously disguised bands of moss-troopers that went to free him; "Dick of the Cow," and "Jock o' the Syde," would not be found wholly barren, and

Hobbie Noble, taken bound up the Rickergate of Carlisle, makes a fine figure. The other principal poem of this set is "Jamie Telfer," which it is not now necessary to mention save as a stirring song.

We may conclude this portion of our enquiry with the citation of one English ballad and one Scottish, the former being "Sir Andrew Barton," the latter "Sir Patrick Spens." "Sir Andrew Barton" is full of pictures, from the opening scene between Henry VIII. and the merchants down to the ending; but the passage descriptive of the great captain's death demands quotation:—

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew said,
 "A little I'm hurt, but yet not slain,
 I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
 And then I'll rise and fight again :
 Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew said,
 "And face ye boldly to the foe,
 And stand fast by St. Andrew's cross
 Until ye hear my whistle blow."
*They never heard his whistle blow,
 Which made their hearts wax sore adread.*

I know of no lines anywhere which embody more fully the highest spirit of tragedy than those last two. The strong point of "Sir Patrick Spens" lies in the lament with which the ballad ends; this still awaits an exponent, for, although the verses have certainly been attached to one picture, possibly to more, no one has yet given us the spirit of them. Mr. Archer's picture on the subject may, like his "Helen of Kirkconnel," have been admirable in point of workmanship, or considered as a truthful landscape with figures, but in no wise as a fitting rendering of his author. It may seem strange to omit all mention of "Chevy Chace," but surely it may be assumed that everyone knows that, at least, by heart—it would be almost an impertinence to quote therefrom.

Of the purely comic ballads there is less to be said; they are both fewer in number, and less vividly suggestive, than are those contained in either of the other sections. The best of the English are "King John and the Abbot," "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," "John the Reeve," "Robin Hood and the Potter," and "Catskin," which last bears a strong family likeness to the story of "Peau d'Ane," with a *souffçon* of "Cinderella." The best Scottish are—"The Harper of Lochmaben," and "Earl Richard's Wedding," the northern lore failing us here as strangely, as it richly furnishes forth material for the next division. These are only the exceptionally good; but anyone who will take the trouble to do no more than consult Ritson or Aytoun may find plenty more worth studying. It

would be inconvenient to quote from most of them. Our forefathers had an awkward way of calling a spade a spade, which would make modern folk's hair stand on end !

At last we come to the division which, for want of a better and more distinctive title, has here been classed as the Pathetic, and, before entering on the few remarks which are to be made, I feel it needful to excuse what might seem to be an unfair partiality in the selection of examples. It will be seen that by far the greater part of them are of Scottish origin, but this is actually the result, not of choice, but of necessity. In considering the manner in which this subject might best be treated, nothing has struck me more forcibly than the unaccountable dearth of romantic ballads which can be called pure English. Such must have existed; but, whether it be that they were too strictly local in their interest to command national remembrance or that the oral tradition is a faculty more congenial to the north than to the southern temperament, certain it is that they exist longer. Having named some half-dozen, we come to a standstill. There are "Little Musgrave," "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," "The Children in the Wood," "The Bailiff's Daughter," "Hugh of Lincoln," and hardly any others until modern days, when, indeed, Charles Kingsley and others have done something towards supplying the want. But on turning to Scotland selection becomes the difficulty; as fast as one has been chosen as a good example, another still better, or at least equally good, asserts its claims, and you are like to sink under an *embarras de richesses* ! It will be needful to subdivide this portion into two minor heads; in the first place, there are those poems which treat of love—the love of true lovers, and that nobler love, the love of true friends; in the second place are those which, without appealing to this great passion, interest by the force of romance, and the beauty or pitifulness of the story they tell. It is to be remarked that the love episodes are for the most part tragical; nowhere is the tenet that "the course of true love never did run smooth" more strongly inculcated; either the lover or his mistress had a cruel parent who twained them, or there came evil from an envious or revengeful brother or sister, or some rival interposed deathfully, or one or other of them proved false, to the undoing of both. Among the few which end happily are "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," and one Scottish, called "Hynde Etin," than which there is none more affecting extant. The story of the latter ballad is briefly as follows: A maiden, Lady Margaret, is captured in the greenwood by Hynde Etin, a renegade page to her royal father, and with him lives, loving and beloved, until their seven

sons are grown to years of understanding. But she grieves in secret, for the Church has never blessed her union, and her boys have "ne'er got christendie," and this grieving comes to her love's ears by the mouth of his first-born. By the boy, too, she is told of church bells that ring in the distance, and then starts up, and with all her young ones seeks her home. When the child, by his presents, has won the servants, and by his sweet face and his story the old king, they are all brought in, and Hynde Etin is fetched, and then the renegade's son prays a boon—that they may be taken to the priest: the end must speak for itself:—

But when unto the kirk they came,
She at the door did stan',
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame
She wadna come far'er ben.

Then out and spake the parish priest,
And a sweet smile gi'ed he,
"Come ben, come ben, my lillie floure!
And bring your bairns to me;"
And he has ta'en and sained them a'
And gi'en them christendie.

From among the many mournful songs and the few joyous, which are included in this first subdivision, "Annie of Lochroyan" and "The Gay Goshawk" may be selected as examples very fit for the present purpose. In the former, it is the general spirit and feeling of the poem that is so exquisite—it would be impossible to quote a portion without spoiling the whole; but if any one part deserves more attention than another, it is where the dead girl comes floating through the foam to the feet of her lover, as he stands by the sea crying on her to return. In [the latter, terror, pathos, and cool pastoral beauty alternate incessantly with a surpassing result. We know not whether to weep, or to smile, or to shudder, as the attention is claimed by the different persons of the drama, and by its varying scenery. There is the true English maiden, who for love's sake feigns death, and dares even the horror of burial; then the "old witch-wife," who devises the hideous expedient by which her cruel kin try her whether she be dead or not; and every heart beats quicker on hearing of the great fortitude of the lady, who bore all and made no sign. There is fancy, too, and that of a pleasant sort, in the description of the goshawk sitting on the birch-tree by the bower door, still calling to the maiden.

Unfortunately it is as impossible, in the face of modern views of propriety, to narrate the stories of some of the best ballads, as to

quote from them. They may be read, however, and will well reward reading; none excel them in pathos, in force of suggestion, in imagination; witness the spirit's description of blessedness "Clerk Saunders," the address of the burning lady to her lord "Lady Maisry," or the awful meeting of false Margaret with her murdered lover in "Childe Roland." Besides these, one may cite "Burd Helen," "Fair Janet," "The Cruel Mother," "Rose the Fair and White Lily," "Fair Annie," and, most touching and beautiful of all, "Marie Hamilton." It may not be amiss to mention here that most of the published versions of the last-named are ridiculously bad; the only good one is in the late Professor Aytoun's collection: the others, notably Sir Walter Scott's, are pasticcios of verses from other ballads interwoven with some of the original matter, the result being absurd incongruity and contradiction.

There is one narrative which may stand as an exposition of mediæval spirit of friendship, and which may fittingly bring to a close our portion of our subject: a history of the sorrowful fight and death of two men who loved each the other better than his own soul, forced to the combat by honour: that story is called "Gruel and Bewick." When the one friend, wounded to the death, has expired, the other, his conqueror, kill himself in despair, up comes his proud father, exulting that his son is alive yet and Christie Græme dies, but, says the dying man—

"Oh haud your tongue, my faither dear!
Of your prideful talking let me be!
Ye might ha'e drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
A grave to haud baith him and me,
And lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he got the victory!"

And so the old men are left to wail for their brave boys, and for the time when the wine was in and the wit was out, and they pitied their darlings against each other.

Under the second head, viz. that of the purely romantic, come three ballads of special beauty, "The Burning of Frenndraught," "The Clerks of Oxenford," and a strange weird song which, in its essence, exists both in a southern and in a northern form, being called in the English version, "The Three Ravens," and in the Scotch "The Twa Corbies." Of these the latter is sufficiently well known as it is given in the "Golden Treasury;" but neither in point of interest, nor of execution, can it compare with the former, which

be found in the notes to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." "The Burning of Frendraught," which, but for the individual nature of its interest, might be included in the historical section, tells a true tale of the murder, in Frendraught Castle, of Gordon of Rothiemay and Lord Aboyne. Having gone there on a mission of peace-making, being entertained there, and now gone to rest, the tower in which they sleep is fired, and they, shut in, are burned to death, dying most bravely like true friends and Christian gentlemen. Aboyne had a lady at home, and in due time the news came to her; then she ran mad, and the description of her grief is a good example of the distinguishing characteristics of the ballad, simplicity and force:—

Wringing her hands, tearing her hair, his lady she was seen,
Calling unto his servant Gordon as he stood on the green,
"O wae be to you, George Gordon, an ill death may ye dee!
Sae safe and sound as ye stand there, and my lord bereaved from me!"

"I bade him loup, I bade him come, I bade him loup to me,
I'd catch him in my arms twa, a foot I wadna flee;
He threw me the rings from his white fingers, which were so long and small,
To gi'e to you his lady fair, where you sat in your hall."

Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay, oh! bonnie Sophia was her name,
Her waiting maid put on her claes, but I wot she tore them off again,
And oft she cried, "Ohone, alas! a sair heart's easy won,
I won a sair heart when I married him, and this day it's returned again."

Finally we come to the poem which, among all others of a like nature, may claim precedence, "The Clerks of Oxenford." Whether for the pathos of its story, for delicacy of feeling, for imaginative power, or for weird description, there is none other that may compete with this most pitiful story. The two heroes, beloved by the fair daughters of the Mayor of Paris, are butchered by the revengeful father under a show of justice, despite the pleadings of their loves and of their own grey-headed father; and very tender and solemn is the account of the parting, as each lady fearlessly kisses her lord, and gives him back his troth that he may rest quietly. Then news comes to their mother—not that they are dead, her husband would fain spare her—and he says, in answer to her sorrowful, wondering enquiries—

"Oh, they are put to a deeper lore,
And to a higher schule,
Your ain twa sons will na return
Till the hallow days of Yule."

Small comfort this to the yearning maternal heart; in the bitterness of her grief and disappointment she calls down curses on land and water

until her sons shall come home to her "in living flesh and blood."
So the days went, and

The hallow days of Yule were come,
And nights were lang and mirk,
That wife's twa sons came hame again,
And their hats were of the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch
Nor yet in any sheugh,
But by the gates of Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

Then great is the mother's joy, and having feasted her lost ones, and all her house, she herself makes them their bed, and sits down to watch them. It would seem that she grew timorous, having lost them once. In the dead of night, as she slept, came the breath of morning, and

The younger brother to the elder said,
" 'Tis time we were away !
The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide,
Gin we be missed out of our place
A sair pain we maun bide ! "
" Lie still, lie still, but a little wee while,
Lie still an' if we may,
Gin my mother misses us when she wakes,
She'll gae mad ere it be day ! "

There is one great obstacle to the artistic employment of ballad literature which has not been touched upon in these remarks : that obstacle is the objection, inherent, it would seem, in the minds of some of our best painters, to *incident*. The question as affecting Art is too wide for discussion in this place, and needs consideration by itself ; since the authority of so many capable opinions entitles it at least to discussion ; however chimerical may appear the doctrine that the Pictorial art, which can most vividly appeal to untutored senses, should alone be denied the right to make its appeal with the aid of circumstance. Suffice it here to remark, that whilst study and intelligent appreciation are needed for the proper valuing of the higher qualities of artistic representation, these are not the primary characteristics of the great mass of those who frequent exhibitions ; yet since education is desirable, it is surely a weakness in the painter to neglect any allurements, which might first attract to his work those whom he may afterwards influence for good by, possibly, more legitimate means.

ng as subjects for Table-talk those matters of current gossip which there is more than ephemeral interest, and in seeking in these pages facts of literary or artistic value and interest. I am far from claiming a monopoly of speech. I invite, indeed, the co-operation of those who are able to compose short and interesting paragraphs, embodying any information which is likely to be to the taste of the readers of the *Gentle-gazette*. There will be no attempt to limit the field through which the writer may roam, and the only restrictions enforced will be space, and that right of editorial supervision and selection indispensable in all forms of current literature.

wholly without drawbacks is the delight the Londoner experiences in contemplating his art treasures now arranged, art classified, upon the walls of the National Gallery. As the pictures themselves, the warmest enthusiasm is justified. In one of the most select and priceless collections in the world, so arranged as to afford opportunity for indefinite extension. Gifts and purchases have strengthened them in important respects, treasures long hidden from view are now brought into light. So the ground plan of the new portion of the Gallery (erected from the designs of Mr. E. M. Barry, R.A.) is concerned, it answers present wants. As the nucleus, however, of the National Gallery of Art, it can only be judged in connection with the comprehensive plan. From the Central Octagonal Hall radiate four corridors

ployed, are open to no strong animadversion. It is, however, a thoroughly mistaken idea to surmount the central hall with a glass cupola. The effect of this, together with the curved glass roofs of the adjoining corridors, is to convey an impression of unsubstantiality quite irreconcilable with a sense of grandeur. In this portion of the building, moreover, the architect's love of splendour has led him into an exuberance of ornament fatal to the sense of repose. Not a few of the ornamental features, such as the busts in niches, the gilded cornices, and the rest, are equally unmeaning, commonplace, and conventional. Gold, which is so valuable a means in decorative art when used with judgment and moderation, giving in dark places a richness of tone not otherwise obtainable, is spread over large surfaces on which beats the fiercest light, producing thus an inexpressibly meretricious and tawdry effect. The allegorical designs in sculpture, which stand at the end of the four corridors where they cannot possibly escape observation, are so insignificant, futile, and incapable, that they are unworthy of serious consideration, and the fact that they should be found in so conspicuous positions in a National building dedicated to Art, suggests only a repetition, with a slight alteration, of the well-known question of *Géronte* in "*Les Fourberies de Scapin*:" "*Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?*" Equally unsatisfactory is the method of lighting. Mr. Barry's one idea seems to have been to flood the rooms with light. In the large galleries the effect of this is, that the walls look, by contrast, darker than the floor. Many of the most valuable pictures are covered with glass; and the bright light from the polished parqueterie, in itself distressing to the eye of the spectator, is reflected from the surface of the glass directly upon him, leaving him often with the most vague and nebulous idea of the picture behind. Painful as is the effect in the galleries, that in the hall is even worse. The height being enormous in proportion to the area, the light falls on the pictures at a very acute angle, bringing into prominence the inequalities of their surfaces. This effect, combined with the bright light reflected upwards from the marble floor, produces a result which can best be described as bewildering. In the full tide of plaudits and congratulations which the exhibition has provoked, it is well that the voice of truth and common sense should be heard, and this declares that whatever claims to be considered a thing of beauty are put in by Mr. Barry's structure, it fulfils most unsatisfactorily the purpose for which it was intended.

THERE have been very many reasons advanced by the proprietors of magazines why they should find readers. So far as I know the following is a novel one. A popular periodical published some

classes schemes for the acquisition of the property of their
ours, and even insinuating that it was his duty to recoup him
few thousands he had lost in the misadventure. To this latter
the proprietor made no rejoinder, but to the rest of his com-
munication returned this temperate and judicious reply :—"If, my
friend, you had kept yourself acquainted with the best popular
theory of the day, as has been the case, it seems, even with the
best man now languishing in gaol, you would have been put upon
your guard against his ingenious, but not (as you justly say) original,

I trust that you will permit me, for your own sake, to add
my name to the list of subscribers to our magazine for the future."

As a natural result of the enormous extent of country subjected
to British rule, that the most startling contrasts are constantly
presented. While, accordingly, in England subscriptions are being
raised for the benefit of those who are the victims of floods, an appeal
is made from India on behalf of those who are threatened with
destruction as the result of drought. Those men who care to watch
the working of that great law of compensation, which prevails in all
affairs, will find "ample room and verge enough" in the con-
ditions of the inhabitants of Western and Southern India. A
merciful government has been substituted for the despotism
of the native princes, and under this mild sway the people have increased
like the game during a close season on a preserve. Wealth
has, however, augmented in anything like an equal ratio ; primi-

volved in the presence of all those Oriental princes whose names in bead-roll recall whatever is most gorgeous in history and most stirring in romance, it is of happiest augury that the first important act of Imperial rule consists in holding out the hand of succour to those who, without it, would have found no aid except death. If England like Venice of former days—

Holds the gorgeous East in fee,
the residents will find in her a lighter tax-master, and a more trustworthy protector, than they would ever have obtained in the fierce old republic of the Adriatic.

ON the occasion of a marriage of a high-born lady to a noble lord the other day, one of the presents was really both artistic and original. It consisted of a dessert service, specially manufactured, with a well-executed picture on each plate of the several mansions and ancestral halls of the families. In this case the set was for no less than eighteen persons, so that it may be imagined there was a good deal of house property between them; but the idea is surely worthy of imitation on a humbler sphere. A dessert service is a more serviceable thing to give in the way of marriage presents than a silver claret jug for example, or an inkstand. For the self-made man might be portrayed the cottage where he was born; the inn where he first put up, and the charges, for which he paid out of his traditional half-crown; the shop where he was apprenticed, and the church at which he married his master's daughter. Even if a bridegroom had no such mementoes of his early life, he might have the picture of his club presented to him, on china, with that of the Trafalgar at Greenwich, the Star and Garter at Richmond, or any other favourite haunt (such as the Alhambra or the Canterbury Hall); while, to combine the taste of the object of his choice, the other plates might represent the Brighton Pier, the Rink at Prince's, Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, or St. James's, Hatcham, according to his predilections. The advantage to future guests of the young couple would be incontestable, since they would always have a subject of conversation under their noses.

THE world will not have long to wait for a full account of the results of the excavations conducted by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ since the volume, which will form a companion to the "Troy and its Remains" of the same author, is already announced. Meanwhile the story as it now reaches us reads like the "Arabian Nights," and Dr. Schliemann himself seems a species of Aladdin who has obtained possession of the marvellous lamp. If I carry out the parallel, Gree

as the Princess Badroulbadoor, who is to be enriched with wealth of gems. Putting on one side the question whether the treasure of Agamemnon has indeed been opened, and avoiding, if I may, the fierce discussion Dr. Schliemann's assertions are evoked so soon as antiquaries recover from the bewilderment which they are thrown by announcements so startling, I may congratulate the world upon the treasures it has recovered. It is likely that we shall soon make a fresh discovery rivalling that of Herculaneum and Pompeii, where, owing to the peculiar nature of the locality to which the cities succumbed, the very freshness of the paintings was preserved. No comparison, however, can be made between the treasures which were buried by Vesuvius and those now brought to light. The space which separates the ruins of the cities of Campania from modern times is not for all purposes much greater than that which divided him from the ancients, which presumably the tombs at Mycenæ were constructed, and the interest he would have taken in the gems now found, had he been brought to light in his days, would have been scarcely less than that of an Englishman of this century feels in the monuments of the ancients.

The early work belongs, moreover, to a period when the treasures were known, claimed the possession of that simplicity which subsequent times have regarded as the chief beauty, and the later appears wholly sophisticated. It seems as if further discoveries in different quarters might yet be hoped. The soil of the East realises Shakspeare's words, and is as rich

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea

With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

The projected diversion of the Tiber from its source, with a view to the exploration of its bed, which was so favourite a scheme with the ancients, has not yet been commenced. Is it not possible, moreover, that the future may benefit some day as well as art? We can scarcely find in such excavations as these at Mycenæ or at Hissarlik treasures beyond the rough inscriptions with which archaeologists are already concerning themselves. In Rome, however, and in the neighbourhood, there is yet surely a chance that we might come upon the treasure of Menander. Such a find would eclipse in value all discoveries of this century, rich as it is in such matters, has yet reaped.

When illustrations were not given out to versifiers in the magazines to make the best they could out of them for the interesting part, the Poet was called a Seer. "Faithful and far-seeing" he knew beforehand what was about to happen, and predicted it with astonishing (but not monthly) numbers. This has once more

happened in these latter times to the author of the "Bab Ballads." In his admirable poem, the "Nancy Bell" (refused by a former editor of *Punch* as being too horrid), there occur the following lines :—

So he boils the water and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.
"Come here," says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
"'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell."

Now, in Luneville (not in the moon but only across the Channel), on the 8th of December last, a gentleman went to a leading establishment of the place and asked for a hot bath. Before undressing he sent the waiter for a number of articles, of which he gave a list written on a piece of paper. Among the things he ordered were a bottle of white wine, some whisky, red pepper, carrots, turnips, tomatoes, and onions. After pouring the liquor into the bath, he cut the vegetables into small pieces, sprinkled the pepper over them, and then turned on the tap of boiling water. Then, crying out, "Good-bye; I am going to cook myself in the American fashion," plunged in and perished. The victim was a Frenchman, and *had* never read the "Bab Ballads," which establishes the bard's prevision.

SHALL we have to believe in the sea-serpent after all? and will our scientific authorities have to call and leave their cards upon this Mrs. Harris of the animal creation, whose existence they have so often derided? The consensus of testimony in his favour is remarkable, and I know of no other case in which a similar amount of evidence, much of it unimpeachable, has gone for so little. Hamlet's well-known speech, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," may be extended to the sea also, and

That sea beast,
Leviathan, which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim this ocean stream,

may yet be proved to be neither the crocodile nor the whale, but a creature answering more nearly to the kraken, concerning which writers of repute, like Olaus Magnus and Pontoppidan, have transmitted particulars. If this should be the case, it will not be the first time scientific men have had to retreat from their position. The gorilla has had the bad taste to establish himself in the very teeth of the most competent authorities.

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MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BRIDGE.

THERE was one walk of which Minola Grey was especially fond, and which she loved to enjoy alone. It led by a particular track through Regent's Park, avoiding for the most part the frequented paths, and bringing her at one time to the summit of a little mound or knoll, from which she could look across broad fields where sheep were grazing, and through clumps of trees and over hedges, and from which, by a happy peculiarity, all sight of the beaten and dusty avenues of the park was shut out. The view from this little eminence was perhaps most beautiful on a moist and misty day. There the soft, loving, artistic breath of the rain-charged clouds breathed tenderly on the landscape, and effaced any of the harsher, or meaner, or in any way more prosaic details. There the gazer only saw a noble expanse of deliciously green grass and darker hedge-rows, and trees of dun and grey, and softly-mottled moss-grown trunks, and here and there a bed of flowers, and all under a silver-grey atmosphere that almost seemed to dissolve while the eye rested on it. When Minola had looked long enough on the scene opening below the mound, she then usually pursued her course by devious ways until she reached one of the bridges of the canal, and there she made another halting-place. The scene from the canal-bridge, unlike that from the mound, looked best on a bright, breezy day, of quick changing lights and shadows. There the brown water of the canal sparkled and gladdened in the sun, and Minola, leaning over the little bridge, and fixing her eyes on the water as it rippled past the nearer bank, might enjoy, for

the hour, the full sensation of one who floats in a boat along a stream, and watches the trees and the grasses of the shore. The place was quiet enough, and rich enough in trees and shrubs, and little reeds quivering out of the water, to seem, at least in Minola's pleased eyes, like a spot on the bank of the canal far in the country, while yet there was to her the peculiar and keen delight of knowing herself in London. Sometimes, too, a canal-boat came gliding along, steered by a stalwart and sunburnt woman in a great straw bonnet, and the boat and the woman brought wild and delicious ideas of far-off country places, with woods and gipsies, and fresh, half savage, half poetic life. Minola extracted beautiful pictures and much poetry and romance from that little bridge over the discoloured canal, creeping through the heart of London.

The population of London—even its idlers—usually move along in tracks and grooves. Where some go, others go; where few go, at last none go. It is wonderful what hours of almost absolute solitude Minola was able to enjoy in the midst of Regent's Park. Voices, indeed, constantly reached her: the cries and laughter of children, the shoutings of cricketers, the dulled clamour of the metropolis itself. These reached her as did the bleating of sheep and the tinkle of their bells, the barking of dogs, and occasionally the fierce, hoarse, thrilling growl or roar of some disturbed or impatient animal in the Zoological Gardens near at hand. But many and many a time Minola lounged for half an hour on her little knoll or on her chosen bridge, without seeing more of man or woman than of the lions in their cages on the other side of the enclosure. There was a particular hour of the day, too, when the park in general was especially deserted, and it appears almost needless to say that this was the time selected usually by Miss Grey for her rambles. It was sometimes a curious, half sensuous pleasure for her thus alone, amid the murmur of the trees, to fancy herself, for the moment, back again within sight of the mausoleum at Keeton, where she had spent so many weary and solitary hours, and then awaking, to rejoice anew in her freedom and in London.

It was a fortunate and kindly destiny which assigned to our heroine a poetess for a companion. Much as she loved occasional solitude, Minola loved still better the spirit of fidelity to the obligations of true *camaraderie*; and if Miss Blanchet had had any manner of work to do, from the mending of a stocking to the teaching of a school, in which Minola could possibly have assisted her, Minola would never have thought of leaving her to do the work alone. Or even if Miss Blanchet had work to do in which Minola could not have helped her, *but to which her presence would be any manner of encouragement,*

class to which Mary Blanchet did not profess to belong, and moreover, to a constant suspicion that Corinne must have been for many previous nights getting her improvisations by rote. At all events Miss Blanchet was not Corinne, and required much study, and much thought, and comparison of rhymes, and even consultation in dictionaries, in order to the composition of her poems. At present time Minola was well aware that her friend had a new stock of poems on hand, and that the poems would be churned out with less difficulty if the author were occasionally left to herself for a day or two. Therefore Minola was free to go into Regent's Park, with a troubled conscience and light heart. The woman who was wont to revel in the rustling branches and the sight of the soft sky was filled with glad visions and dreams by the flowing even stream, clouded, slow canal-stream, and was rapt into the ideal atmosphere of a reed growing in the water and shaken by the wind. Minola herself remained at home in a dull room, and hammered out her verses with the help of a dictionary.

To do Minola justice, she was not wholly given up, even in her idle and lonely hours, to the sweet, innocent sensuousness that comes to the senses when amid trees and the sounds of flowing water. She had many scruples about the possible selfishness of her life, and often asked herself whether it was not wrong thus to live, and whether it was not through some fault of hers that no opportunity presented itself to her of doing any good for man or woman. She asked herself sometimes whether she had not been impatient and wilful in her dealings

clear of. So the experience or the traditions of generations form a sort of factitious and accumulated conscience for women independent of any abstract or eternal laws, and amounting in strength to something like intuition. Over this shadow they cannot leap. Minola, filled as she was with a peculiarly independent spirit, and driven by circumstances to consider its indulgence a right and even a duty, could not keep from the occasional torment of a doubt whether there must not be something wrong in the conduct of any woman who, under any circumstances, leaves voluntarily, and while she is yet under age, the home of her childhood, and takes up her abode among strangers, without guardians, mistress of herself, and in lodgings.

Perhaps some such ideas were in Minola's mind when she left Mary Blanchet, a few mornings after the meetings described in the last chapter, and set out for a pleasant lonely walk in Regent's Park. Perhaps it was the very pleasure of the walk, and the loneliness, now missed for some days, that made her dread being selfish, and sent her downward into a drooping and penitent reaction. "This will never do," she kept thinking; "I ought to try to do something for somebody. I am growing to think only of myself—and I broke away from Keeton because I was getting morbid in thinking about myself."

It was in this remorseful condition of mind that she approached her favourite mound, longing for an hour of quiet delight there, and half ashamed of her longing. When she had nearly reached its height, she discerned that the fates had seemingly resolved to punish her for her love of solitariness, by decreeing that her chosen retreat should that day be occupied. There was a seat on which she usually sat, and now a man was there. That was bad enough, but she could in an ordinary case have passed on, and sought some other place. Now, however, she saw that that was denied to her; for the intruder was Mr. Victor Heron, and at the sound of her footstep he looked round, recognised her, and was already coming towards her, with hat uplifted and courteous bow.

The very rapid moment of time between Minola's first seeing Mr. Heron, and his recognising her, had enabled her quick eyes to perceive that when he thought himself alone he was anything but the genial and joyous personage he appeared in company. At first Miss Grey's attention was withdrawn from her own disappointment by the air of melancholy, and even of utter despondency, about the face and figure of the seated man. He sat leaning forward, his chin supported by one hand, his eyes fixed moodily on the ground. He seemed to have no manner of concern with air, or sky,

or scene, and his dark-complexioned face gave the impression of one terribly at odds with fortune. Minola felt almost irresistibly drawn towards one who seemed unhappy. Her harmless misanthropy went out at a breath in the presence of any man who appeared to suffer.

But the change which came over Mr. Heron when he saw her can only be likened to that which would be made by the sudden illumination of a house that a second before was all dark, and seemingly tenantless. He came to meet her with sparkling eyes and delighted expression. Mr. Heron, it should perhaps be explained, considered himself so much older than Miss Grey, so entirely an experienced, mature, not to say outworn man, that he did not think of waiting to see whether Miss Grey was inclined to encourage a renewal of the acquaintance. He considered it his duty to be polite and friendly to the pretty girl he had met at Money's, and whom he assumed to be poor, and wanting in friends.

"How fortunate I am to meet you here to-day!" he said. "You remember me, I hope, Miss Grey?—I haven't called you Miss Money this time. Come, now—don't say you have forgotten me."

"I could not say I had forgotten you, for it would not be true, Mr. Heron."

"Thank you; that was very prettily said, and kindly."

"Was it? I really didn't mean it to be either pretty or kind—only the truth."

"I see, you go in for being downright, and saying only what you mean. I am very glad. So do I, and I am very much delighted to meet you here, Miss Grey. Come, you won't say as much for me?"

"I cannot say that I was glad to see anybody just here; this place is almost always deserted, except by me."

"You come here often, and you are sorry to have your retreat broken in upon? Don't hesitate to say so, Miss Grey, and I will promise not to come into this part of the park—or into any part of the park for that matter—any more. Why should I disturb you?"

He spoke with such earnestness and such evident sincerity that Minola began to feel ashamed of her previous ungraciousness.

"That would be rather hard upon you, and a little arrogant on my part," she said, smiling. "The park isn't mine; and, if it were, I am sure I could not be selfish enough to wish to shut you out from any part of it. But I am in the habit of being a good deal alone; and I fear it makes me a little rude and selfish sometimes. I was thinking of that just as I came up here, and saw you."

"Then you saw me before I saw you?"

"Oh, yes."

"I am afraid you must have seen a very woe-begone personage."

"Yes ; you seemed unhappy, I thought."

"There is something sympathetic about you, Miss Grey, for *all* your coldness and loneliness."

"Surely," said Miss Grey, "a woman without some feeling of sympathy would be hardly fit to live."

"You think so ?" he asked, quite earnestly and gravely ; "so do I—so do I indeed. Men have little time to sympathise with men—they are all too busy with their own affairs. What should we do but for the sympathy of women ? Now tell me, why do you smile at that ? I saw that you were trying not to laugh."

"I could not help smiling a little, it was so thoroughly masculine a sentiment."

"Was it ? How is that, now ?" His direct way of propounding his questions rather amused and did not displease her. It was like the way of a rational man talking with another rational being—a style of conversation which has much attraction for some women.

"Well, because it looked upon women so honestly as creatures only formed to make men comfortable, by coming up and sympathising with them when they are in a humour for sympathy, and then retiring out of the way into their corner again."

"I can assure you, Miss Grey, that never has been my idea. Nothing of the kind, indeed. To tell the truth, I have not known much about the sympathy of women and all that. I have lived awfully out of the world, and I never had any sisters, and I hardly remember my mother. I know women chiefly in poems and romances, and I believe I generally adopt the goddess theory. In honest truth, most women do seem to me a sort of goddesses."

"You will not be long in England without unlearning that theory," Miss Grey said. "Our writers seem to have hardly any subject now but the faults and follies of women. One might sometimes think that woman was a newly-discovered creature that the world could never be done with wondering at."

"Yes, yes ; I read a good deal of that sort of thing out in the colonies. But I have retained the goddess theory so far, at least. Mrs. Money seems to me a sort of divinity. Miss Money is a born saint ; she ought to go about with a gilt plate round her head. Miss Lucy Money seems like a little angel of light. Are you smiling again ? I do assure you these are my real feelings."

"I was not smiling at the idea, but only at the difference between it and the favourite ideas of most people at present, even of women, *about women.*"

"May I walk a little with you," Mr. Heron said, "or will you rest here, if you are tired, and we will talk? Don't stand on ceremony and send me away, although I will go if you like, and not be least offended. But if we might talk for a little it would give me great pleasure. You said just now that you did not wish to be disturbed. It will be very unselfish and very kind if you will let me trouble you a little. I felt very wretched when you came up, quite out of my usual frame of mind."

"No! Pray don't speak in that way. You do not mean it, Victor."

"In one sense I do mean it—that is, it is quite true that I should have thrown myself into the water or blown my brains out; that kind of thing seems to me like abandoning one's post without orders and headquarters. But I felt in the condition of mind when one cannot understand how such things are done, and would be glad to be free to follow the example. For *me* that is a great deal in itself," the young man added with some bitterness.

"What can I do for him?" Miss Grey asked herself mentally. "I ought to show him the view from the canal bridge. There is nothing else in my power.—There is a very pretty view a short distance from this," she said; "a view from a bridge, and I am very fond of looking from bridges. Should you like to walk

"I should like to walk anywhere with you," Victor Heron said, with a look of genuine gratefulness, which had not the faintest breath of sentiment in it, and could only be accepted as frank truth.

Perhaps, if Miss Grey had been a town-bred girl, she might have talked about setting out for a companionable walk in the park with a man who was almost a stranger to her. But, as it was, she clung to herself to have all the right of free action belonging to a place of which the public opinion can in no wise touch her. As Victor walked in London as freely as one speaks with a friend in a hotel room, where he knows that the company around are too busy to understand what he is saying. In this particular instance, Minola hardly thought about the matter at all. There was something in Heron's open and emotional way which made people at the first meeting cease to regard him as a stranger. Perhaps, if she had thought over the matter, she might have cited in vindication of her course the valuable authority of Major Pendennis, when asked whether Laura might properly take walks in the Gardens with Warrington, eagerly said, "Yes, yes, begad, of course you go out with him. It's like the country, you know; every-

body goes out with everybody in the Gardens ; and there are be you know, and that sort of thing. Everybody walks in the Te Gardens." Regent's Park, one would think, ought to come u the same laws. There are beadies there, too, or guardian func aries of some sort, although it may be owned that in their wa and from the canal bridge Heron and Minola encountered non them.

It is doubtful whether Heron, at least, would have noticed a personage even had he come in their way, for he talked n all the time, except when he paused for an answer to some c question, and he seldom took his eyes from Minola's face. He not staring at her, or broadly admiring her ; nor, indeed, was anything in his manner to make it certain that he was admiring at all, as man conventionally is understood to admire woman. he had evidently put Miss Grey into the place of a sympathetic trusted friend, and he talked to her accordingly. She was an and interested, and she now and then kept making little dispar criticisms to herself, in order to sustain her place as the cool d ciator of man. But she was very happy for all that.

One characteristic peculiarity of this sudden and singula quaintanceship ought to be mentioned. When people still "Gil Blas" they would have remembered at once how the wa woman received delightedly the advances of Gil Blas, believing to be a gentleman of fortune, and how Gil Blas paid great co the waiting-woman, believing her to be a lady of rank. The p friends in Regent's Park were drawn together by exactly opposit pulses : each believed the other poor and unfriended. Minol under the impression that she was giving her sympathy to a r and unhappy young man, who had failed in life almost at the beginning, and was now friendless in stony-hearted London. Heron was convinced that his companion was a poor orphan girl had been sent down by misfortune from a position of comf even wealth, to earn her bread by some sort of intellectual la while she lived in a small back room in a depressed and mo quarter of London.

He told her the story of his grievance ; it may be that he told her some parts of it more than once. It was a strange sens to her, as she walked on the soft green turf, in the silver-grey sphere, to hear this young man, who seemed to have lived so and strange a life, appealing to her for an opinion as to the cour ought to pursue to have his cause set right. The St. Xavier's S *ments* do not geographically count for much, and politically

count for still less. But when Mr. Heron told of his having been administrator and commandant there; of his having made treaties with neighbouring kings (she knew they were only black kings); of his having tried to put down slavery, and to maintain what he persisted in believing to be the true honour of England; of war made on him, and war made by him in return—while she listened to all this, it is no wonder if our romantic girl from Duke's Keeton sometimes thought she was conversing with one of the heroes and master-spirits of the time. He made the whole story very clear to her, and she thoroughly understood it, although her imagination and her senses were sometimes disturbed by the tropic glare which seemed to come over the places and events he described. At last they actually came to be standing on the canal bridge, and neither looked at the view they had come to see.

"Now, what do you advise?" Heron said, after having several times impressed some particular point on her. "I attach great importance to a woman's advice. You have instincts, and all that, which we haven't; at least, so everybody says. Would you let this thing drop altogether, and try some other career, or would you fight it out?"

"I would fight it out," Minola said, looking up to him with sparkling eyes, "and I would never let it drop. I would make them do me justice."

"Just what I think; just what I came to England resolved to do. I hate the idea of giving in; but people here discourage me. Money discourages me. He says the Government will never do anything unless I make myself troublesome."

"Well, then, why not make yourself troublesome?"

"I have made myself troublesome in one sense," he said, with a vexed kind of laugh, "by haunting ante-chambers, and trying to force people to see me who don't want to see me. But I can't do any more of that kind of work; I am sick of it. I am ashamed of having tried it at all."

"Yes, I couldn't do that," Minola said gravely.

"Then," Heron said, with a little embarrassment, "a man—a very kind and well-meaning fellow, an old friend of my father's—offered to introduce me to Lady Chertsey—a very clever woman, a queen of society, I am told, who gets all the world (of politics, I mean) into her drawing-room, and delights in being a sort of power, and all that. She could push a fellow, they say, wonderfully if she took any interest in him. But I couldn't do that, you know."

"No?—why not?"

"Well, I shouldn't care to be introduced to a lady's drawing-room with the secret purpose of trying to get her to do me a service. There seems something mean in that. Besides, I have a cause (at least, I think I have) which is too good to be served in that way. If I can't get a hearing and justice from the Government of England and the people of England for the sake of right and claims I have, I will never try to get it through—oh, well, perhaps I ought not to say what I was going to say."

"Why not?" Minola asked again.

"I mean, perhaps I ought not to say it to you."

"I don't know, really. Tell me what it is, and then I'll tell you whether you ought to say it."

He laughed. "Well, I was only going to say that I don't want to have my cause served by petticoat influence."

"I think you are quite right. If I were a man I should think petticoat influence in such a matter contemptible. But why do you not like to say so?"

"Only because I was afraid you might think I meant to speak contemptuously of the influence and the advice of women. I mean anything of the kind. I have the highest opinion of the advice of women and their influence, as I have told you already; but I cannot endure the idea of having a lady, who doesn't know or care anything about me and my claims, asked by somebody to say a word to a great man or some great man's wife, in order that I might get a hearing. I am sure you understand what I mean, Miss Grey."

"Oh, yes, I never should have misunderstood it; and I am sure that you are quite right. It would be a downright degradation."

"So I felt. Anyhow, I could not do it. Then there remained only making myself troublesome, as Money advises——"

"Yes, what is that?"

"Getting my case brought on again and again in the House of Commons, and having debates about it, and making the whole country public, and so forcing the Government either to do me justice or to satisfy the country that justice has already been done," he said bitterly.

"That would seem to me a right thing to do," Miss Grey said, "but I know so little, that I ought not to offer a word of advice."

"Oh, yes, I should trust to your feelings and instincts in such a case. Well, I don't like, somehow, being in the hands of politicians and party men, who might use me and my cause only as a means of annoying the Government—not really from any sense of right and justice. I don't know if I make myself quite understood; it is

to expect a lady, especially a young lady, to understand these things."

"I think I can quite understand all that. We are not so stupid as you seem to suppose, Mr. Heron."

"Stupid? Didn't I tell you of my goddess theory?"

"Some of the goddesses were very stupid, I always think. Venus was stupid."

"Well, well; anyhow you are not Venus."

"No, indeed."

"In that sense, I mean. Then I do succeed in making myself understood?"

"Oh, yes!" She could see that he was looking disappointed at her interruption and her seeming levity, which was indeed only the result of a momentary impulse to keep up to herself her character as a scorner of men. "I think I understand quite clearly that you fear to be made the mere instrument of politicians; and I think you are quite right. I did not think of that at first, but, now that you explain it, I am sure that you are right."

He nodded approvingly. "Then comes the question," he said, "what is to be done?"

Leaning against the bridge, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood looking into her face, as if he were really waiting for her to solve the problem for him.

"That is entirely beyond me," she said. "I know nothing; I could not even guess at what ought to be done."

"No? Now, here is my idea. Why not plead my cause myself?"

"Plead your cause yourself! Can that be done?"

"Yes; myself—in Parliament."

Minola's mind at once formed and framed a picture of a stately assembly, like a Roman Senate, or like the group of King Agrippa, Festus, Bernice and the rest, and Mr. Heron pleading his cause like Cicero or Paul. The thing seemed hardly congruous. It did not seem to her to fall in with modern conditions at all. Her face became blank; she did not well know what to answer.

"Are people allowed to do such things now, in England?" she asked,—*"to plead causes before Parliament?"*

An odd idea came up in her mind, that perhaps by the time this strange performance came to be enacted, Mr. Augustus Sheppard might be in Parliament, and Mr. Heron's enthusiastic eloquence would have to be addressed to him. She did not like the idea.

"You don't understand," Heron said. "You really don't, this

time. What I mean is to get into Parliament—be elected for a place, and then stand up and make my own fight for myself."

She kindled at the idea.

"Oh, yes, of course! How stupid I am not to see at once that it is a splendid idea; the very thing I should like to do if I were in your place."

"You really think so?"

"Indeed I do. But, then—" and she hesitated, for she feared she had been only encouraging him to a wild dream—"does it cost a great deal of money to get into Parliament?"

"No; I think not; not always, at least. I should look for an opportunity. I have money enough—for me. I'm not a poor man, Miss Grey, but my father left me well enough off, as far as money goes; and you know that in a place like St. Xavier's one does not spend any money. There was no way of getting rid of it. My troubles are none of them money troubles. I only want to vindicate my past career, and so to have a career for the future. I ought to be doing something. I feel in an unhealthy state of mind while I am doing nothing. You understand?"

"I can understand it," Miss Grey said, turning to leave the room and bestowing one glance at the yellow, slow-moving water, the reeds and the bushes of which she and her companion had not spoken a word. "It is not good to have to think of oneself all the time; you are bound to vindicate yourself; that I am sure is your duty. Then you can think of other things—of the public affairs of the country."

"He is rich," she thought, "and he is clever and earnest, and free of his egotism. Of course he will have a career, and be successful. I thought that he was poor and broken-down, and that I was doing him a kindness by showing sympathy with him."

They went away together, and Heron, delighted with her encouragement and her intelligence, unfolded splendid plans of what he was to do. But Minola somehow entered less cordially into his plans than she had done before, and Mr. Heron at last became ashamed of talking so much about himself.

"I hope we shall meet again," he said, as she stopped signing her name at one of the gates leading out of the park, to intimate that no roads were separating. "I wish you would allow me to call on you. I do hope you won't think me odd, or that I am presuming on your kindness. I am a semi-barbarian, you know—have been brought up out of civilisation—and I haven't any idea of the ways of the polite world."

"Nor I," said Minola ; " I have come from utter barbarism—from a country town."

"But I do hope we shall meet again, for you are so sympathetic and kind."

She bade him good-day, and nodded with a friendly smile, but made no answer to the repeated expression of his hope, and she hastened away.

Heron could not endure walking alone just then. He hailed a hansom and disappeared.

"How vain men are !" Minola thought as she went her way. "How egotistic they all are !" Of course she assumed herself to have obtained a complete knowledge of all the characters of men. "How egotistic he is ! Of course he tells his whole story to every woman he meets. Lucy Money no doubt has it by heart."

She did not remember for the moment that her own favourite hero was likewise somewhat egotistic and effusive, and that he was very apt to pour out the story of his wrongs into the ear of any sympathetic woman. But she was disappointed with herself and her friend just now, and was not in a mood to make perfectly reasonable comparisons.

CHAPTER VIII.

A "HELPER OF UNHAPPY MEN."

MRS. MONEY had one great object in life. At least, if it was not an object defined and set out before her, it was an instinct : it was to make people happy. She could not rest without trying to make people happy. The motherly instinct, which in other women is satisfied by rushing at babies wherever they are to be seen, and ministering to them, and fondling them, and talking pigeon-English to them, exuberated in her so far as to set her trying to do the mother's part for all men and women who came within her range, even when their years far exceeded hers. There was one great advantage to herself personally in this : it kept her content in what had come to be her own sphere. One cannot go meddling in the affairs of duchesses and countesses and Ministers of State, with whatever kindly desire of setting everything to rights and making them all happy. People of that class give themselves such haughty airs that they would rather remain unhappy in their own way than obtain felicity at the hand of *some person of inferior station*. So Mrs. Money

believed; and perhaps one secret cause of her dislike to theocracy (along with the avowed conviction that the aristocratic society had somehow misprised and interfered with her husband) was her feeling that if she were among them they would not allow her to do anything for them. She therefore maintained a circle of which she was herself the queen and patroness and Lady Bountiful. She busied herself about everybody's affairs, and was kind to everybody, without any feeling of delight in the mere work of patronage, but out of a sheer pleasure in trying to make people happy. Naturally she made mistakes, and the general system of her social circle was so as to occasion a continual change, a passing away of old friends and coming in of new. As young men rose in the world and became independent, as girls got married and came to consider themselves supreme in their own sphere, they tended to move away from Mrs. Money's influence. Even the grateful and the generous could not always avoid this. For beginners in any path of life she was the specially-appointed helper and friend; and next to her she might be called the patron saint of failures. In her circle were the young poets, painters, lawyers, novelists, preachers, ambitious people looking out for seats in Parliament, or beginners in Parliament; there were the grey old poets whom no one read; the painters whose pictures could not get their pictures exhibited or bought; the men who were in Parliament ten or twenty years ago, and got out and never could get in again; and the inventors who could not impress any government capitalist with a sense of the value of their discoveries. No person of any rank, successful person of any kind was usually to be found in Mrs. Money's rooms. Her guests were the youths who were putting on their armour on for the battle, and the worn-out campaigners who had thrown it off, defeated.

Naturally, when Minola Grey came in Mrs. Money's warm sympathy and interest of the kindly lady were quickened to their keenest. This beautiful, motherless, fatherless, proud, lonely girl, not so old as her own Theresa, not older than her own Lucy—she was by herself, or almost by herself, in gloomy lodgings in the heart of London—how could she fail to be an object of Mrs. Money's concern? Of course Mrs. Money must look into all her affairs, must find out whether she was poor; and in what sort of way she was living; and whether the people with whom she lodged were kind.

Mary Blanchet's pride of heart can hardly be described when an open carriage, with a pair of splendid greys, stopped at the door of the house in the no-thoroughfare street, and a footman got down and *knocked*; and it finally appeared that Mrs. Money, Miss N

and Miss Lucy Money had called to see Miss Grey. Miss Grey, as it happened, was not at home, although the servant at first supposed that she was; and thus the three ladies were shown into Minola's sitting-room, and there almost instantly captured by Miss Blanchet. We say "almost" because there was an interval long enough for Lucy to dart about the room from point to point, taking up a book here, a piece of music there, an engraving, a photograph, or a flower, and pronouncing everything delightful. The room was old-fashioned, spacious, and solid, very unlike the tiny apartments of the ordinary West-end lodging; and, what with the flowers and the books, it really looked rather an attractive place to enthusiastic eyes. Miss Money kept her eyes on the ground for the most part, and professed to take little notice of the ordinary adornments of rooms; for Miss Money was a saint, and was furthermore engaged to a man not far from her father's years, who, having made a great deal of money at the parliamentary bar, was now thinking of entering the Church, and had already set about the building of a temple of mediæval style, in the progress of which Miss Money naturally was deeply interested.

Miss Blanchet was in a flutter of excitement as she entered the sitting-room. As she was crossing its threshold she was considering whether she ought to present a copy of her poems to each of the three ladies or only to Mrs. Money, and whether she ought to tender the gift now or send it on by the post. The solemn eyes and imposing presence of Mrs. Money were almost alarming, and the trailing dresses and feathers of all the ladies sent a thrill of admiration and homage into the heart of the poetess—everything was so evidently put on regardless of expense. Little Mary had always been so poor and so stinted in the matter of wardrobe that she could not help admiring these splendidly-dressed women. Mary, however, luckily remembered what was due to the dignity of poetic genius, and did not allow her homage to show itself too much in the form of trepidation. She instantly put on her best company manners, and spoke in the sweetly-measured and genteel tone which she used to employ at Keeton, when she had occasion to interchange a word with the judges, or the sheriffs, or some eminent counsel.

"Minola will be home in a few moments—a very few," Miss Blanchet said. "Indeed, I expect her every minute. I know she would be greatly disappointed if she did not see you."

"Oh, I am not going without seeing Nola!" said Lucy.

"I am Minola's friend," Mary explained, with placid dignity. "I may introduce myself. My brother, I know, has already the honour of your acquaintance. I am Miss Blanchet."

"Mr. Herbert Blanchet's sister?" Mrs. Money said, in melancholy tone, but with delighted eyes; "this is indeed an unexpected and a very great pleasure."

"Why, you don't mean to say you are Herbert Blanchet's sister?" Lucy exclaimed, seizing both the hands of the poetess. "He's the most delightful creature, and a true poet. Oh, yes, a man of genius!"

The eyes of Mary moistened with happiness and pride.

"Herbert Blanchet is my brother. He is much younger than I; I need hardly say that. I used to take care of him years ago, almost as if I were his mother. We were a long time separated; he has been so much abroad."

The faithful Mary would not for all the world have suggested or admitted that their long separation was due to any indifference on the part of her brother. Indeed, at the moment she was not thinking of anything of the kind, only of his genius, and his beauty, and his noble heart.

"He never told me he had a sister," Mrs. Money said, "or I should have been delighted to call on you long ago, Miss Blanchet. It is your brother's fault, not mine. I shall tell him so."

"He did not know that I was coming to London," Mary was quick to explain; "he thought I was still living in Keeton. I only came to London with Minola."

"Oh! You lived in Keeton, then, always, along with Miss Grey?"

"How delightful!" Lucy exclaimed, desisting from her occupation of opening books and turning over music; "for you can tell us all about Nola, and her love story."

"Her love story?" Mrs. Money repeated, in tones of melancholy enquiry.

"Her love story!" Miss Blanchet murmured tremulously, and wondering who had betrayed Minola's secret.

"Oh, yes," said Lucy decisively. "I know there's some love story—something romantic and delightful. Do tell us, Miss Blanchet."

Even the saint-like Theresa now showed a mild and becoming interest.

"It's not exactly a love story," Miss Blanchet said, with some hesitation, not well knowing what she ought to reveal and what to keep back. "At least, it's no love affair on Minola's part. She never was in love—never. She detests all love-making—at least, she thinks so," the poetess said, with a gentle sigh. "But there was a gentleman who was very much in love with her."

"Oh, she must have had heaps of lovers!" interposed Lucy.

Miss Blanchet then told the story of Mr. Augustus Sheppard, and how he was rich and handsome—at least, rather handsome, she said—and how he wanted to marry Minola; and her people very much wished that she would have him, and she would not; and how at last she hastened her flight to London to get rid of him. All this was full of delightful interest to Lucy, and still further quickened the kindly sympathy of Mrs. Money. Then Mary Blanchet went into a long story about the death of Minola's mother and the second marriage of Minola's father, and then the father's death and the stepmother's second marriage, and the discomfort of the home which fate had thus provided for Minola. She expatiated upon the happiness of the sheltered life Minola had had while her mother was living, and the change that came upon her afterwards, until the only doubt Mrs. Money had ever entertained about Minola—a doubt as to the perfect propriety and judgment of her coming to live almost alone in London—vanished altogether, and she regarded our heroine as a girl who had been driven from her home, instead of having fled from it.

Mrs. Money delicately and cautiously approached the subject of Minola's means of subsistence. On this point no one could enlighten her better than Miss Blanchet, who knew to the sixpence the income and expenditure of her friend. Well, Minola was not badly off for a girl, Mrs. Money thought. A girl could live nicely and quietly, like a lady, but very quietly, on that. Besides, some rich man would be sure to fall in love with her.

"But she ought to have a great deal of money," the poetess eagerly explained, very proud of her leader's losses. "Her father was a rich man, quite a rich man, and he had quarrelled with her brother, and she ought to have all the money, only for that second marriage." Indeed, Miss Blanchet added the expression of her own profound conviction that there must have been some queer work—some concealment or something—about Mr. Grey's property, seeing that so little of it came to Minola.

"I'll get Mr. Money to look into all that," Mrs. Money said decisively. "He understands all about these things, and nothing could be hidden from him."

Miss Blanchet modestly intimated that she had confided her suspicions to her brother, and begged him to try and find out something.

"Oh, he never could understand anything about it!" Lucy said. "Poets never know about these things. It's just in papa's line.

He'll find out. They can't baffle him. I know they have been cheating Nola—I know they have! I know there's a will hidden away somewhere, making her the rightful heir or whatever it is."

"About this gentleman—this lover. Is he a nice person?" Mrs. Money began.

"Mr. Augustus Sheppard?" Mary asked, mentioning his name for the first time in the conversation.

"Augustus Sheppard! Is that his name?" Lucy demanded eagerly. "Why, then, papa knows him! Indeed he does. I declare papa knows everything!"

"Why do you think, dear, that he knows this gentleman?"

"Because I heard him asking Nola about Mr. Augustus Sheppard the other day, mamma, in our drawing-room."

"He couldn't have known this, I think," Miss Blanchet said.

"Oh, no, I suppose not; but he knows him, and he'll tell us all about him. Why wouldn't Nola have him, Miss Blanchet?"

"He is rather a formal sort of person, and heavy, and not the least in the world poetic or romantic; and Minola does not like him at all. She doesn't think his feelings are very deep; but there I am sure she is wrong," the poetess added emphatically. "She has never had occasion to make a study of human feelings as others have."

"You think he has deep feelings?" Mrs. Money asked, turning the full light of her melancholy eyes upon Mary, and with her whole soul already in the question.

"Oh, yes; I know he has. I know that he will persevere, and will try to make Minola marry him still. He is a man I should be afraid of, if he were disappointed. I should indeed."

"Mamma, don't you think we had better have Nola to stay with us for a while?" Lucy asked. "Miss Blanchet could describe him or get a photograph, and we could give orders that no such man was ever to be admitted, if he should call and ask to see her. Some one should always go out with her, or she should only go in the carriage. I dread this man; I do indeed. Miss Blanchet is quite right, and she knows more than she says, I dare say. Such terrible things have happened, you know. I read in a paper the other day of a young man who fell in love with a girl—in the country it was, I think, or Spain perhaps, or somewhere—and she would not marry him; and he hid himself with a long dagger, and when she was going to church he stabbed her several times."

"I don't think Mr. Augustus Sheppard would be likely to do anything of that kind," Miss Blanchet said. "He's a very respectable man, and a steady, grave sort of person."

"You never can tell," Lucy declared. "When those quiet men in love and disappointed, they are dreadful! I've read a great many things just like that in books."

"Well, dear," Mrs. Money said, "we'll ask your papa. If he knows this gentleman—this person—he can tell us what sort of man he is. It doesn't seem that he is in London now."

"He may have come to-day," said Lucy.

Miss Theresa looked at her watch.

"Mamma dear, I don't think Miss Grey is coming in just yet, and it's growing late, and I have to attend the Ladies' Committee of the Saint Angulphus Association, at four."

"You go, mamma, with Theresa," Lucy exclaimed. "I'll wait; I must see Nola. I begin to be alarmed. It's very odd her staying out. I think something must really have happened. That man may have been in town, waiting somewhere. You go; when I have seen Nola, and am satisfied that she is safe, I can get home in the omnibus, or the underground, or the steamboat, or somehow. I'll find my way, you may be sure."

"My dear," her mother said, "you were never in an omnibus in your life."

"Papa goes in omnibuses, and he says he doesn't care whether other people do or not."

"But a lady, my dear——"

"Oh, I've seen them in the streets full of women! They don't object to ladies at all."

"But my dear young lady," Miss Blanchet pleaded, "there is not the slightest occasion for your staying. Mr. Sheppard isn't at all that kind of person. Minola is quite safe. She is often out much later than this, although I confess that I did expect her home much earlier to-day."

"I'll stay till Nola comes," the positive little Lucy declared, "unless Miss Blanchet turns me out; and there's an end of that. So, mamma dear, you and Tessy do as you please, and never mind me."

"When Minola does come——" Mary Blanchet began to say.

"When she does come?" Lucy interrupted in portentous accents. "Say if she does come, Miss Blanchet."

"When she does come, please don't say anything of Mr. Sheppard. Of course she would not like to think that we spoke about such a subject."

"Oh, of course, of course!" all the ladies chorused, with looks expressive of *immense caution and discretion*; and in true feminine

fashion all honestly assuming that there could be nothing wrong in talking over anybody's supposed secrets so long as the person concerned did not know of the talk.

"I see Miss Grey," said the quiet Theresa suddenly. She had been looking out of the window to see if the carriage was near. As a professed saint she had naturally less interest in ordinary human creatures than her mother and sister had.

"Thank Heaven!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Dear Lucy!" Theresa interposed in tones of mild remonstrance as if she would suggest that not everybody had a right to make reference to Heaven, and that Heaven would probably resent any allusion to it by the unqualified.

"Well, I am thankful that she is coming all the same; but I wish you wouldn't call her Miss Grey, Tessy. It seems cold and unfriendly. Call her Nola, please."

Mary Blanchet went to the door, and exchanged a brief word or two with Minola, in order that she might be prepared for her visitors. Minola came in, looking very handsome, with her colour heightened by a quick walk home, and the little excitement of her morning.

"How lovely you are looking, Nola dear!" Lucy exclaimed after the first greetings were over. "You look as if you had been having an adventure."

"I have had a sort of adventure," Minola answered with a fair blush.

The one thought went through the minds of all her listeners, at the same moment, and it shaped itself into a name—"Mr. Augustus Sheppard." All were silent and breathless.

"It was not much," Minola hastened to say. "Only, I met Mr. Victor Heron in Regent's Park, and I have been walking with him."

Most of her listeners seemed relieved.

"I wish I had met him," Lucy blurted out; "he is very handsome, and I should like to have walked with him. Oh, what nonsense I am talking!" and she grew red, and jumped up and looked out of the window.

Then they all talked about something else, and the visit closed with a promise that Minola and Mary Blanchet would present themselves at one of Mrs. Money's little weekly receptions out of season which was to take place the following evening; and after which Mr. Money hoped to decoy them into staying for the night. Mary Blanchet went to bed that night in an ecstasy of happiness, undisturbed now and then by a torturing doubt as to whether Mr. Money would be equally willing to receive her if she had known

that she had been the keeper of the court-house at Keeton ; and whether she ought not to forewarn Mrs. Money of the fact ; and whether she ought not, at least, to call Minola's attention to the question, and submit it to her judgment.

CHAPTER IX.

IN SOCIETY.

MR. MONEY was not a very regular visitor at his wife's little receptions out of the season. In the season, and when they had larger and more formal gatherings, he showed himself as much as was fitting and regular ; for many of the guests then were virtually his guests, persons who desired especially to see him, and of whose topics he could talk. A good many foreign visitors were there usually—scientific men, and railway contractors, and engineers, and shipbuilders, from Germany, Italy, and Russia, and of course the United States, who looked upon Mr. Money as a person of great importance and distinction, and would not have cared anything about most of Mrs. Money's guests.

The foreigners were curiously right and wrong. Mr. Money was a person of importance and distinction. Every Londoner who knew anything knew his name, and knew that he was clever and distinguished. If a Russian stranger of rank were dining with a Cabinet minister, and were to express a wish to see and know Mr. Money, the minister would think the wish quite natural, and would take his friend down to the lobby of the House of Commons, and make him acquainted with Mr. Money. We have all been foreigners, ourselves, somewhere, and we know how our longing to see some celebrity, as we suppose, of the land we are visiting, some one whose name was familiar to us in England, has been occasionally checked and chilled by our finding that in the celebrity's own city no one seems to have heard of him. There are only too many celebrities of this kind which shine, like the moon, for those who are a long way off. But Mr. Money was a man of mark in London, as well as in St. Petersburg and New York. Therein the foreigners found themselves right. Yet Mr. Money's position was somewhat peculiar for all that, in a manner no stranger could well appreciate. The Cabinet minister did not ask Mr. Money to meet his friend at dinner ; or, at all events, would never have been able to say to his friend, "Money ? Oh, yes ! Of course you ought to know him.

He is coming to-morrow to dine with us—won't you come and meet him?" The most the Cabinet minister would do would be to get up a little dinner-party, suitably adjusted for the express purpose of bringing his friend and Mr. Money together. It would be too much to say that Mr. Money was under a cloud. There rather seemed to be a sort of faint idea abroad that he ought to be, or some day would be, under a cloud, no one knew why.

No such considerations as these, however, would have affected the company who gathered round Mrs. Money in the out-of-season evenings, or could have been appreciated by them. They were, for the most part, entirely out of Mr. Money's line. He came among them irregularly and at intervals; and if he found there any man or woman he knew or was taken with, he talked to him or her a good deal, and perhaps, if it were a man, he carried him and one or two others off to his own study or smoking-room, where they discoursed at their ease. Sometimes Lucelet was sent to her papa, if he was not making his appearance in the drawing-room, to beg him to accomplish some such act of timely intervention. Somebody, perhaps, presented himself among Mrs. Money's guests who was rather too solid, or grave, or scientific, or political, to care for the general company, and to be of any social benefit to them; or some one, as we have said, in whose eyes Mr. Money would be a celebrity, and Mrs. Money's guests counted for nothing. Then Lucy went for her father, if he was in the house, and drew him forth. He was wonderfully genial with his womankind. They might disturb him at any moment and in any way they chose. He seemed to have as little idea of grumbling if they disturbed him as a Newfoundland dog would have of snapping at his master's children if they insisted on rousing him up from his doze in the sun.

Mr. Money talked very frankly of his daughters and their prospects sometimes.

"My girls are going to marry any one they like," he would often say; "the poorer the better, so far as I am concerned, so long as they like the girls and the girls like them." As chance would have it, a rich man fell in love with Theresa, and she, in her quiet, sanctimonious way, loved him, and that was settled.

"Now, Lucelet, look out for yourself," Mr. Money would say to his blushing daughter. "If you fall in love with some fine young fellow, I don't care if he hasn't sixpence. Only be sure, Mrs. Lucelet, that you are in love with him, and that he is in love with you, and not with your expectations."

Lucelet generally smiled and saucily tossed her head, as one who

ly that she considered herself a person quite qualified to impression without the help of any expectations.

ometimes wish the right man would come along, Lucelet," they said one day, throwing his arm round his pretty shoulder, and drawing her to him.

"a! do you want to get rid of me so soon? I wonder at now I don't want to get rid of you."

"no, dear; it isn't that. Never mind; where's your

Just run and ask her——" and Mr. Money started some, and put an end to the conversation.

Money's ideas with regard to the future of his daughters did to become known among his acquaintances in general, and subtless have drawn young men in goodly numbers around, even if Lucelet were far less pretty than she really was. In any case, Mrs. Money loved to be friendly to young people, less formal parties were largely attended, almost always, by g. Miss Theresa's future husband did not come there he had known the family chiefly through Mr. Money and t; and, coming once to dine with Mr. Money, he fell fairly th the dove-like eyes and saintly ways of Theresa. Theresa fore what her father would have called "out of the swim." d tolerantly upon her mother's little gatherings of poets *en* sts who were great to their friends, patriots hunting for cies, orators who had not yet caught the Speaker's eye, and ho had tried success in all these various paths and failed. ed on them tolerantly, but her soul was not in them; it ove them in a purer atmosphere. It was now, indeed, mong the spires of the church which her lover was to build. eculiarity seemed common to the guests whom Mrs. Money ound her. On any subject in which they felt the slightest ey never felt the slightest doubt. The air they breathed was viction; the language they talked was that of dogma. The women they knew were the greatest, most gifted, and most n the world; the men and women they did not know were were beneath contempt. Every one had what Lowell calls an e-crank-of-the-universe air." In that charmed circle every ither a genius destined yet to move the world, or a genius for the dull, unworthy world to comprehend. It was a le, where success or failure came to just the same.

a flutter of delight was Mary Blanchet when preparing to magical circle. She was going at last to meet great men unt women. Perhaps, some day, she might even come to

be known among them—to shine among them. She could never be done embracing Minola for having brought her to the gate of that heaven. She spent all the day dressing herself and adjusting her hair; but as the hours went on she became almost wretched from nervousness. When it was nearly time for them to go she was quivering with agitation. They went in a brougham hired specially for the occasion, because, although Mrs. Money offered to send her carriage, and Mary would have liked it much, Minola would hear of nothing of the kind. Mary was engaged all the way in the brougham in the proper adjustment of her gloves. At last they came to the place. Minola did the gentleman's part, and handed her agitated companion out. Mary Blanchet saw a strip of carpet on the pavement, an open door with servants in livery standing about, blazing lights, brightly-dressed women going in, a glimpse of a room with a crowd of people, and then Minola and she found themselves somehow in a ladies' dressing-room.

"Minola, darling, don't go in without me; I am quite nervous—I should never venture to go in alone."

Minola did not intend to desert her palpitating little companion, who now indeed clung to her skirts and would not let her go had she been inclined. Miss Blanchet might have been a young beauty just about to make her *début* at a ball, so anxious was she about her appearance, about her dress, about her complexion; and at the same time she was so nervous that she could hardly compel her trembling fingers to give the finishing touches which she believed herself to need. Minola looked on wondering, puzzled, and half angry. The poetess was unmistakably a little, withered, yellowing old maid. She had not even the remains of good looks. No dressing or decoration possible to woman could make her any thing but what she was, or deceive any one about her, or induce any one to feel interested in her. The handsome, stately girl who stood smiling near her was about to enter the drawing-room quite unconcerned as to her own appearance, and indeed not thinking about it; and the homely little old maid was quite distressed lest the company generally should not sufficiently admire her, or should find any fault with her dress.

"Come along, you silly poetess," said Minola at last, breaking in a laugh, and fairly drawing her companion away from the looking-glass. "What do you think anybody will care about you or me? We shall steal in unnoticed and we shall be all right."

"It's the first time I ever was in London society, Minola dear, and I'm quite nervous."

"It's the first time I ever was in London society, and I'm not a bit nervous. No one knows us, dear—and no one cares. So come along."

She fairly carried Mary Blanchet out of the dressing-room, along a corridor lined with seats, on which people who had been in the drawing-room and had come out, were chattering, and flirting, and lounging—and at last over the threshold of the drawing-room, and into the presence of the hostess. A few friendly words were got through, and Minola dragged her companion along through the crowd into the recess formed by a window, where there were some unoccupied seats.

"Now, Mary, that's done. The plunge is made, dear! We are in Society! Let us sit down here—and look at it."

"This," said Mary faintly—"this, at last, is Society."

"I suppose it is, dear. At least it will do very well for you and me; we should never know any difference. Imagine all these people marquises and countesses, and what more can we want to make us happy? They may be marquises and countesses for all I know."

"I should think there must be some great poets, and authors, and artists, Minola. I am sure there must be. Oh, there is my brother!"

In effect Mr. Herbert Blanchet had already fixed his keen dark eyes on Minola, and was making his way up to her retreat, rather to Minola's distress. He addressed Minola at once with that undefinable manner of easy and kindly superiority which he always adopted towards women, and which, it must be owned, impressed some women a great deal. To his sister he held out, while hardly looking at her, an encouraging hand of recognition.

"Have you seen Delavar's picture?" he asked Minola.

"No; who is Delavar?"

"Delavar? He *was* the greatest painter of our time—at least, of his school, for I don't admit that his school is the true one."

"Oh, is his picture here?"

"In the other room—yes. He painted it for Mr. Money—for Mrs. Money rather I should say, and it has just been sent home. Come with me, and I will show it to you."

"And Mary?"

"We'll come back for Mary presently. The rooms are too full. We couldn't all get through. If you'll take my arm, Miss Grey!"

Minola rose and took his arm, and they made their way slowly through the room. They moved even more slowly than was necessary, for Herbert Blanchet was particularly anxious to show off his companion and himself to the fullest advantage. The moment Minola entered the room he saw that she was the handsomest girl

there, and that her dressing was simple, graceful, and picturesque. He knew that before a quarter of an hour had passed everybody would be asking who she was, and he resolved to secure for himself the effect of being the first to parade her through the rooms. He was a singularly handsome man—as has been said before—almost oppressively handsome; and a certain wasted look about his eyes and cheeks added a new and striking effect to his appearance. He was dark, she was fair; he was a tall man, she was a rather tall girl, and if his face had a worn look, hers had an expression of something like habitual melancholy, which was not perhaps in keeping with her natural temperament, and which lent by force of contrast an additional charm to her eyes when they suddenly lit up at the opening of any manner of animated conversation. No combination could be more effective, Mr. Blanchet felt, than that of his appearance and hers; and then she was a new figure. So he passed slowly on with her, and he knew that most people looked at them as they passed. He took good care, too, that they should be engaged in earnest talk.

"I am delighted to have you all to myself for a moment, Miss Grey—to tell you that I know all about your goodness to Mary. That is why I would not bring her with us now. No—you must let me speak—I am not offering you my thanks. I know you would not care about that. But I must tell you that I know what you have done. I have no doubt that you are her sole support—poor Mary!"

"I am her friend, Mr. Blanchet—only that."

"Her only friend too. Her brother has not done much for her! To tell you the truth, Miss Grey, it isn't in his power now. You don't know the struggles of us, the unsuccessful men in literature, who yet have faith in ourselves. I am very poor. My utmost effort goes in keeping a decent dress-coat and buying a pair of gloves; I don't complain—I am not one bit deterred, and I only trouble you with this confession because, whatever I may have been in the past, I had rather you knew me to be what I am—a wretched, penniless struggler—than believe that I left my sister to be a burden on your friendship."

"Mary is the only friend I have," said Minola. "It is not wonderful if I wish to keep her with me. And you will make a great success some time."

He shook his head.

"If one hadn't to grind at things for bare living one might do something. I am not bad enough, or good enough; and that's the truth of it. I dare say if I were mean enough to hunt after some woman with money I might have succeeded as well as others—but *couldn't do that.*"

"No, I am sure you could not."

"I am not mean enough for that. But I am not high-minded enough to accept any path, and be content with it and proud of it. Now I shan't bore you any more about myself. I wanted you to know this that you might not think too harshly of me. I know you felt some objection to me at first; you need not try politely to deny it."

"Oh, no; I don't want to deny it. I prefer truth to politeness a great deal. I did think you had neglected your sister; but really I was not surprised. I believe other men do the same thing."

"But now you see that I have some excuse?"

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Blanchet."

"Glad to hear that I am so wretchedly poor, Miss Grey?" he said, with a smile, and bending his eyes on her. "Glad to hear that your friend's brother is such a failure?"

"I would rather a thousand times hear that you were poor than that you were heartless. I don't call it a failure to be poor. I should call it a failure to be selfish and mean."

She spoke in a low tone, but very earnestly and eagerly; and she suddenly thought she was speaking too eagerly, and stopped.

"Well," he said, after a moment's pause, "here is the picture. We shall get to it presently, when these people move away."

They had entered, through a curtained door, a small room which was nearly filled with people standing before a picture, and admiringly criticising it. Minola, with all her real or fancied delight in noting the jealousies and weaknesses of men and women, could hear no words of detraction or even dispraise.

"Is the painter here?" she asked of her companion in a whisper.

"No; I haven't seen him. Perhaps he'll come in later on."

"Would you think it cheap cynicism if I were to ask why they all praise the picture?—why they don't find any fault with it?"

"Oh, because they are all of the school, and they must support their creed. Our art is a creed to us. I don't admit that I am of Delavar's school any more; in fact, I look upon him as a heretic. He is going in for mere popularity; success has spoilt him. But to most of these people here he is still a divinity. They haven't found him out yet."

"Oh!"

This little exclamation broke from Minola as some people at length struggled their way outward, and allowed her to see the whole of the picture.

"What is it called?" she asked.

"Love stronger than Death."

The scene was a graveyard, under a sickly yellow moon, rising a livid and greenish sky. A little to the left of the spectator seen a freshly-opened grave. In the foreground were two figures, one that of a dead girl, whom her lover had just haled from the coffin, wrapped as she was in her cerements of the tomb; the other that of the lover. He had propped the body against the base of the hillock of the grave, and he was chanting a love-song to it which was accompanied on his lute. His face suggested the last stage of galloping consumption, further enlivened by the fearsome light of insanity in his eyes. Some dreary bats flopped and lolloped through the air, and a few sympathetic toads came out to listen to the lament of the lover. The cypresses appeared as if they swayed and moved to the music; and the rank weeds and grasses were moulted and tremulous around the sandalled feet of the forlorn musician.

Minola at first could not keep from shuddering. Then followed a shocking inclination to laugh.

"What do you think of it?" Blanchet asked.

"Oh, I don't like it at all."

"No? It is trivial. Mere prettiness; just a striving after drawing-room popularity. No depth of feeling; no care for the real power of the scene. Pretty, pleasing—nothing more. Surface only, no depth."

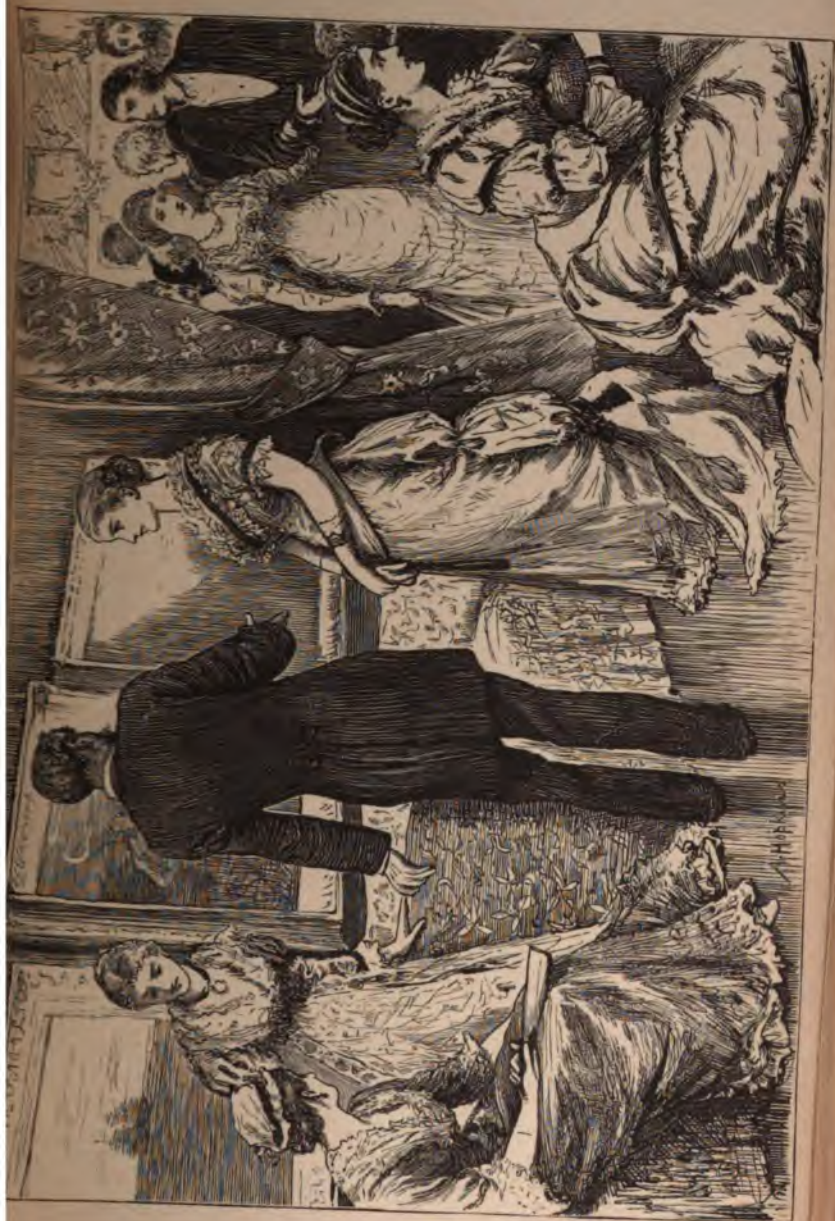
"But it is hideous," Minola said.

"Hideous? Oh, no! Decay is loveliness; decay is the so-called really high art when you come to understand it. But there is no decay there. That girl's face is pretty waxwork. There's no decay there," and he turned half away in contempt. "That is what comes of being popular and a success. No; Delavarois is done. I told you so."

"He is quite new to me," said Minola. "I never heard of him before."

"He's getting old now," Blanchet said. "He must be thirty. Let me see—oh, yes; fully that. He had better join the pre-Raphaelites now; or send to the Royal Academy; or hang in a gallery and exhibit his pictures at a shilling a head. I fancy he would be quite a success."

Some of this conversation took place as they were making way through the crowd with the intention of entering the drawing-room again. Minola was greatly amused and in a manner interested. The whole thing was entirely new to her. As they passed into the corridor there were one or two vacant seats.





"Will you rest for a moment?" Blanchet said, motioning towards a seat.

"Hadn't we better go back for Mary?"

"We'll go back presently. She is very happy; she loves above all things observing a crowd."

Minola would have liked very much to observe the crowd herself and to have people pointed out to her. Blanchet, however, though he saluted several persons here and there, did not seem particularly interested in any of them. Minola sat down for a while to please him, and to show that she had no thought of giving herself airs merely because she was enabled to be kind to his sister.

Blanchet threw himself sidelong across his chair and leaned towards Minola's seat. He knew that people were looking at him and wondering who his companion was, and he felt very happy.

"I wish I might read some of my poems to you, Miss Grey," he said. "I should like to have your opinion, because I know it would be sincere."

"I should be delighted to hear them, but I don't think I should venture to give an opinion; my opinion would not be worth anything."

"When may I come and read one or two to you and Mary? Tomorrow afternoon?"

"Oh, yes; we are staying here to-night, but we shall be at home in the afternoon. Are these published poems? Pray, excuse me—I quite forgot; you don't publish. You don't care for fame—the fame that sets other people wild."

He smiled, and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"We don't care for the plaudits of the stupid crowd," he said; "that is quite true. We don't care for popularity, and to have our books lying on drawing-room tables, and kept by the booksellers bound in morocco ready to hand, to be given away as gift-books to young ladies. But we should like the admiration of a chosen few. The truth is, that I don't publish my poems because I haven't the money. They would be a dead loss, of course, to any one who printed them; I am proud to say that. I would not have them printed at all if they couldn't be artistically and fitly brought out; and I haven't the money, and there's an end. But if I might read my poems to you, that would be something."

Minola began to be full of pity for the poor poet, between whom and possible fame there stood so hard and prosaic a barrier. She was touched by the proud humility of his confession of ambition and poverty. Three sudden questions flashed through her mind. "1

wonder how much it would cost? and have I money enough? and would it be possible to get him to take it?"

Her colour was positively heightening, and her breath becoming checked by the boldness of these thoughts, when suddenly there was a rushing and rustling of silken skirts, and Lucy Money, disengaging herself from a man's arm, swooped upon her.

"You darlinest dear Nola, where have you been all the night? I have been hunting for you everywhere! Oh—Mr. Blanchet! I haven't seen you before either. Have you two been wandering about together all the evening?"

Looking up, Minola saw that it was Mr. Victor Heron who had been with Lucy Money, and that he was now waiting with a smile of genial friendliness to be recognised by Miss Grey. It must be owned that Minola felt a little embarrassed, and would rather—though she could not possibly tell why—not have been found deep in confidential talk with Herbert Blanchet.

She gave Mr. Heron her hand, and told him—which was now the truth—that she was glad to see him.

"Hadn't we better go and find Mary?" Blanchet said, rising and glancing slightly at Heron. "She will be expecting us."

"No, please don't take Miss Grey away just yet," Victor said, addressing himself straightway, and with eyes of unutterable cordiality and good-fellowship, to the poet. "I haven't spoken a word to her yet; and I have to go away soon."

"I'll go with you to your sister, Mr. Blanchet," said Lucy, taking his arm forthwith. "I haven't seen her all the evening, and I want to talk to her very much."

So Lucy swept away on Mr. Blanchet's arm, looking very fair, and *petite*, and pretty, as she held a bundle of her draperies in one hand, and glanced back, smiling and nodding out of sheer good-nature at Minola.

Victor Heron sat down by Minola, and at once plunged into earnest talk.

(To be continued.)

THE SAILING OF THE SWALLOW.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ABOUT the middle music of the spring
 Came from the green shore of the Irish king
 A fair ship stoutly sailing, eastward bound
 And south by Wales and its grey land-line round
 To the loud rocks and ringing reaches home
 That take the wild wrath of the Cornish foam,
 Past Lyonesse unswallowed of the tides
 And high Carlion that now the steep sea hides
 To the wind-hollowed heights and gusty bays
 Of sheer Tintagel, fair with famous days.
 Above the stem a gilded swallow shone,
 Wrought with straight wings and eyes of glittering stone
 As flying sunward oversea, to bear
 Green summer with it through the singing air.
 And on the deck between the rowers at dawn,
 As the bright sail with brightening wind was drawn,
 Sat with full face against the strengthening light
 Iseult, more fair than foam or dawn was white.
 Her gaze was glad past love's own singing of,
 And her face lovely past desire of love.
 Past thought and speech her maiden motions were,
 And a more golden sunrise was her hair.
 The very veil of her bright flesh was made
 As of light woven and moonbeam-coloured shade
 More fine than moonbeams ; her warm eyelids shone
 As snow sun-stricken that endures the sun,
 And through their curled and coloured clouds of deep
 Luminous lashes thick as dreams in sleep
 Shone as the sea's depth swallowing up the sky's
 The springs of unimaginable eyes.

As the wave's subtler emerald is pierced through
With the utmost heaven's inextricable blue,
And both are woven and molten in one sleight
Of amorous colour and implicated light
Under the golden guard and gaze of noon,
So glowed their awless amorous plenilune,
Azure and gold and ardent grey, made strange
With fiery difference and deep interchange
Inexplicable of glories multiform ;
Now as the sullen sapphire swells toward storm
Foamless, their bitter beauty grew acold,
And now afire with ardour of fine gold.
Her flower-soft lips were meek and passionate,
For love upon them like a shadow sate
Patient, a foreseen vision of sweet things,
A dream with eyes fast shut and plumeless wings
That knew not what man's love or life should be,
Nor had it sight nor heart to hope or see
What thing should come, but childlike satisfied
Watched out its virgin vigil in soft pride
And unvisited expectation ; and the glad
Clear cheeks and throat and tender temples had
Such maiden heat as if a rose's blood
Beat in the live heart of a lily-bud.
Between the small round breasts a white way led
Heavenward, and from slight foot to slender head
The whole fair body flower-like swayed and shone
Moving, and what her light hand leant upon
Grew blossom-scented : her warm arms began
To round and ripen for delight of man
That they should clasp and circle : her fresh hands,
Like regent lilies of reflowering lands
Whose vassal firstlings, crown and star and plume,
Bow down to the empire of that sovereign bloom,
Shone sceptreless, and from her face there went
A silent light as of a God content ;
Save when, more swift and keen than love or shame,
Some flash of blood, light as the laugh of flame,

Brok e it with sudden beam and shining speech,
As dream by dream shot through her eyes, and each
Outshone the last that lightened, and not one
Shew ed her such things as should be borne and done.
Though hard against her shone the sunlike face
That in all change and wreck of time and place
Should be the star of her sweet living soul.
Nor had love made it as his written scroll
For evil will and good to read in yet ;
But smooth and mighty, without scar or fret,
Fresh and high-lifted was the helmless brow
As the oak-tree flower that tops the topmost bough,
Ere it drop off before the perfect leaf ;
And nothing save his name he had of grief,
The name his mother, dying as he was born,
Made out of sorrow in very sorrow's scorn,
And set it on him smiling in her sight,
Tristram ; who now, clothed with sweet youth and might,
As a glad witness wore that bitter name,
The second symbol of the world for fame.
Famous and full of fortune was his youth
Ere the beard's bloom had left his cheek unsmooth,
And in his face a lordship of strong joy
And height of heart no chance could curb or cloy
Lightened, and all that warmed them at his eyes
Loved them as young larks love the blue strong skies.
So like the morning through the morning moved
Tristram, a light to look on and be loved.
Song sprang between his lips and hands, and shone
Singing, and strengthened and sank down thereon
As a bird settles to the second flight,
Then from beneath his harping hands with might
Leap t, and made way and had its fill and died,
And all whose hearts were fed upon it sighed
Silent, and in their hearts the fire of tears
Burn ed as wine drunken not with lips but ears.
And gazing on his fervent hands that made
The might of music all their souls obeyed

With trembling strong subservience of delight,
Full many a queen that had him once in sight
Thought in the secret place of her hot heart
In what strong battle had these hands borne part
How oft, and were so young and sweet of skill;
And those red lips whereon the song burned still,
What words and cries of battle had they flung
Athwart the swing and shriek of swords, so young
And eyes as glad as summer, what strange youth
Fed them so full of happy heart and truth,
That had seen sway from side to sundering side
The steel flow of that terrible springtide
That the moon rules not, but the fire and light
Of men's hearts mixed in the mid mirth of fight.
Therefore the joy and love of him they had
Made thought more amorous in them and more glad
For his fame's sake remembered, and his youth
Gave his fame flowerlike fragrance and soft growth
As of a rose requickening, when he stood
Fair in their eye, a flower of faultless blood.
And that sad queen to whom his life was death,
A rose plucked forth of summer in mid breath,
A star fall'n out of season in mid throe
Of that life's joy that makes the star's life glow,
Made their love sadder toward him and more strow
And in mid change of time and fight and song
Chance cast him westward on the low sweet strand
Where songs are sung of the green Irish land,
And the sky loves it, and the sea loves best,
And as a bird is taken to man's breast
The sweet-souled land where sorrow sweetest sings
Is wrapt round with them as with hands and wings
And taken to the sea's heart as a flower.
There in the luck and light of his good hour
Came to the king's court like a noteless man
Tristram, and while some half a season ran
Abode before him harping in his hall,
And taught sweet craft of new things musical

To the dear maiden mouth and innocent hands
That for his sake are famous in all lands.
Yet was not love between them, for their fate
Lay wrapt in its appointed hour at wait,
And had no flower to show yet, and no sting.
But once being vexed with some past wound the king
Bade give him comfort of sweet baths, and then
Should Iseult watch him as his handmaiden,
For his more honour in men's sight, and ease
The hurts he had with holy remedies
Made by her mother's magic in strange hours
Out of live roots and life-compelling flowers.
And finding by the wound's shape in his side
This was the knight by whom their strength had died
And all their might in one man overthrown
Had left their shame in sight of all men shown,
She would have slain him swordless with his sword;
Yet seemed he to her so great and fair a lord
She heaved up hand and smote not; and he said,
Laughing—"What comfort shall this man be dead,
Damsel? what hurt is for my blood to heal?
But set your hand not near the toothèd steel
Lest the fang strike it."—"Yea, the fang," she said,
"Should it not sting the very serpent dead
That stung mine uncle? for his slayer art thou,
And half my mother's heart is bloodless now
Through thee, that mad'st the veins of all her kin
Bleed in his wounds whose veins through thee ran thin."
Yet thought she how their hot chief's violent heart
Had flung the fierce word forth upon their part
That bade to battle the best knight that stood
On Arthur's, and so dying of his wild mood
Had set upon his conqueror's flesh the seal
Of his mishallowed and anointed steel,
Whereof the venom and enchanted might
Made the sign burn here branded in her sight.
These things she stood recasting, and her soul
Subsiding in her, thought like thin flame stole

Through all its maiden courses, and filled up
Its hidden ways as wine fulfils a cup.
So past she from him humbly, and he went
Home with hands reconciled and heart content,
To bring fair peace between the Cornish strand
And the long wrangling wars of that loud land.
And when the peace was struck between them two
Forth must he fare by those green straits again,
And bring back Iseult for a plighted bride
And set to reign at Mark his uncle's side.
So now with feast made and all triumphs done
They sailed between the moonfall and the sun
Under the spent stars eastward; but the queen
Out of wise heart and subtle love had seen
Such things as might be, dark as in a glass,
And lest some doom of these should come to pass
Bethought her with her secret soul alone
To work some charm for marriage unison
And strike the heart of Iseult to her lord
With a spell stronger than the stroke of sword.
Therefore with marvellous herbs and spells she w
To win the very wonder of her thought,
And brewed it with her secret hands and blest
And drew and gave out of her secret breast
To one her chosen and Iseult's handmaiden,
Brangwain, and bade her hide from sight of men
This marvel covered in a golden cup,
So covering in her heart the counsel up
As in the gold the wondrous wine lay close;
And when the last shout with the last cup rose
About the bride and bridegroom bound to bed,
Then should this one word of her will be said
To her new-married maiden child, that she
Should drink with Mark this draught in unity,
And no lip touch it for her sake but theirs:
For with long love and consecrating prayers
The wine was hallowed for their mouths to pledge,
And if a drop fell from the beaker's edge

The Sailing of the Swallow.

That drop should Iseult hold as dear as blood
Shed from her mother's heart to do her good.
And having drunk they twain should be one heart
Who were one flesh till fleshly death should part—
Death, who parts all. So Brangwain swore, and kept
The hid thing by her while she waked or slept.
And now they sat to see the sun again
Whose light of eye had looked on no such twain
Since Galahault in the rose-time of the year
Brought Launcelot first to sight of Guenevere.

And Tristram caught her changing eyes and said
“As this day raises daylight from the dead
Might not this face the life of a dead man?”

And Iseult, gazing where the sea was wan
Out of the sun's way, said; “I pray you not
Praise me, but tell me there in Camelot,
Saving the queen, who hath most name of fair?
I would I were a man and dwelling there,
That I might win me better praise than yours,
Even such as you have; for your praise endures,
That with great deeds ye wring from mouths of men
But ours—for shame, where is it? Tell me then,
Since woman may not wear a better here,
Who of this praise hath most save Guenevere?”

And Tristram, lightening with a laugh held in—
“Surely a little praise is this to win,
A poor praise and a little! but of these
Hapless, whom love serves only with bowed knees,
Of such poor women fairer face hath none
That lifts her eyes against the eye o' the sun
Than Arthur's sister, whom the north seas call
Mistress of isles; so yet majestic
Above the crowns on younger heads she moves,
Outlightening with her eyes our late-born loves.”

“Ah,” said Iseult, “is she more tall than I?
Look, I am tall;” and touched the mast hard by,
Reaching far up the flower that was her hand;
“And look, fair lord, now, when I rise and stand,

How high with feet unlifted I can touch
Standing straight up; could this queen do thus m—
Nay, over tall she must be then, like me:
I should love lesser women. May this be,
That she is still the second stateliest there,
So more than many so much younger fair,
She, born before the king too, was she not?
And has the third knight after Launcelot
And after you to serve her? nay, sir, then
God made her for a love-sign among men."

"Ay," Tristram answered, "for a sign, a sign—
Would God it were not! for no planets shine
With half such fearful forecast of men's fate
As a fair face so more unfortunate."

Then with a smile that lit not on her brows
But moved upon her red mouth tremulous
Light as a sea-bird's motion oversea,
"Yea," quoth Iseult, "the happier hap for me,
With no such face to bring men no such fate.
Yet her might all we women born too late
Praise for good hap, who so enskied above
Not more in age excels us than man's love."

There came a glooming light on Tristram's face
Answering: "God keep you better in His grace
Than to sit down beside her in men's sight.
For if men be not blind whom God gives light
And lie not in whose lips he bids truth live,
Great grief shall she be given, and greater give.
For Merlin witnessed of her years ago
That she should work woe and should suffer woe
Beyond the race of women: and in truth
Her face, too bright and dark for age or youth,
Hath on it such a light of cloud and fire,
With charm and change of keen or dim desire,
And over all a fearless look of fear
Hung like a veil across its changing cheer,
Made up of fierce foreknowledge and sharp scorn,
That it were better she had not been born.

For not love's self can help a face which hath
Such insubmissive anguish of wan wrath,
Blind prescience and self-contemptuous hate
Of her own soul and heavy-footed fate,
Writ broad upon its beauty: none the less
Its fire of bright and burning bitterness
Takes with as quick a flame the sense of men
As any sunbeam, nor is quenched again
With any drop of dewfall; yea, I think
No herb of force or blood-compelling drink
Would heal a heart that ever it made hot.
Ay, and men too that greatly love her not,
Seeing the great love of her and Lamoracke,
Make no great marvel, nor look strangely back
When with his gaze about her she goes by
Pale as a breathless and star-quickenning sky
Betwixt moonrise and sunset, and moves out
Clothed with the passion of his eyes about
As night with all her stars, yet night is black;
And she, clothed warm with love of Lamoracke,
Girded with his worship as with girdling gold,
Seems all at heart anhungered and acold,
Seems sad at heart and loveless of the light,
As night, star-clothed or naked, is but night."

And with her sweet eyes sunken, and the mirth
Dead in their look as earth lies dead in earth
That reigned on earth and triumphed, Iseult said;
"Is it her shame of something done and dead
Or fear of something to be born and done
That so in her soul's eye puts out the sun?"

And Tristram answered: "Surely, as I think,
This gives her soul such bitterness to drink,
The sin born blind, the sightless sin unknown,
Wrought when the summer in her blood was blown,
But scarce aflower, and spring first flushed her will
With bloom of dreams no fruitage should fulfil,
When out of vision and desire was wrought
The sudden sin that from the living thought

Leaps a live deed and dies not : then there came
On that blind sin swift eyesight like a flame
Touching the dark to death, and made her mad
With helpless knowledge that too late forbade
What was before the bidding ; and she knew
How sharp a life dead love should lead her through
To what sure end how fearful ; and though yet
Nor with her blood nor tears her way be wet
And she look bravely with set face on fate,
Yet she knows well the serpent hour at wait
Somewhere to sting and spare not ; ay, and he,
Arthur ”——

“ The king,” quoth Iseult suddenly,
“ Doth the king too live so in sight of fear ?
They say sin touches not a man so near
As shame a woman ; yet he too should be
Part of the penance, being more deep than she
Set in the sin.”

“ Nay,” Tristram said, “ for thus
It fell by wicked hap and hazardous,
That wittingly he sinned no more than youth
May sin and be assoiled of God and truth,
Repenting ; for in his first year of reign
As he stood splendid with his foemen slain
And light of new-blown battles, flushed and hot
With hope and life, came greeting from King Lot
Out of his wind-worn islands oversea,
And homage to my king and fealty
Of those north seas wherein the strange shapes swim,
As from his man ; and Arthur greeted him
As his good lord and courteously, and bade
To his high feast ; who coming with him had
This Queen Morgause of Orkney, his fair wife,
In the green middle Maytime of her life,
And in scarce April was our king’s as then
And goodliest was he of all flowering men,
And of what graft as yet himself knew not ;
But cold as rains in autumn was King Lot
And grey-grown out of season : so there sprang

Swift love between them, and all spring through sang
Light in their joyous hearing; for none knew
The bitter bond of blood between them two,
Twa in fathers but one mother, till too late
The sacred mouth of Merlin set forth fate
And brake the secret seal on Arthur's birth,
And shewed his ruin and his rule on earth
Inextricable, and light on lives to be.
For surely, though time slay us, yet shall we
Have e such high name and lordship of good days
As shall sustain us living, and men's praise
Shall burn a beacon lit above us dead.
And of the king how shall not this be said
When any of us from any mouth has praise,
That such were men in only this king's days,
In Arthur's? yea, come shine or shade, no less
His name shall be one name with knightliness,
His fame one light with sunlight. Yet in sooth
His age shall bear the burdens of his youth
And bleed from his own bloodshed; for indeed
Blind to him blind his sister brought forth seed,
And of the child between them shall be born
Destruction: so shall God not suffer scorn,
Nor in men's souls and lives his law lie dead."

And as one moved and marvelling Iseult said:
"Great pity it is and strange it seems to me
God could not do them so much right as we,
Who slay not men for witless evil done;
And these the noblest under the great sun
For sin they knew not he that knew shall slay,
And smite blind men for stumbling in fair day.
What good is it to God that such should die?
Shall the sun's light grow sunnier in the sky
Because their light of spirit is put out?"

And sighing, she looked from wave to cloud about,
And even with that the full-grown feet of day
Sprang upright on the quivering water-way,
And his face burned against her meeting face
Most like a lover's lightening from his place

Who gazes to his bride-ward ; the sea shone
And shivered like spread wings of angels blown
By the sun's breath before him ; and a low
Sweet gale shook all the foam-flowers of thin snow
As into rainfall of sea-roses shed
Leaf by wild leaf on the green garden-bed
That tempests till and sea-winds turn and plough :
For rosy and fiery round the running prow
Fluttered the flakes and feathers of the spray,
And bloomed like blossoms cast by God away
To waste on the ardent water ; the wan moon
Withered to westward as a face in swoon
Death-stricken by glad tidings : and the height
Throbbled and the centre quivered with delight
And the depth quailed with passion as of love,
Till like the heart of a new-mated dove
Air, light, and wave seemed full of burning rest,
With motion as of one God's beating breast.

And her heart sprang in Iseult, and she drew
With all her spirit and life the sunrise through,
And through her lips the keen triumphant air
Sea-scented, sweeter than land-roses were,
And through her eyes the whole rejoicing east
Sun-satisfied, and all the heaven at feast
Spread for the morning ; and the imperious mirth
Of wind and light that moved upon the earth,
Making the spring, and all the fruitful might
And strong regeneration of delight
That swells the seedling leaf and sapling man,
Since the first life in the first world began
To burn and burgeon through void limbs and veins,
And the first love with sharp sweet procreant pains
To pierce and bring forth roses : nay, she felt
Through her own soul the sovereign morning melt,
And all the sacred passion of the sun ;
And as the young clouds flamed and were undone
About him coming, touched and burnt away
In rosy ruin and yellow spoil of day,

The sweet veil of her body and corporal sense
Felt the dawn also cleave it, and incense
With light from inward and with effluent heat
The kindling soul through fleshly hands and feet.
And as the august great blossom of the dawn
Burst, and the full sun scarce from sea withdrawn
Seemed on the fiery water a flower afloat,
So as a fire the mighty morning smote
Throughout her, and incensed with the influent hour
Her whole soul's one great mystical red flower
Burst, and the bud of her sweet spirit broke
Rose-fashion, and the strong spring at a stroke
Thrilled, and was cloven, and from the full sheath came
The whole rose of the woman red as flame :
And all her Mayday blood as from a swoon
Flushed, and May rose up in her and was June.
So for a space the morning in her burned :
Then with half summer in her eyes she turned,
And on her lips was April yet, and smiled,
In the eyes all woman, in the lips half child.
And the soft speech between them grew again
With questionings and records of what men
Were mightiest, and what names for love or fight
Shone starriest overhead of queen or knight.
The Tristram spake of many a noble thing,
High feast and storm of tourney round the king,
Strange quest by perilous lands of marsh and brake
And circling woods branch-knotted like a snake
And places pale with sins that they had seen
Where was no life of red fruit or of green
But all was as a dead face wan and dun ;
And bowers of evil builders whence the sun
Turns silent, and the moon moves without light
Above them through the sick and star-crossed night ;
And of their hands through whom such holds lay waste,
And all their strengths dishevelled and defaced
Fell ruinous, and were not from north to south :
And of the might of Merlin's ancient mouth,

The son of no man's loins, begot by doom
In speechless sleep out of a spotless womb ;
For sleeping among graves where none had rest
And ominous houses of dead bones unblest
Among the grey grass rough as old rent hair
And wicked herbage whitening like despair
And blown upon with blasts of dolorous breath
From the gaunt openings and rare doors of death,
A maid unspotted, senseless of the spell,
Felt not about her breathe some thing of hell
Whose child and hers was Merlin ; and to him
Great light from God gave sight of all things dim
And wisdom of all wondrous things, to say
What root should bear what fruit of night or day,
And sovereign speech and counsel above man ;
Wherefore his youth like age was wise and wan,
And his age sorrowful and fain to sleep ;
Yet should sleep never, neither laugh nor weep,
Till in some deep place of some land or sea
The heavenly hands of holier Nimue
That was the nurse of Launcelot, and most sweet
Of all that move with magical soft feet
Among us, being of lovelier blood and breath,
Should shut him in with sleep as kind as death,
For she could pass between the quick and dead ;
And of her love toward Pelleas, for whose head
Love-wounded and world-wearied she had won
A place beyond all pain in Avalon ;
And of the fire that wasted afterward
The loveless eyes and bosom of Ettarde,
In whose false love his faultless heart had burned
And now being rapt from her, her lost heart yearn
To seek him, and passed hungering out of life :
And after all the thunder-hours of strife
That roared between King Claudas and King Ban
How Nimue's mighty nursling waxed to man,
And how from his first field such grace he got
That all men's hearts bowed down to Launcelot,

And how the high prince Galahault held him dear
And led him even to love of Guenevere
And to that kiss which made break forth as fire
The laugh that was the flower of his desire,
The laugh that lightened at her lips for bliss
To win from Love so great a lover's kiss :
And of the toil of Balen all his days
To reap but thorns for fruit and tears for praise,
Whose hap was evil as his heart was good,
And all his works and ways by wold and wood
Led through much pain to one last labouring day
When the blood washed the tears out from his way :
And of the kin of Arthur, and their might ;
The misborn head of Mordred, sad as night,
With cold waste cheeks and eyes as keen as pain,
And the close angry lips of Agravaire ;
And gracious Gawain, scattering words as flowers,
The kindest head of worldly paramours ;
And the fair hand of Gareth, found in fight
Strong as a sea-beast's tusches and as white :
And of the king's self, glorious yet and glad
For all the toil and doubt of doom he had,
Clothed with men's loves and full of kingly days.
Then Iseult said : " Let each knight have his praise
And each good man good witness of his worth ;
But when men laud the second name on earth,
Whom would they praise to have no worldly peer
Save him whose love makes glorious Guenevere ? "
" Nay," Tristram said, " such man as he is none."
" What," said she, " there is none such under sun
Of all the large earth's living ? yet I deemed
Men spake of one—but maybe men that dreamed,
Fools and tongue-stricken, witless, babblers' breed—
That for all high things was his peer indeed
Save this one highest, to be so loved and love."
And Tristram : " Little wit had these thereof ;
For there is none such in the world as this."
" Ay, upon land," quoth Iseult, " none such is,

I doubt not, nor where fighting folk may be ;
But were there none such between sky and sea,
The world's whole worth were poorer than I wist."

And Tristram took her flower-white hand and
Laughing ; and through his fair face as in shame
The light blood lightened. "Hear ye no such na
She said ; and he, "If there be such a word,
I wot the queen's poor harper hath not heard."
Then, as the fuller-feathered hours grew long,
Began to speed their warm slow feet with song.

"Love, is it morning risen or night deceased
That makes the mirth of the triumphant east ?

Is it joy given or bitterness put by
That makes the sweetest drinking at love's feast ?

O love, love, love, that day should live and die
"Is it with soul's thirst or with body's drouth
That summer yearns out sunward to the south,

With all the flowers that when thy birth drew
Were molten in one rose to make thy mouth ?

O love, what care though day should live and
"Is the sun glad of all the love on earth,
The spirit and sense and work of things and wort

Is the moon sad because the month must fly
And bring her death that can but bring back bir

For all these things as day must live and die.
"Love, is it day that makes thee thy delight
Or thou that seest day made out of thy light ?

Love, as the sun and sea are thou and I,
Sea without sun dark, sun without sea bright ;

The sun is one though day should live and die.
"O which is elder, night or light, who knows ?

And life and love, which first of these twain grow
For life is born of love to wail and cry,

And love is born of life to heal his woes,
And light of night, that day should live and di

"O sun of heaven above the worldly sea,
O very love, what light is this of thee !

My sea of soul is deep as thou art high,

But all thy light is shed through all of me,
As love through love, while day shall live and die."

"Nay," said Iseult, "your song is hard to read."

"Ay?" said he: "or too light a song to heed,
Too slight to follow, it may be? Who shall sing
Of love but as a churl before a king
If by love's worth men rate his worthiness?
Yet as the poor churl's worth to sing is less,
Surely the more shall be the great king's grace
To shew for churlish love a kindlier face."

"No churl," she said, "but one in soothsayer's wise
Who says true things that help no more than lies.
I have heard men sing of love a simpler way
Than these wrought riddles made of night and day,
Like jewelled reins whereon the rhyme-bells hang."

And Tristram smiled and changed his song and sang.

"**The** breath between my lips of lips not mine,
Like spirit in sense that makes pure sense divine,
Is as life in them from the living sky

That entering fills my heart with blood of thine
And thee with me, while day shall live and die.

"**Thy** soul is shed into me with thy breath,
And in my heart each heartbeat of thee saith
How in thy life the life-springs of me lie,
Even one life to be gathered of one death

In me and thee, though day may live and die.

"**Ah, who** knows now if in my veins it be
My blood that feels life sweet, or blood of thee,

And this thine eyesight kindled in mine eye
That shews me in thy flesh the soul of me,
For thine made mine, while day may live and die?

"**Ah, who** knows yet if one be twain or one,

And sunlight separable again from sun,
And I from thee with all my lifesprings dry,
And thou from me with all thine heartbeats done,
Dead separate souls while day shall live and die?

"**I see** my soul within thine eyes, and hear
My spirit in all thy pulses thrill with fear,

The Gentleman's Magazine.

And in my lips the passion of thee sigh,
And music of me made in mine own ear;
Am I not thou while day shall live and die?
“Art thou not I as I thy love am thou?
So let all things pass from us; we are now,
For all that was and will be, who knows why?
And all that is and is not, who knows how?
Who knows? God knows why day should live ~~and die.~~”

And Iseult mused and spake no word, but sought
Through all the hushed ways of her tongueless th ~~ought~~
What face or covered likeness of a face
In what veiled hour or dream-determined place
She seeing might take for love's face, and believe
This was the spirit to whom all spirits cleave.
For that sweet wonder of the twain made one
And each one twain, incorporate sun with sun,
Star with star molten, soul with soul imbued,
And all the soul's works, all their multitude,
Made one thought and one vision and one song,
Love—this thing, this, laid hand on her so strong
She could not choose but yearn till she should see.
So went she musing down her thoughts; but he,
Sweet-hearted as a bird that takes the sun
With his clear eyes, and feels the glad god run
Through his bright blood and his rejoicing wings,
And opens all himself to heaven and sings,
Made her mind light and full of noble mirth
With words and songs the gladdest grown on earth,
Till she was blithe and high of heart as he.
So swam the Swallow through the springing sea.

And while they sat at speech as at a feast,
There came a light wind hardening from the east
And blackening, and made comfortless the skies;
And the sea thrilled as with heart-sundering sighs
One after one drawn, with each breath it drew,
And the green hardened into iron blue,

The Sailing of the Swallow.

And the soft light went out of all its face.
Then Tristram girt him for an oarsman's place
And took his oar and smote, and toiled with might
In the east wind's full face and the strong sea's spite
Labouring; and all the rowers rowed hard, but he
More mightily than any wearier three.
And Iseult watched him rowing with sinless eyes
That loved him but in holy girlish wise
For noble joy in his fair manliness
And trust and tender wonder; none the less
She thought if God had given her grace to be
Man, and make war on danger of earth and sea,
Even such a man she would be; for his stroke
Was mightiest as the mightier water broke,
And in sheer measure like strong music drave
Clean through the wet weight of the wallowing wave,
And as a tune before a great king played
For triumph was the tune their strong strokes made,
And sped the ship through with smooth strife of oars
Over the mid sea's grey foam-paven floors,
For all the loud breach of the waves at will.
So for an hour they fought the storm out still,
And the shorn foam spun from the blades, and high
The keel sprang from the wave-ridge, and the sky
Gla red at them for a breath's space through the rain;
Then the bows with a sharp shock plunged again
Down, and the sea clashed on them, and so rose
The bright stem like one panting from swift blows,
And as a swimmer's joyous beaten head
Rears itself laughing, so in that sharp stead
The light ship lifted her long quivering bows
As might the man his buffeted strong brows
Out of the wave-breach; for with one stroke yet
Went all men's oars together, strongly set
As to loud music, and with hearts uplift
They smote their strong way through the drench and drift
Till the keen hour had chafed itself to death
And the east wind fell fitfully, breath by breath,

Tired; and across the thin and slackening rain
Sprang the face southward of the sun again.
Then all they rested and were eased at heart,
And Iseult rose up where she sat apart,
And with her sweet soul deepening her deep eyes
Cast the furs from her and subtle embroideries
That wrapped her from the storming rain and sp
And shining like all April in one day,
Hair, face, and throat dashed with the straying s
She turned, a sunbeam-coloured flower of flowers,
And laughed on Tristram with her eyes, and said
"I too have heart then, I was not afraid."
And answering some light courteous word of grace
He saw her clear face lighten on his face
Unwittingly, with unenamoured eyes,
For the last time. A live man in such wise
Looks in the deadly face of his fixed hour
And laughs with lips wherein he hath no power
To keep the life yet some five minutes' space.
So Tristram looked on Iseult face to face
And knew not, and she knew not. The last time—
The last that should be told in any rhyme
Heard anywhere on mouths of singing men
That ever should sing praise of them again;
The last hour of their hurtless hearts at rest,
The last that peace should touch them breast to breast
The last that sorrow far from them should sit,
This last was with them, and they knew not it.

For Tristram being athirst with strong toil spake
Saying:—"Iseult, for all dear love's labour's sake
Give me to drink, and give me for a pledge
The touch of four lips on the beaker's edge."
And Iseult sought and would not wake Brangwain
Who slept as one half dead with fear and pain,
Being tender-natured; so with hushed light feet
Went Iseult round her, with soft looks and sweet
Pitying her pain; so sweet a spirited thing
She was, and daughter of a kindly king.

And spying what strange bright secret charge was kept
Fast in that maid's white bosom while she slept,
She sought and drew the gold cup forth and smiled
Marvelling, with such light wonder as a child
That hears of glad sad life in magic lands ;
And bare it back to Tristram with pure hands
Holding the love-draught that should be for flame
To burn out of them fear and faith and shame,
And lighten all their life up in men's sight,
And make them sad for ever. Then the knight
Bowed toward her and craved whence had she this strange
thing

That might be spoil of some dim Asian king,
By starlight stolen from some waste place of sands,
And a maid bore it here in harmless hands.
And Iseult, laughing—"Other lords that be
Fearast, and their men feast after them ; but we,
Our men must keep the best wine back to feast
Till they be full and we of all men least
Feed after them and fain to fare so well :
So with mine handmaid and your squire it fell
That hid this bright thing from us in a wile :"
And with light lips yet full of their swift smile
And hands that wist not though they dug a grave,
Undid the hasps of gold, and drank, and gave,
And he drank after, a deep glad kingly draught :
And all their life changed in them, for they quaffed
Death ; if it be death so to drink, and fare
As men who change and are what these twain were.
And shuddering with eyes full of fear and fire
And heart-stung with a serpentine desire
He turned and saw the terror in her eyes
That yearned upon him shining in such wise
As a star midway in the midnight fixed.

 Their Galahault was the cup, and she that mixed ;
Nor other hand there needed, nor sweet speech
To lure their lips together ; each on each

Hung with strange eyes and hovered as a bird
Wounded, and each mouth trembled for a word ;
Their heads neared, and their hands were drawn in one,
And they saw dark, though still the unsunken sun
Far through fine rain shot fire into the south,
And their four lips became one burning mouth.

STRANGE SEA-CREATURES.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

We ought to make up our minds to dismiss as idle prejudices, or, at least, suspend as premature, any preconceived notion of what might, or what ought to, be the order of nature, and content ourselves with observing, as a plain matter of fact, what is.—Sir J. HERSCHEL, "Prelim. Disc." p. 79.

THE fancies of men have peopled three of the four so-called elements, earth, air, water, and fire, with strange forms of life, and have even found in the salamander an inhabitant for the fourth. On land the centaur and the unicorn, in the air the dragon and the roc, in the water tritons and mermaids, may be named as instances among many of the fabulous creatures which have been not only imagined but believed in by men of old times. Although it may be doubted whether men have ever invented any absolutely imaginary forms of life, yet the possibility of combining known forms into imaginary, and even impossible, forms, must be admitted as an important element in any inquiry into the origin of ideas respecting such creatures as I have named. One need only look through an illuminated manuscript of the Middle Ages to recognise the readiness with which imaginary creatures can be formed by combining, or by exaggerating, the characteristics of known animals. Probably the combined knowledge and genius of all the greatest zoologists of our time would not suffice for the invention of an entirely new form of animal which yet should be zoologically possible; but to combine the qualities of several existent animals in a single one, or to conceive an animal with some peculiarity abnormally developed, is within the capacity of persons very little acquainted with zoology, nay, is perhaps far easier to such persons than it would be to an Owen, a Huxley, or a Darwin. In nearly every case, however, the purely imaginary being is to be recognised by the utter impossibility of its actual existence. If it be a winged man, arms and wings are both provided, but the pectoral muscles are left unchanged. A winged horse, in like manner, is provided with wings, without any means of working them. A centaur, as in the noble sculptures of Phidias, has the upper part of the trunk of a man superadded, not to the hind quarters of a horse or other quadruped, but to the entire trunk of such an animal, so

that the abdomen of the human figure lies *between* the upper half the human trunk and the corresponding part of the horse's trunk, an arrangement anatomically preposterous. Without saying that even fabulous animal which was anatomically and zoologically possible had a real antitype, exaggerated though the fabulous form may have been, we must yet admit that errors so gross marked the conception of all the really imaginary animals of antiquity, that any fabulous animal found to accord fairly well with zoological possibilities may be regarded, with extreme probability, as simply the exaggerated presentation of some really existent animal. The inventors of centaurs, winged and manfaced bulls, many-headed dogs, harpies, and so forth, were utterly unable to invent a possible new animal, save by the merest chance, the probability of which was so small that it may fairly be disregarded.

This view of the so-called fabulous animals of antiquity has been confirmed by the results of modern zoological research. The merman, zoologically possible (not in all details, of course, but generally), has found its antitype in the dugong and the manatee; the roc in the condor, or perhaps in the extinct species whose bones attest their monstrous proportions; the unicorn in the rhinoceros; even the dragon in the pterodactyl of the green-sand; while the centaur, the minotaur, the winged-horse, and so forth, have become recognised as purely imaginary creatures, which had their origin simply in the fanciful combination of known forms, no existent creatures having even suggested these monstrosities.

It is not to be wondered at that the sea should have been more prolific in monstrosities and in forms whose real nature has been misunderstood. Land animals cannot long escape close observation. Even the most powerful and ferocious beasts must succumb in the long run to man, and in former ages, when the struggle was still undecided between some race of animals and savage man, individual specimens of the race must often have been killed, and the true appearance of the animal determined. Powerful winged animals might for a longer time remain comparatively mysterious creatures even to those whom they attacked, or whose flocks they ravaged. A mighty bird, or a pterodactylian beast (a late survivor of a race then fast dying out), might swoop down on his prey and disappear with it too swiftly to be made the subject of close scrutiny, still less of exact scientific observation. Yet the general characteristics even of such creatures would before long be known. From time to time the strange winged monster would be seen hovering over the place where his prey was to be found. Occasionally it would be possible

to pierce one of the race with an arrow or a javelin ; and thus, even in those remote periods when the savage progenitors of the present races of man had to carry on a difficult contest with animals now extinct or greatly reduced in power, it would become possible to determine accurately the nature of the winged enemy. But with sea-creatures, monstrous or otherwise, the case would be very different. To this day we remain ignorant of much that is hidden beneath the waves of the "hollow-sounding and mysterious main." Of far the greater number of sea-creatures, it may truly be said that we never see any specimens except by accident, and never obtain the body of any except by very rare accident. Those creatures of the deep sea which we are best acquainted with, are either those which are at once very numerous and very useful as food or in some other way, or else those which are very rapacious and thus expose themselves, by their attacks on men, to counter-attack and capture or destruction. In remote times, when men were less able to traverse the wide seas, when, on the one hand, attacks from great sea-creatures were more apt to be successful, while, on the other, counter-attack was much more dangerous, still less would be known about the monsters of the deep. Seen only for a few moments as he seized his prey, and then sinking back into the depths, a sea-monster would probably remain a mystery even to those who had witnessed his attack, while their imperfect account of what they had seen would be modified at each repetition of the story, until there would remain little by which the creature could be identified, even if at some subsequent period its true nature were recognised. We can readily understand, then, that among the fabulous creatures of antiquity, even of those which represented actually existent races incorrectly described, the most remarkable, and those zoologically the least intelligible, would be the monsters of the deep sea. We can also understand that even the accounts which originally corresponded best with the truth would have undergone modifications much more noteworthy than those affecting descriptions of land animals or winged creatures,—simply because there would be small chance of any errors thus introduced being corrected by reference to freshly-discovered specimens.

We may, perhaps, explain in this way the strange account given by Berosus of the creature which came up from the Red Sea, having the body of a fish but the front and head of a man. We may well believe that this animal was no other than a dugong, or Halicore (a word signifying sea-maiden), a creature inhabiting the Indian Ocean to this day, and which might readily find its way into the Red Sea. But the account of the creature has been strangely altered from the

original narrative, if at least the original narrative was correct, for, according to Berosus, the animal had two human feet which projected from each side of the tail; and, still stranger, it had a human voice and human language. "This strange monster sojourned among the rude people during the day, taking no food, but retiring to the sea again at night, and continued for some time teaching them the arts of civilised life." A picture of this stranger is said to have been preserved at Babylon for many centuries. With a probable substratum of truth, the story in its latest form is as fabulous as Autolycus's "ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathoms above water, and sang a ballad against the hard hearts of maids."

It is singular, by the way, how commonly the power of speech, or at least of producing sounds resembling speech or musical notes, was attributed to the creature which imagination converted into a man-fish or woman-fish. Dugongs and manatees make a kind of lowing noise, which could scarcely be mistaken under ordinary conditions for the sound of the human voice. Yet, not only is this peculiarity ascribed to the mermaid and siren (the merman and triton having even the supposed power of blowing on conch-shells), but in more recent accounts of encounters with creatures, presumably of the seal tribe and allied races, the same feature is to be noticed. The following account, quoted by Mr. Gosse from a narrative by Captain Weddell, the well-known geographer, is interesting for this reason amongst others. It also illustrates well the mixture of erroneous details (the offspring, doubtless, of an excited imagination) with the correct description of a sea-creature actually seen:—"A boat's crew were employed on Hall's Island, when one of the crew, left to take care of some produce, saw an animal whose voice was musical. The sailor had lain down, and at ten o'clock he heard a noise resembling human cries, and as daylight in these latitudes never disappears at this season" (the Antarctic summer), "he rose and looked around, but, on seeing no person, returned to bed. Presently he heard the noise again; rose a second time, but still saw nothing. Conceiving, however, the possibility of a boat being upset, and that some of the crew might be clinging to detached rocks, he walked along the beach a few steps and heard the noise more distinctly but in a musical strain. Upon searching around, he saw an object lying on a rock a dozen yards from the shore, at which he was somewhat frightened. The face and shoulders appeared of human form and of a reddish colour; over the shoulders hung long green hair; the tail resembled that of the seal, but the extremities of the arms he could not see distinctly. The

continued to make a musical noise while he gazed about two and on perceiving him it disappeared in an instant. Immediately the man saw his officer, he told this wild tale, and to his testimony (being a Romanist) he made a cross on which he kissed, as making oath to the truth of his statement. When I saw him he told the story in so clear and positive a manner, making oath to its truth, that I concluded he must really have seen the animal he described, or that it must have been the result of a disturbed imagination."

This story all is consistent with the belief that the sailor saw an animal belonging to the seal family (of a species unknown to me) with green hair. But the hour was not very favourable for discerning of colour, though daylight had not quite passed. As Gosse points out, since golden-yellow fur and black are found among Antarctic seals, the colours may be intermingled in individuals, producing an olive-green tint, which, by contrast with the reddish skin, might be mistaken for a full green. Considering that the man had been roused from sleep and was somewhat drowsy, he would not be likely to make very exact observations.

He noticed that it was only at first that he mistook the sounds of the creature for human cries; afterwards he heard only the musical strain. Now with regard to the musical sounds, it is said to have been uttered by this creature, and commonly attributed to creatures belonging to families closely allied to the seals, but I know that any attempt has yet been made to show that these animals possess the power of emitting sounds which can properly be called musical. It is quite possible that the Romanist sailor's ears were not very nice, and that any sound softer than a bellow might appear musical to him. Still, the idea suggests itself that possibly some other animals, possess a note not commonly used, but as a signal to their mates, and never uttered when men or animals are known to be near. It appears to me that this is probable by the circumstance that seals are fond of music. Darwin refers to this in his treatise on Sexual Selection (published in 1871, under the title "Descent of Man"), and quotes a statement to the effect that the love of seals for music "was well known to the ancients, and has been taken advantage of by hunters to the present day." The force of this will be understood from Darwin's remark immediately following, that "with all these animals, the males of which in the season of courtship incessantly produce musical notes or rhythmic sounds, we must believe that the females are able to detect them."

The remark about the creature's arms seems strongly to the belief that the sailor intended his narrative to be strictly true. Had he wished to excite the interest of his comrades by a marvellous story, he certainly would have described the creature as having developed human hands.

Less trustworthy by far seem some of the stories which have been told of animals resembling the mermaid of antiquity. Though it should always be remembered that in all probability we know very few of the species of seals and allied races, and that some of these may present, in certain respects and, perhaps, at a certain age, a closer resemblance to the human form than the sea-lion, seal, or dugong.

We cannot, for instance, attach much weight to the following story related by Hudson, the famous navigator :—"One of our crew, looking overboard, saw a mermaid, and calling up some of the company to see her, one more came up, and by that time she was close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men. A little while after a sea came and overturned her. From the navel upward her arms and breasts were like a woman's, as they say that saw her ; her legs as big as one of us ; her skin very white ; and long hair hanging down behind, of colour black. In her going down they saw a tail which was like the tail of a porpoise and speckled like a mackerel. If Hudson himself had seen and thus described the creature, it would have been possible to regard the story with some degree of credence ; but his account of what Thomas Hilles and Robert Jukes saw about whose character for veracity we know nothing, says nothing, and is of little weight. The skin very white and long hair hanging down behind are especially suspicious features of the narrative, which were probably introduced to dispose of the idea, which other members of the crew may have advanced, that the creature was only some kind of seal after all. The female seal (*Phoca Greenlandica* is the name of the animal) is not, however, like the male, tawny greenish dusky white, or yellowish straw-colour, with a tawny tint on the sides. The young alone could be called "very white." They are a

statement is, that the animal is about three feet long, the upper part of the body resembling the human, with protuberant mammæ like a woman; the face, the forehead, and neck, were short, and resembling those of a monkey; the arms, which were small, were kept folded across the breast; the fingers were distinct, not webbed; a few stiff long bristles were on the top of the head, extending down to the shoulders, and these it could erect and depress at pleasure, something like a crest. The inferior part of the body was like a fish. The skin was smooth and of a grey colour. It offered no resistance, nor attempted to bite, but uttered a low plaintive sound. The crew, six in number, took it within their boat; but superstition getting the better of curiosity, they carefully disentangled it from the lines and hook which had accidentally fastened in the body, and returned it to its native element. It instantly dived, descending in a perpendicular direction." "They had the animal for three hours within the boat; the body was without scales or hair; of a silvery grey colour above, and white below, like the human skin; no gills were observed, nor fins on the back or belly. The tail was like that of the dog-fish; the mammæ were about as large as those of a woman; the mouth and lips were very distinct, and resembled the human."

This account, if accepted in all its details, would certainly indicate that an animal of some species before unknown had been captured. But it is doubtful how much reliance can be placed on the description of the animal. Mr. Gosse, commenting upon the case, says that the fishermen cannot have been affected by fear in such sort that their imagination exaggerated the resemblance of the creature to the human form. "For the Mermaid," he says, "is not an object of terror to the fisherman; it is rather a welcome guest, and danger is to be apprehended only from its experiencing bad treatment." But then this creature had not been treated as a specially welcome guest. The crew had captured it, probably not without some degree of violence, for though it offered no resistance it uttered a plaintive cry. And that hook which "had accidentally fastened in the body" has a very suspicious look. If the animal could have given its own account of the capture, probably the hook would not have been found to have fastened in the body altogether by accident. Be this as it may, the fishermen were so far frightened that superstition got the better of curiosity; so that, as they were evidently very foolish fellows, their evidence is scarcely worth much. There are, however, only two points in their narrative which do not seem easily reconciled with the belief that they had captured a rather young female of a species closely allied to the common seal—the

distinct unwebbed fingers and the small arms folded across the breast. Other points in their description suggest marked differences in degree from the usual characteristics of the female seal ; but these two alone seem to differ absolutely in kind. Considering all the circumstances of the narrative, we may perhaps agree with Mr. Gosse to this extent, that, combined with other statements, the story induces a strong suspicion that the northern seas may hold forms of life as yet uncatalogued by science.

The stories which have been related about monstrous cuttle-fish have only been fabulous in regard to the dimensions which they have attributed to these creatures. Even in this respect it has been shown quite recently, that some of the accounts formerly regarded as fabulous fell far short of the truth. Pliny relates, for instance, that the body of a monstrous cuttle-fish, of a kind known on the Spanish coast, weighed when captured 700 lbs., the head the same, the arms being 30 feet in length. The entire weight would probably have amounted to about 2,000 lbs. But we shall presently see that this weight has been largely exceeded by modern specimens. It was, however, in the Middle Ages that the really fabulous cuttle-fish flourished—the gigantic Kraken, “liker an island than an animal,” according to credulous Bishop Pontoppidan, and able to destroy in its mighty arms the largest galleons and war-ships of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

It is natural that animals really monstrous should be magnified by the fears of those who have seen or encountered them, and still further magnified afterwards by tradition. Some specimens of cuttle-fish which have been captured wholly, or in part, indicate that this creature sometimes attains such dimensions that but little magnifying would be needed to suggest even the tremendous proportions of the fabulous Kraken. In 1861, the French war-steamer *Alecton* encountered a monstrous cuttle, on the surface of the sea, about 120 miles north-east of Teneriffe. The crew succeeded in slipping a noose round the body, but unfortunately the rope slipped, and, being arrested by the tail fin, pulled off the tail. This was hauled on board, and found to weigh over 40 lbs. From a drawing of the animal, the total length without the arms was estimated at 50 feet, and the weight at 4,000 lbs., nearly twice the weight of Pliny's monstrous cuttle-fish, long regarded as fabulous. In one respect this creature seems to have been imperfect, the two long arms usually possessed by cuttle-fish of the kind being wanting. Probably it had lost these long tentacles in a recent encounter with *some sea enemy*, perhaps one of its own species. Quite possibly

been such recent mutilation which exposed this cuttle-fish attack by the crew of the *Alecton*.

A fish of about the same dimensions was encountered by them in 1873, in Conception Bay, Newfoundland. When it, the creature threw its long arms across the boat, the men with an axe cut off these tentacles, on which the boat withdrew in some haste. One of the arms was after it had lost about 6 feet of its length. Even thus measured 19 feet; and as the fishermen estimate that it struck off about 10 feet from the body, it follows the length of the limb must have been about 35 feet—estimated the body at 60 feet in length and 5 feet—a monstrous creature! It was fortunate for these that they had an axe handy for its obtrusive tentacles, as a mass and the great propulsive power possessed by all it might readily have upset their small boat. Once in their power they would have been at the creature's mercy—a quality of accounts, the cuttle-fish does not possess to any remark-

able, however, from the half fabulous woman-fish, and the very monstrous cuttle-fish, to the famous sea-serpent, held to be the most utterly fabulous of all fabled creatures, while among some naturalists of distinction, stoutly maintain that it has a real existence, though whether it be rightly called a serpent or not is a point about which even believers are doubtful.

It is well, in the first place, to remark that in weighing the evidence for and against the existence of this creature, and bearing in mind its nature (if its existence be admitted), we ought not to be influenced by the manifest falsity of a number of stories supposed encounters with this animal. It is probable that among these absurd stories, the well-authenticated narratives of the creature, whatever it may be, which has been called a serpent, would have received much more attention than has been given to them. It is also possible that some narratives have been published which have been kept back from the public a truthful (though possibly mistaken) account should be given of the undoubted untruths which have been told respecting the sea-serpent. It cannot be denied that in the main the inventions about the sea-serpent have come chiefly from the same sources. It is unfortunately supposed by too many of the same sort in America that (to use Mr. Gosse's expression)

"there is somewhat of wit in gross exaggerations or hoaxing inventions." Of course an American gentleman, using the word "in that sense in which every man may be a gentleman," as Twemlow hath it, would as soon think of uttering a base coin as a deliberate untruth or foolish hoax. But it is thought clever, by not a few in America who know no better, to take anyone in by an invention. Some, perhaps but a small number, of the newspapers set a specially bad example in this respect, giving room in their columns for pretended discoveries in various departments of science, elaborate accounts of newly-discovered animals, living or extinct, and other untruths which would be regarded as very disgraceful indeed by English editors. Such was the famous "lunar hoax," published in the *New York Sun* some forty years ago; such the narrative, in 1873, of a monstrous fissure which had been discerned in the body of the moon, and threatened to increase until the moon should be cloven into two unequal parts; such the fables which have from time to time appeared respecting the sea-serpent. But it would be as unreasonable to reject, because of these last-named fables, the narratives which have been related by quiet, truth-loving folk, and have borne close and careful scrutiny, as it would be to reject the evidence given by the spectroscope respecting the existence of iron and other metals in the sun because an absurd story had told how creatures in the moon had been observed to make use of metal utensils or to adorn the roofs of their temples with metallic imitations of wreathed flames.

The oldest accounts on record of the appearance of a great sea-creature resembling a serpent are those quoted by Bishop Pontoppidan, in his description of the natural history of his native country, Norway. Amongst these was one confirmed by oath taken before a magistrate by two of the crew of a ship commanded by Captain de Ferry, of the Norwegian navy. The captain and eight men saw the animal, near Molde, in August 1747. They described it as of the general form of a serpent, stretched on the surface in receding coils (meaning, probably, the shape assumed by the neck of a swan when the head is drawn back). The head, which resembled that of a horse, was raised 2 feet above the water.

In August 1817, a large marine animal, supposed to be a serpent, was seen near Cape Ann, Massachusetts. Eleven witnesses of good reputation gave evidence on oath before magistrates. One of these magistrates had himself seen the creature, and corroborated the most important points of the evidence given by the eleven witnesses. The creature had the appearance of a serpent, dark brown in colour (some

bottled), with white under the head and neck. Its length was stated at from 50 to 100 feet. The head was in shape like a horse's, but as large as a horse's. No mane was noticed. Five witnesses deposed to protuberances on the back; four said the back was straight; the other two gave no opinion on this point. A magistrate who had seen the animal considered the appearance of the protuberances was due to the bendings of the body while in rapid motion.

In 1848, when the captain of the British frigate *Dædalus* had heard an account of a similar animal seen by him and several officers and crew, the Hon. Col. T. H. Perkins, of Boston, had seen the animal on the occasion just mentioned in 1817, an account (copied from a letter written in 1820) of what he witnessed. It is needless to quote those points which correspond to what has been already stated. Col. Perkins noticed "an appearance in the front of the head like a single horn, about 9 inches to 1 foot in length, shaped like a marlinspike, which will presently be mentioned. I left the place," he proceeds, "fully satisfied that the reports in circulation, though differing in details, were essentially true." He relates how a person named Mansfield, "one of the respectable inhabitants of the town, who had been such an eyewitness in the existence of this monster that he had not given himself the trouble to go from his house to the harbour when the animal was first made," saw the animal from a bank overlooking the harbour. Mr. Mansfield and his wife agreed in estimating the animal's length at 100 feet. Several crews of coasting vessels saw the animal, *in some instances within a few yards*. "Captain," proceeds Col. Perkins, "a person well known to me, saw the animal with his head above water 2 or 3 feet, at times moving with great rapidity, at others slowly. He also saw what explained the appearance which I have described of a horn on the front of the head."

This was doubtless what was observed by Capt. Tappan to the tongue, thrown in an upright position from the mouth, and giving the appearance which I have given to it. One of the revenue cutters, whilst in the neighbourhood of Cape Ann, had an excellent view of him at a few yards' distance; he moved slowly, and upon the approach of the vessel sank and was seen no more."

Fifteen years later, in May 1833, five British officers—Captain Anson, Lieutenants Maclachlan and Malcolm of the Rifle Brigade, Ensign Lyster of the Artillery, and Mr. Snee of the Ordnance, were cruising in a small yacht off Margaret's Bay, not far from New Bedford, "saw the head and neck of some denizen of the deep,

precisely like those of a common snake, in the act of sw the head so elevated and thrown forward by the curve of the to enable us to see the water under and beyond it." They its length to exceed 80 feet. "There could be no mist delusion, and we were all perfectly satisfied that we had been with a view of the 'true and veritable sea-serpent,' which ha generally considered to have existed only in the brain of some skipper, and treated as a tale not entitled to belief." Do man-of-war's man they had along with them, made the f unscientific but noteworthy comment: "Well, I've sailed in of the world, and have seen rum sights too in my time, is the queerest thing I ever see." "And surely," adds Sullivan, "Jack Dowling was right." The description of the agrees in all essential respects with previous accounts, head was estimated at about 6 feet in length—considerabl therefore, than a horse's head.

But unquestionably the account of the sea-serpent wh commanded most attention was that given by the captain, and crew of the British frigate *Dædalus*, Captain M'Quhæ, i The *Times* published on October 9, 1848, a paragraph that the sea-serpent had been seen by the captain and mos officers and crew of this ship, on her passage home from t Indies. The Admiralty inquired at once into the truth of tl ment, and the following is abridged from Captain M'Quhæ's reply, addressed to Admiral Sir W. H. Gage.

"Sir,—In reply to your letter, requiring information as to of a statement published in the *Times* newspaper, of a sea of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from the *Da* have the honour to inform you that at 5 p.m., August 6 lat. 24° 44' S., long. 9° 22' E., the weather dark and clou fresh from N.W., with long ocean swell from S.W., the ship on tack, heading N.E. by N., Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, reported E. Drummond (with whom, and Mr. W. Barrett, the master walking the quarter-deck) something very unusual rapidly app the ship from before the beam. The object was seen to enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept abou constantly above the surface of the sea, as nearly as we coul at least 60 feet of the animal was on the surface, no which length was used, so far as we could see, in propel animal either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed but so closely under our lee quarter that, had it been a ma acquaintance, I should easily have recognised his features with t

It did not, while visible, deviate from its course to the S.W., and it held on at the pace of from 12 to 15 miles per hour, as if for some determined purpose. The diameter of the serpent was 15 to 16 inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake. Its colour was a dark brown, with yellowish white at the throat. It did not once, while within the range of view through our glasses, sink below the surface. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed, washed along its back. It was seen by the quarter-master, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and the officers just mentioned. I am having a drawing of the serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have forwarded for my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by to-morrow's mail.—Peter M'Quhæ, Captain."

The drawing here mentioned was published in the *Illustrated London News* for October 28, 1848, being there described as made under the supervision of Captain M'Quhæ, and his approval of the authenticity of the details as to position and form."

The correspondence and controversy elicited by the statement of Captain M'Quhæ were exceedingly interesting. It is noteworthy at the outset, that few, perhaps none, who had read the original statement, suggested the idea of illusion, while it need hardly perhaps be said that no one expressed the slightest doubt as to the *bona fides* of Captain M'Quhæ and his fellow-witnesses. These points deserve mention, because, in recent times, the subject of the sea-serpent has been frequently mentioned in public journals and elsewhere as though accounts of the creature had ever been given which had been allowed to credence. I proceed to summarise the correspondence which followed M'Quhæ's announcement. The full particulars will be found in Mr. Gosse's interesting work, the "Romance of Natural History," where, however, as it seems to me, the full force of the evidence is a little weakened, for all save naturalists, by the introduction of particulars not bearing directly on the questions at issue. It is hardly likely to be the case with the present summary of the evidence, seeing that the requirements of space compel brevity.

Among the earliest communications was one from Mr. J. D. M. Irving, a gentleman who, during a long residence in Norway, had read repeated accounts of the sea-serpent in Norwegian seas, and who himself seen a fish or reptile at a distance of a quarter of a mile, when, examined through a telescope, corresponded in appearance with the sea-serpent as usually described. This communication was chiefly resting, however, as advancing the theory that the supposed sea-

the surface of the water, and without any evident signs of motion either vertically or horizontally. Now, apart from all evidence, our knowledge of physical laws will not permit us to suppose that the portion thus visible above the surface was propelled by the undulations of a portion concealed below the surface, unless the latter portion largely exceeded the former in bulk. A true swimmer does not swim for any length of time with any but a very small portion of its body above water ; probably large eels never show even their dorsal fin above water for more than a few seconds when not pursued. Cetaceans, owing to the layers of blubber which float on their surface, remain often for a long time with a portion of their bulk out of water, and the larger sort often swim long distances with their heads and fore-part out of water. But, even then, the greater part of the creature's bulk is under water, and the driving apparatus, the pectoral fins and the mighty tail, are constantly under water (when the animal is urging its way horizontally, be it understood). A sea-creeper, in fact, whatever its nature, which keeps any considerable volume of its body out of water constantly, while travelling a long distance, must of necessity have a much greater volume all the time under water, and must have its propelling apparatus under water. Moreover, if the propulsion be not effected by fins, paddles, a great flat surface, or these combined, but by the undulations of the animal's body, then the part out of water must of necessity be affected by the undulations, unless it be very small in volume and length compared with the part under water. I assert both these points as

satisfied; if to that body there were attached powerful paddles, the requirements of propulsion would be satisfied. The theory, then, suggested, first by Mr. Newman, later but independently by Mr. Huxley, and advocated since by several naturalists of repute, is simply that the so-called sea-serpent is a modern representative of the long-necked plesiosaurian reptile to which has been given the name of the *enalisaurus*. Creatures of this kind prevailed in that time when what is called the lias was formed, a fossiliferous stratum belonging to the secondary or mesozoic rocks. They are not found in the later or tertiary rocks, and thereon an argument might be adduced against their possible existence in the present, or post-tertiary, period; but, as will presently be shown, this argument is far from being conclusive. The enalisaurian reptiles were "extraordinary," says Lyell, "for their number, size, and structure." Like the ichthyosaurs, or fish-lizards, the enalisauri (or serpent-turtles, as they might most be called) were carnivorous, their skeletons often enclosing the fossilised remains of half-digested fishes. They had extremely long necks, with heads very small compared with the body. They are supposed to have lived chiefly in narrow seas and estuaries, and to have breathed air like the modern whales and other aquatic animals. Some of them were of formidable dimensions, though none of the skeletons yet discovered indicate a length of more than 30 feet. It is not, however, at all likely that the few skeletons known indicate the full size attained by these creatures. Probably, indeed, we have the remains of only a few out of many species, and some species existing in the mesozoic period may have as largely exceeded those whose skeletons have been found, as the boa-constrictor exceeds the common ringed snake. It is also altogether probable that in the struggle for existence during which the enalisaurian reptiles have become *almost* extinct (according to the hypothesis we are considering), none but the largest and strongest had any chance, in which case the present representatives of the family could largely exceed in bulk their progenitors of the mesozoic period.

A writer in the *Times* of November 2, 1848, under the signature G. S., pointed out how many of the external characters of the creature seen from the *Dædalus* corresponded with the belief that it was a long-necked plesiosaurus. "Geologists," he said, "are agreed on the inference that the plesiosauri carried their necks, which must have resembled the bodies of serpents, above the water, while their propulsion was effected by large paddles working beneath, the short stout tail acting the part of a rudder. . . . In the letter and

drawing of Captain M'Quhæ . . . we have . . . the short head, the serpent-like neck, carried several feet above the water. Even the bristly mane in certain parts of the back, so unlike anything found in serpents, has its analogue in the iguana, to which animal the plesiosaurus has been compared by some geologists. But I would most of all insist upon the peculiarity of the animal's progression, which could only have been effected with the evenness and at the rate described by an apparatus of fins or paddles, not possessed by serpents, but existing in the highest perfection in the plesiosaurus."

At this stage a very eminent naturalist entered the field—Professor Owen. He dwelt first on a certain characteristic of Captain M'Quhæ's letter which no student of science could fail to notice,—the definite statement that the creature *was* so and so, where a scientific observer would simply have said that the creature presented such and such characteristics. "No sooner was the captain's attention called to the object," says Professor Owen, "than 'it was discovered to be an enormous serpent,'" though in reality the true nature of the creature could not be determined even from the observations made during the whole time that it remained visible. Taking, however, "the more certain characters," the "head with a convex, moderately capacious cranium, short obtuse muzzle, gape not extending further than to beneath the eye, which (the eye) is rather small, round, filling closely the palpebral aperture" (that is, the eyelids fit closely¹); "colour and surface as stated; nostrils indicated in the drawing by a crescentic mark at the end of the nose or muzzle. All these," proceeds Owen, "are the characters of the head of a warm-blooded mammal, none of them those of a cold-blooded reptile or fish. Body long, dark brown, not undulating, without dorsal or other apparent fins, 'but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of sea-weed, washed about its back.'" He infers that the creature had hair, showing only where longest on the back, and therefore that the animal was not a mammal of the whale species but rather a great seal. He then shows that the sea-elephant, or *Phoca proboscidea*, which attains the length of from 20 to 30 feet, was the most probable member of the seal family to be found about 300 miles from the western shore of the southern end of Africa, in latitude 24° 44'. Such a creature, accidentally carried from its natural domain by a floating iceberg, would have (after its iceberg had melted)

¹ It is a pity that men of science so often forget, when addressing those who are not men of science, or who study other departments than theirs, that technical terms are out of place. Most people, I take it, are more familiar, on the whole, with *eyelids* than with *palpebræ*.

urge its way steadily southwards, as the supposed sea-serpent was doing; and probably the creature approached the *Dædalus* to scan its capabilities as a resting-place, as it paddled its long, stiff body past the ship." "In so doing it would raise a head of the form and colour described and delineated by Captain M'Quhæ,"—its head only, he it remarked, corresponding with the captain's description. The neck also would be of the right diameter. The thick neck, passing into an inflexible trunk, the longer and coarser hair on the upper part of which would give rise to the idea "explained by the miles above-cited" (of a mane or bunch of sea-weed), the paddles would be out of sight; and the long eddy and wake created by the repelling action of the tail would account for the idea of a long serpentine body, at least for this idea occurring to one "looking at the strange phenomenon with a sea-serpent in his mind's eye." "It is very probable that not one on board the *Dædalus* ever before beheld a gigantic seal freely swimming in the open ocean." The excitement produced by the strange spectacle, and the recollection of "old Montoppidan's sea-serpent with the mane," would suffice, Professor Owen considered, to account for the metamorphosis of a sea-elephant to a maned sea-serpent.

This was not the whole of Professor Owen's argument; but it may be well to pause here, to consider the corrections immediately made by Captain M'Quhæ; it may be noticed, first, that Professor Owen's argument seems sufficiently to dispose of the belief that the creature really was a sea-serpent, or any cold-blooded reptile. And this view of the matter has been confirmed by later observations. But now, I imagine, can readily accept the belief that Captain M'Quhæ and his officers had mistaken a sea-elephant for a creature such as they describe and picture. To begin with, although it might be probable enough that no one on board the *Dædalus* had ever seen a gigantic seal freely swimming in the open ocean—a sight which Professor Owen himself had certainly never seen—yet we can hardly suppose they would not have known a sea-elephant under such circumstances. Even if they had never seen a sea-elephant at all, they would surely know what such an animal is like. No one could mistake a sea-elephant for any other living creature, even though his acquaintance with the animal were limited to museum specimens or pictures in books. The supposition that the entire animal, that is, its entire length, should be mistaken for 30 or 40 feet of the length of a serpentine neck, seems in my judgment as startling as the ingenious story thrown out by some naturalists when they first heard of the affair,—to the effect that *some one of lively imagination had mistaken*

the entire body of a short-horned antelope for the neck of a much larger animal !

Captain M'Quhæ immediately replied :—" I assert that neither was it a common seal nor a sea-elephant ; its great length and its totally different physiognomy precluding the possibility of its being a *Phoca* of any species. The head was flat, and not a capacious vaulted cranium ; nor had it a stiff inflexible trunk—a conclusion to which Professor Owen has jumped, most certainly not justified by my simple statement, that ' no portion of the 60 feet seen by us was used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation.' " He explained that the calculation of the creature's length was made before, not after, the idea had been entertained that the animal was a serpent, and that he and his officers were " too well accustomed to judge of lengths and breadths of objects in the sea to mistake a real substance and an actual living body, coolly and dispassionately contemplated, at so short a distance too, for the ' eddy caused by the action of the deeply immersed fins and tail of a rapidly moving gigantic seal raising its head above the water,' as Professor Owen imagines, in quest of its lost iceberg." He next disposed of Owen's assertion that the idea of clothing the serpent with a mane had been suggested by old Pontoppidan's story, simply because he had never seen Pontoppidan's account or heard of Pontoppidan's sea-serpent, until he had told his own tale in London. Finally, he added, " I deny the existence of excitement, or the possibility of optical illusion. I adhere to the statement as to form, colour, and dimensions, contained in my report to the Admiralty."

A narrative which appeared in the *Times* early in 1849 must be referred to in this place, as not being readily explicable by Professor Owen's hypothesis. It was written by Mr. R. Davidson, superintending surgeon, Najpore Subsidiary Force, Kamptee, and was to the following effect (I abridge it considerably) :—When at a considerable distance south-west of the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Davidson, Captain Petrie, of the *Royal Saxon*, a steerage passenger, and the man at the wheel, saw " an animal of which no more correct description could be given than that by Captain M'Quhæ. It passed within 35 yards of the ship, without altering its course in the least ; but as it came right abreast of us it slowly turned its head towards us." About one-third of the upper part of its body was above water, " in nearly its whole length ; and we could see the water curling up on its breast as it moved along, but by what means it moved we could not perceive. They saw this creature in its whole length with the exception of a small portion of the tail which was under water ; and by comparing it

length with that of the *Royal Saxon*, 600 feet, when exactly alongside in passing, they calculated it to be in length as well as in other dimensions greater than the animal described by Captain M'Quhæ.

In the year 1852 two statements were made, one by Captain Steele, 9th Lancers, the other by one of the officers of the ship *Barham* (India merchantman), to the effect that an animal of a serpentine appearance had been seen about 500 yards from that ship (in longitude 40° E. and $37^{\circ} 16'$ S., that is, east of the south-eastern corner of Africa). "We saw him," said the former, "about 16 or 20 feet out of the water, and he *spouted* a long way from his head,"—that is, I suppose, he spouted to some distance, not, as the words really imply, at a part of his neck far removed from the head. Down his back he had a crest like a cock's comb, and was going very slowly through the water, but left a wake of about 50 or 60 feet, as if dragging a long body after him. The captain put the ship off her course to run down to him, but as we approached him he went down. His colour was green with light spots. He was seen by everyone on board." The other witness gives a similar account, adding that the creature kept moving his head up and down, and was surrounded by hundreds of birds. "We at first thought it was a dead whale. When we were within 100 yards he slowly sank into the depths of the sea; while we were at dinner he was seen again." Mr. Alfred Newton, the well-known naturalist, guarantees his personal acquaintance with one of the recipients of the letters just quoted from. But such a guarantee is, of course, no sufficient guarantee of the authenticity of the narrative. Even if the narrative be accepted, the case seems a very doubtful one. The birds form a suspicious element in the story. Why should birds cluster around a living sea-creature? It seems to me probable that the sea-weed theory, presently to be noticed, gives the best explanation of this case. Possibly some great aggregation of sea-weed was there, in which were entangled divers objects desirable to birds and to fishes. These last may have dragged the mass under water when the ship approached, being perhaps more or less entangled in it—and it floated up again afterwards. The spouting may have been simply the play of water over the part mistaken for the head.

The sea-weed theory of the sea-serpent was broached in February 1849, and supported by a narrative not unlike the last. When the British ship *Brasilian* was becalmed almost exactly in the spot where M'Quhæ had seen his monster, Mr. Herriman, the commander, perceived something right abeam, about half-a-mile to the westward, "stretched along the water to the length of about 25 or 30

feet, and perceptibly moving from the ship with a steady, sinuous motion. The head, which seemed to be lifted several feet above the waters, had something resembling a mane, running down to the floating portion, and within about 6 feet of the tail it forked out into a sort of double fin." Mr. Herriman, his first mate, Mr. Long, and several of the passengers, after surveying the object for some time, came to the unanimous conclusion that it must be the sea-serpent seen by Captain M'Quhæ. "As the *Brasilian* was making no headway, Mr. Herriman, determining to bring all doubts to an issue, had a boat lowered down, and taking two hands on board, together with Mr. Boyd, of Peterhead, near Aberdeen, one of the passengers, who acted as steersman under the direction of the captain, they approached the monster, Captain Herriman standing on the bow of the boat, armed with a harpoon to commence the onslaught. The combat, however, was not attended with the danger which those on board apprehended; for on coming close to the object it was found to be nothing more than an immense piece of sea-weed, evidently detached from a coral reef and drifting with the current, which sets constantly to the westward in this latitude, and which, together with the swell left by the subsidence of the gale, gave it the sinuous, snake-like motion."

A statement was published by Captain Harrington in the *Times* of February 1858, to the effect that from his ship *Castilian*, then distant 10 miles from the north-east end of St. Helena, he and his officers had seen a huge marine animal within 20 yards of the ship; that it disappeared for about half a minute, and then made its appearance in the same manner again, showing distinctly its neck and head about 10 or 12 feet out of the water. "Its head was shaped like a long nun-buoy," proceeds Captain Harrington, "and I suppose the diameter to have been 7 or 8 feet in the largest part, with a kind of scroll, or tuft, of loose skin encircling it about 2 feet from the top; the water was discoloured for several hundred feet from its head From what we saw from the deck we conclude that it must have been over 200 feet long. The boatswain and several of the crew who observed it from the top-gallant forecastle,¹ (query, cross-trees?) state that it was more than double the length of the ship, in which case it must have been 500 feet. Be that as it may, I am convinced that it belonged to the serpent tribe; it was of a dark colour about the head, and was covered with several white spots."

This immediately called out a statement from Captain F. Smith, of

¹ This nautical expression is new to me. Top-gallants,—fore, main and mizen,—I know, and forecastle I know, but the top-gallant forecastle I do not know,

the ship *Pekin*, that on December 28, not far from the place where the *Dædalus* had encountered the supposed sea-serpent, he had seen, at a distance of about half-a-mile, a creature which was declared by all hands to be the great sea-serpent, but proved eventually to be a piece of gigantic sea-weed. "I have no doubt," he says, that the great sea-serpent seen from the *Dædalus* "was a piece of the same weed."

It will have been noticed that the sea-weed sea-serpents, seen by Captain F. Smith and by Captain Herriman, were both at a distance of half a mile, at which distance one can readily understand that a piece of sea-weed might be mistaken for a living creature. This is very different from the case of the *Dædalus* sea-serpent, which passed near that had it been a man of the captain's acquaintance he could have recognised that man's features with the naked eye. The case, of Captain Harrington's sea-serpent, seen within 20 yards of the *Castilian*, can hardly be compared to those cases in which sea-weed, more than 800 yards from the ship, was mistaken for a living animal. An officer of the *Dædalus* thus disposed of Captain Smith's imputation:—"The object seen from the ship was beyond all question a living animal, moving rapidly through the water against a fresh sea, and within five points of a fresh breeze, with such velocity that the water was surging against its chest as it passed along at a rate probably of ten miles per hour. Captain McQuhæ's first impulse was to tack in pursuit, but he reflected that we could neither lay up to it nor overhaul it in speed. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to observe it as accurately as we could with our glasses as it came up under our lee quarter and passed away to windward, being at its nearest position not more than 200 yards from us; *the eye, the mouth, the nostril, the colour, and the form, all being most distinctly visible to us.* . . . My impression was that it was rather of a shark than a serpentine character, as its movement was steady and uniform, *as if propelled by fins*, not by any undulatory power."

But all the evidence heretofore obtained respecting the sea-serpent, though regarded by many naturalists, Gosse, Newman, Wilson, and others, as demonstrating the existence of some as yet unclassified monster of the deep, seems altogether indecisive by comparison with that which has recently been given by the captain, mates, and crew of the ship *Pauline*. In this case, assuredly, we have not to deal with a mass of sea-weed, the floating trunk of a tree, a sea-elephant drifting to his home amid the icebergs, or with any of the other more or less ingenious explanations of observations previously made. We have either the case of an actual living animal, monstrous, fierce,

and carnivorous, or else the five men who deposed on oath to the stated facts devised the story between them, and wilfully perjured themselves for no conceivable purpose—that, too, not as men have been known to perjure themselves under the belief that none could know of their infamy, but with the certainty on the part of each that four others (any one of whom might one day shame him and the rest by confessing) knew the real facts of the case.

The story of the *Pauline* sea-serpent ran simply as follows, as attested at the Liverpool Police Court:—"We, the undersigned, captain, officers, and crew of the bark *Pauline*, of London, do solemnly and sincerely declare, that on July 8, 1875, in latitude $5^{\circ} 13'$ S., longitude 35° W., we observed three large sperm whales, and one of them was gripped round the body with two turns of what appeared to be a huge serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about 30 feet, and its girth 8 or 9 feet. The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged the whale to the bottom, head first.—George Drevat, master; Horatio Thompson, chief mate; John H. Landells, second mate; William Lewarn, steward; Owen Baker, A.B. Again on the 13th July a similar serpent was seen about 200 yards off, shooting itself along the surface, head and neck being out of the water several feet. This was seen only by the captain and an ordinary seaman.—George Drevat. A few moments afterwards it was seen elevated some 60 feet perpendicularly in the air by the chief officer and two seamen, whose signatures are affixed.—Horatio Thompson, Owen Baker, William Lewarn."

The usual length of the cachalot or sperm whale is about 70 feet, and its girth about 50 feet. If we assign to the unfortunate whale which was captured on this occasion, a length of only 50 feet, and a girth of only 35 feet, we should still have for the entire length of the supposed serpent about 100 feet. This can hardly exceed the truth, since the three whales are called large sperm whales. With a length of 100 feet and a girth of about 9 feet, however, a serpent would have no chance in an attempt to capture a sperm whale 50 feet long and 35 feet in girth, for the simple reason that the whale would be a good deal heavier than its opponent. In a contest in open sea, where one animal seeks to capture another bodily, weight is all-important. We can hardly suppose the whale could be so compassed by the coils of his enemy as to be rendered powerless; in fact, the contest lasted fifteen minutes, during the whole of which time the so-called serpent was whirling its victim round, though not *massive than itself*, through the water. On the whole it seems reason-

conclude—in fact, the opinion is almost forced upon us—that the serpentine portion of its bulk, which was revealed to view, were, thus whirling round a large sperm whale, had a massive and body, provided with propelling paddles of enormous power. Were at work all the time the struggle went on, enabling the to whirl round its enemy easily, whereas a serpentine form, one-thirds of its length, at least, coiled close round another body, would have had no propulsive power left, or very little, in the remaining 30 feet of its length, including both the head and tail ends of the coils. Such a creature as an *enaliosaur* could no doubt tell what a serpent of twice the supposed length would have done in vain—viz. dragged down into the depths of the sea the bulk of a cachalot whale.

When all the evidence is carefully weighed, we appear led to the conclusion that at least one large marine animal exists which has not been classified among the known species of the present era. It appears that this animal has certainly a serpentine neck, and a head small compared with its body, but large compared with the length of the neck. It is probably an air-breather and warm-blooded, and certainly carnivorous. Its propulsive power is great and wholly independent of undulations of its body, wherefore it presumably has powerful concealed paddles. All these circumstances combined with the belief that it is a modern representative of the long-extinct saurians of the great secondary or mesozoic era, a member of a strange family of animals whose figure has been compared to which would be formed by drawing a serpent through the body of a turtle.

Notwithstanding this view sundry objections have been raised, which must now be very briefly considered.

In the first place Professor Owen pointed out that the sea monsters of the secondary period have been replaced in the tertiary and present seas by the whales and allied races. No whales are known in the secondary strata, no saurians in the tertiary. "It seems less probable," he says, "that no part of the carcass of such a creature should have ever been discovered in a recent unfossilised state, than that men should have been deceived by a cursory view of a submerged and rapidly moving animal which might only be true to themselves. In other words, I regard the negative evidence from the utter absence of any of the recent remains of great saurians, krakens, or *enaliosauria*, as stronger against their existence, than the positive statements which have hitherto prevailed with the public mind in favour of their existence. A larger

like the supposed enaliosaurus, is found in the same and absent same fossiliferous strata. Agassiz is quoted in the *Zoologist* (1) as saying that it would be in precise conformity with analogy, such an animal as the enaliosaurus should exist in the Atlantic seas, as he had found numerous instances in which the fossils of the Old World were represented by living types in the New. In close conformity with this opinion is a statement made by the Hon. George Hope, that when in the British ship *Fly* in the Gulf of California, the sea being perfectly calm and transparent, he saw at the bottom a large marine animal with the head and figure of an alligator, but the neck much longer, and with four paddles instead of legs. Here, then, unless this officer was altogether deceived, which seems quite unlikely under the circumstances, we have a veritable enaliosaurus, though of a far smaller species probably than the creature mistaken for a sea-serpent.

As for the absence of remains, Mr. Darwin has pointed out that the fossils we possess are but fragments accidentally preserved by peculiar circumstances in an almost total wreck. We have many instances of existent creatures, even such as would have a far better chance of floating after death, and so getting stranded where their bones could be found, which have left no trace of their existence. A whale possessing two dorsal fins was said to have been seen by Sir John Richardson, a Sicilian naturalist; but the statement was rejected, until afterwards these whales were seen by two eminent French zoologists, Quoy and Gaimard. No carcass, skeleton, or bone of this

British, is known only from a single specimen cast ashore on the Elgin coast, and there seen and described by the naturalist Sowerby.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, in an interesting paper, in which he maintains that sea-serpent tales are not to be treated with derision, but are worthy of serious consideration, "supported as they are by zoological science, and in the actual details of the case by evidence as trustworthy in many cases as that received in our courts of law," expresses the opinion that plesiosaurs and ichthyosaurs have been unnecessarily disinterred to do duty for the sea-serpents. But he offers as an alternative only the ribbon-fish; and though some of these may attain enormous dimensions, yet we have seen that some of the accounts given of the supposed sea-serpent, and especially the latest narrative by the captain and crew of the *Pauline*, cannot possibly be explained by any creature so flat and relatively so feeble as the ribbon-fish.

On the whole it appears to me that a very strong case has been made out for the enaliosaurian, or serpent-turtle, theory of the so-called sea-serpent.

One of the ribbon-fish mentioned by Dr. Wilson, which was captured, and measured more than 60 feet in length, might however fairly take its place among strange sea-creatures. I had intended moreover to have given a brief account of a monstrous animal like a tadpole, or even more perhaps like a gigantic skate, 200 feet in length, seen in the Malacca Straits by Captain Webster and Surgeon Anderson, of the Ship *Nestor*. Perhaps, indeed, this monster, mistaken in the first instance for a shoal, but presently found to be travelling along at the rate of about ten knots an hour, better deserves to be called a strange sea-creature even than any of those which have been dealt with in the preceding pages. But I have already largely exceeded the space allotted to my subject at the outset, and must therefore draw this paper to a close without describing the strangest monster of them all. I may as well note that the only account I have yet seen of Captain Webster's statement, and Dr. Anderson's corroboration, appeared in an American newspaper; and, though the story is exceedingly well authenticated, if the newspaper account of the matter is true, it would not be at all a new feature in American journalism if not only the story itself, but all the alleged circumstances of its narration, should in the long-run prove to be pure invention.

I HAVE the good fortune to announce one of those discoveries in the Holy City which repay us for labours, justifying much past effort, and excite to new and exalted zeal.

Evidence has at length been found in support of the Christian tradition which underlies nearly all of our sacred history—that the Church of the Resurrection, generally called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, stands on the site of an ancient burying-place of the Jews—an ancient burying-place in the sense of being older than the actual time of our Lord's trial and martyrdom. Everyone knows the fierce warfare now waged on the subject of our sites, and, more than all the rest, on that of the Holy Sepulchre. We see that this capital fact, when proved, must go to the root of Robinson's heresy, and all that has grown up since his time on the soil of that heresy. One of the able and energetic workers of the Palestine Exploration Fund, M. Clermont Ganneau, has had the opportunity of placing beyond the reach of reasonable doubt an important fact that the famous Grotto opening from the Chapel of the Syrians, on the western side of the Rotunda, is an ancient, not a Jewish sepulchre.

The tale of his discovery is curious.

THE DISCOVERY.

M. Ganneau, an accomplished French student of Christian history, who went to Palestine on a mission of discovery,

value for Biblical illustration. Readers specially interested in the details now obtained may see the whole collection at the offices of the Palestine Exploration Fund in Pall Mall.

In looking, with M. Ganneau, over that part of the portfolio which relates to the Holy Sepulchre, I was startled to find a plan and two sketches of the Grotto, opening from the Syrian Chapel. The plan could hardly be mistaken. It was that of an ancient sepulchral chamber, somewhat broken and deformed; and the two sketches represented rock recesses, not mere holes in the wall, but those regular cuttings in the rock which Töbler, in his classification of ancient tombs, calls shafts. The name may not be happy, but the thing abounds in all the valleys round Jerusalem. Here were hewn recesses in the rock such as we find in Hinnom and Jehoshaphat.

Although familiar with the details visible in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, I had never seen these things before. The Grotto has been described, briefly, by Schultz and Töbler, and Lord Nugent gives a rather fanciful illustration of the interior; but these authors tell you no more—in truth, much less—than a passing pilgrim may see with his own eyes at a cost of three piastres. M. Ganneau's drawings showed me something I had never seen on the spot. Turning to him for an explanation, I was again surprised. He told me he had made this important discovery more than a year ago. He had made his notes and sketches at the time, but he had never said one word on the subject to his Committee, being busy with other things, and not perceiving the whole importance of his discovery as a factor in our great contention over the sacred sites. M. Ganneau is a French scholar. He is not blind to the value of his discovery as evidence to the genuineness of that most sacred site, but he was less alive than an English scholar would have been to its value in *our* historical and antiquarian warfare.

In pursuit of his enquiry at Jerusalem, M. Ganneau was engaged in the Rotunda, when he heard that the Grotto was open, and that some repairs were being carried on under the present floor. Acquainted with the people, and speaking their language like a native, M. Ganneau soon got leave to enter and examine. No previous visitor had ever seen the Grotto in the state in which M. Ganneau found it. A slab was removed; a lower vault lay exposed. He stood in a rock-cut chamber, exactly like the so-called tombs of the judges, and other sepulchral chambers in the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat. The shafts are driven into the living rock. Marks of the tools employed remain on the stone, and these marks show that the tools employed were of the same kind as those used in cutting the shafts elsewhere.

The ancient work was not to be mistaken by a student of Ganneau's experience. He fixed the date of these rock-hewn sepulchres as that of the century before the advent of our Lord.

M. Lecomte was on the spot, and made the drawings which I before me as I write. M. Lecomte is an artist with his pencil, but an artist of the Pugin type. His drawings are all to scale, and are at once beautiful and austere.

IN THE GROTTO.

This Grotto lies within ten yards of the actual tomb of our Lord; of that new tomb, "hewn out of a rock," in which man had never yet been laid, and which all the Churches of East and West agree in regarding as the actual tomb of Christ. What was known of this Grotto before M. Ganneau's happy enterprise was rather puzzling, both in form and substance. It is entered from a recess in the Rotunda, used as a chapel by the Israelites, commonly known as the Chapel of the Syrian Rite. This chapel is dim, but there is light enough to see a low door on the southern side. This door being opened (by a silver key) you step into a narrow passage, leading to a dark chamber. Lights being brought (a couple of votive candles from the altar!) you find yourself in a grotto, of irregular shape, with one side only of built-up stones; the other surfaces show the living rock. Two holes in this floor are pointed out to you by the monks as ancient graves; and two recesses in the rock are also pointed out to you as ancient graves. "Whose graves?" you ask. "The councillors, Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea, early converts and followers of our Lord," you learn in answer to your query. It is better not to go much deeper with the ignorant Syrian monk. He tells his tale by rote, as he learned it from a custodian as ignorant as himself, just as our own warder at the Tower of London takes his lesson from a colleague as ignorant as himself. English nature is far less pliant than Syrian nature, but if a visitor at the Tower wanted to find Sir Walter Raleigh's cell in any particular place, he would be pretty sure to find, on putting a leading enquiry, backed by a shilling, that Sir Walter was confined in that particular place.

For many years past this Grotto has been called the tomb of Joseph and Nicodemus. The connection of these persons with each other and with the site is easy to explain. They were members of the Sanhedrim. They were listeners to our Lord. They were both concerned in his interment. Joseph begged the dead body from Pilate, and Nicodemus bought the myrrh and aloes needed for

mbalming it. In the presence of men and women these two councillors laid the body in the grave, and sealed it over with a stone. They were friends as well as colleagues, and as the ground belonged to Joseph it were easy to suppose that they were buried side by side near to the grave made sacred by the great miracle of the resurrection. But the legend is not ancient, nor can any Church be accused of the pious fraud of saying it is true. So far as my own reading suggests, the name is not older than the seventeenth century. No early father and no early pilgrim mention the names of Joseph and Nicodemus in connection with the Grotto near the Holy Sepulchre. Neither pope nor patriarch has ever called on the faithful to believe that Joseph and Nicodemus lay in these shafts, and the Syrian Church is no more responsible for the modern name of the Grotto than the Church of England is responsible for Raleigh's imaginary dungeon in the White Tower.

But though unnoticed by the early Christians, the Grotto is there, and its existence close to the Holy Sepulchre has to be explained. Under the guidance of a Syrian monk you stoop, descend a step, and find yourself in a small cavity of no particular shape. Two holes are visible in the ground. Being a Frank, and therefore accustomed to see sunken graves, your guide expects you to ask whether these holes are not the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus. One ungracious Frank, at least, has publicly expressed his doubt whether the rock-cut sepulchre of our Lord is genuine, on the ground that it is a shaft driven in a wall, not a trough sunk in the floor. Painters, one and all, as far as I remember, represent Syrian graves as built or dug like Italian graves. The monk is eager to please you, since the number of his piastres, when you leave him, may depend on the good impression he has made. If you are curious you will notice that these holes in the floor are very small—hardly 3 feet long—and you will, perhaps, wonder how grown men, members of the Sanhedrim, could have been buried in such very small holes. You may probably call to mind that very small skull of Oliver Cromwell in one of our museums, which was explained by some custodian as being the skull of the fierce Lord Protector when that potentate was a little boy. A visitor in the Grotto is apt to turn away from the two holes in the floor with a similar pleasantry on his lips. If they were the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus, these councillors must have been buried when they were little boys.

The two shafts drilled in the wall of rock are less tantalising than the two holes sunk in the floor. If the holes in the floor were dug as graves, the chances are that they were dug for children of some Latin

the Grotto being an ancient sepulchral chamber, but Pierrotti in Jerusalem have been so severely canvassed, that his name has little weight. It may be safely said, that until we heard M. Comte's accounts and saw M. Lecomte's drawings, there was room for considerable doubt as to whether the Grotto lying outside the Syrian wall was an ancient Jewish burying-place or not. That doubt is now removed.

Twenty-nine feet from that niche in the rock, which the Churches concur in regarding as our Saviour's tomb, other tombs are found, on which recesses lie the ineffaceable marks of ancient and Hebrew origin.

THE SEPULCHRE.

At first thought it seems surprising that any doubt should have sprung up as to the true site of so important an event as the Resurrection. In the theory of our faith the Resurrection is the cardinal point. Without the Resurrection there is no Christianity. The fact was felt from the first; Paul preached the risen Saviour; the place, therefore, of the entombment was a cardinal point to the converts, and as soon as Christianity was adopted as the State religion the exact site was sought for by the empress-mother, assisted by old and learned men, familiar with the Holy City; and being found (as they believed), the emperor undertook the erecting a great basilica on the ground—a seal and witness of

by Modestus 16 years after its destruction ; that of Modestus by the Crusaders 37 years after its destruction. These short intervals allowed no time for the memory of a sacred site to have died out. Seventy years ago the pile was injured by fire, but not enough to disturb the general plan. In the present church we have the edifice erected by our crusading ancestors. Against these monumental stones it is useless to protest. If room is anywhere left for doubt, it must be in the times before Constantine.

One day, in going with a Syrian friend over the Tower of David on Mount Zion, the talk fell naturally on the extreme closeness of the mason's work. The stones are of enormous size, and rest on each other without cement or mortar. Yet old rabbins tell us that they fit so nicely that a shekel could not be thrust between the blocks. Thousands of years have passed since they were piled up ; yet on trying to push my knife between the surfaces I failed to find an opening wide enough for the blade to enter. So, I think, it stands with those who fain would find an opening for "pious fraud" in regard to the Holy Sepulchre in the interval between the day of Pentecost and the reign of Constantine.

The disciples who embalmed the body and laid it in the grave knew the spot. The women who watched and the soldiers who slept knew the spot. Pontius Pilate knew the spot ; for he gave the body up to Joseph of Arimathea, who immediately took it into his own garden close by, and laid it in the grave which he had prepared for himself. As Joseph was a public man, a member of the Sanhedrim, this public action must have been known to the high priests. It is therefore clear that both the Roman authorities and the Jewish councillors were acquainted with the spot. Thus, all Jerusalem, whether friendly or hostile to the Teacher, knew the garden in which He had been laid. Is it likely that any foe would forget—any follower neglect—such a spot ?

So soon as these events became matter of public dispute, the living testimony was fixed in words ; all the Gospels, whether canonical or not, refer to the scene of that entombment. It was near the gate Genath—that is to say, the garden gate. It lay outside the city. It was near the wall : it was a place of rocks and gardens. The tomb was a cave, hewn out in the solid rock ; that rock stood upright. It was within a heavy stone's throw of Mount Calvary, the place of execution. This gate Genath was of course just as familiar to a dweller in Zion as Temple Bar is to a shopkeeper in the Strand. How could the natives confuse this site of an event which took place near the city wall, outside of that famous gate ? Is a Roman burgher

likely to forget the Porta Pia? Is it possible for a Parisian to have forgotten the Porte St. Martin?

The early disciples and their followers lived in Jerusalem, and their successors remained in Jerusalem. From James, "the brother of our Lord," a series of Bishops of Jerusalem presided over the infant Church—with the exception of a brief period, during which the chief pastor lived with his flock at Pella, beyond Jordan. This line of native bishops continued in Jerusalem from the day of Pentecost down to the reign of Constantine, when, in the episcopate of Macarius, the great Christian edifice was built. Where, in this series of Christian pastors, and their successive flocks, is there opening for suspicion of pious fraud?

THE CONTROVERSY.

Yet suspicion has arisen, and history is defied. Robinson is generally supposed to have begun it, but in truth this controversy had a darker and more illustrious source. In one of Gibbon's notes to his account of the Crusades occurs this curious hint: "The clergy artfully confounded the mosque or church of the Temple with the Holy Sepulchre, and this wilful error has deceived both Vertot and Muratori." Gibbon is most careful in citing his authorities. For this strange passage he quotes no authority. Nor am I aware of any serious authority for such a statement. Perhaps he had used, but was ashamed to cite, the speculations of Jonas Korte, an ignorant bookseller of Altona, who had been to Jerusalem in the course of his travels, and had written a crazy book on what he saw and heard.

Korte arrived at Jerusalem in the year 1738, and on asking for the Holy Sepulchre was surprised to find it within the walls. A careful reader of his pocket Bible, and of nothing else, he expected to find the city wall and gates standing as they are described by Luke and John. For him Agrippa had not existed. He had no conception of the third wall. He forgot the siege of Titus, and the building of a new city by Hadrian. He took no note of the changes of time, and made no allowance for the ravages of war. Calvary stood outside the wall; Constantine built a church near Calvary; and he insisted on finding that church outside the wall. If Korte had gone to Rome instead of to Jerusalem, he would have insisted on finding St. Peter's prison in the very centre of inhabited Rome, instead of on the skirt. If he had come to London, he would have expected to see meadows at Charing Cross. This silly German may have given the first hint of scepticism to Gibbon, and he certainly supplied the

more recent detector of pious fraud with his first doubts as to the genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre.

Robinson lay under the delusion that Korte's remarks made a great impression on religious minds, but this great impression is a product of his own fancy. With the one exception of Clarke—whose passion for upsetting sacred sites is almost equal to that of Robinson—I am not acquainted with a single traveller between Korte and Robinson who seriously disputes the site of the entombment, or denies that the grave lay under the roof of the existing Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But since the days of Robinson the matter has been otherwise. For some years after his "*Researches*" were printed, the tide of opinion ran high and strong against the old traditions. Ritter gave his circulation, and to some extent his sanction, to Robinson's views. Töbler took the same side with great vehemence, and many German critics have adopted Töbler's ideas. Wolff is perhaps the most conspicuous of the Germans who defend the ancient tradition. In England the battle has been fiercer than in Germany. Finlay and Williams wrote on the subject with a great deal of warmth. Fergusson carried the war forward by a new theory—not a mere negative like that of Robinson. He not only denied that Christ was buried in the present sepulchre, but asserted that He was buried in the centre of the Temple on Mount Moriah. He was fully supported in these views by Grove, and to a certain extent by Porter. S. Smith and H. Brandreth have publicly committed themselves to this theory. On the other side, the defence counted its armies. Wilson and Lewin were among those who took an active part in the campaign. Stanley and others, deferring to the opinion of Grove, were neutral in the fray. Until the Palestine Exploration Fund was established, the only person on the side of this attack who had been in Palestine (so far as I know) was Grove. But Grove was a host in himself. He had acquired much knowledge, and was blest with great energy. He was a contributor to many periodicals. He had great influence, and deserved to have it, in the management of Smith's "*Dictionary of the Bible*," the whole weight of which work was thrown into the scale. He edited the "*Bible Atlas*," and he has more recently edited the "*Ancient Atlas*." All these works are devoted to the support of a theory which now appears to be falling and crumbling under every stroke of the explorers' pick and spade.

EFFECTS OF THE NEW DISCOVERY.

The discovery of these ancient tombs in the Grotto settles two important problems.

1. It proves that the site on which the Church of the Sepulchre stands was a place of graves—of rock-hewn graves.

2. It proves that the present site lay beyond the city walls.

The first point is all but obvious. All the four Gospels speak of the tomb as hewn out of living rock. The Gospel ascribed to Matthew and the Gospel ascribed to Nicodemus also speak of the tomb as hewn in the solid rock. John described the rock as standing in a garden close to Calvary. Cyril saw the rock-cut grave, and the garden were still existing in his day. We now find that "the throwing of a great stone" there were other graves, probably of older date, and assuredly in the same garden. The tomb belonged to Joseph, a rich man and a ruler among the Jews. His tomb was newly-made, apparently for himself; such care for the dead being usual in his country and among his people. And here is evidence of rock-hewn graves. These rock-hewn graves were within ten paces of the sepulchre. They were there before the church was built. They are ancient and Jewish. They existed at the time of our Lord. The site was subsequently a place of graves.

The second point, though not nearly so obvious, is yet perfectly free from doubt. No part of that social ritual which was the religion of an ancient Jew (as the corresponding social ritual in the religious life of a modern Moslem) was fixed with greater exactness than the rule of burying his dead beyond the walls. The dead were taken out of the gates, and there laid in the earth—an old and wise custom, which we of the nineteenth century are beginning to understand and practise. To this rule there was one exception, and on that exception David was buried in his own city, and his descendants were buried in the same regal cemetery. But these tombs of the king were alone—inside the city, outside the law; an instance and a warning of the paramount power. Other graves were not only beyond the gates, but at a certain distance from the city wall. In the fourth part the fourth, in the section called Bava Bathra, chapter 4, the rule is given. No grave is to be made within 50 cubits of the city wall. Hence it is clear that these remains, being on

COLLEY CIBBER v. SHAKESPEARE.

BY H. BARTON BAKER.

IF Mr. Irving should succeed in banishing from the stage the last, although perhaps the least objectionable, of the alterations of Shakespeare, that good deed alone will entitle him to a conspicuous niche in theatrical history. The French semi-classical taste introduced from the Court of Louis XIV. by Charles II., was antipathetic to the romantic genius of Shakespeare. But the playwrights of that time were not insensible to the marvellous mine of wealth his works contained, and, as they considered him too barbarous to be presented *pur et simple*, soon began to dig and delve, and appropriate the precious ore, and fashion it into new forms, and cut it, and gild it, and tinsel it, to render it acceptable to the mock refinement of the period. Dryden and Davenant commenced with an alteration of "The Tempest," one of the most perfect and unalterable of the plays. As a foil to Miranda they introduced a man who had never seen a woman, and polluted that most exquisitely pure creation with gross indelicacy. They also provided Caliban with a sister monster. This travesty kept the stage until the present century, when it was banished by Mr. Macready. The following century was rife with improvers of the great dramatist. There was scarcely one of his more popular acting plays that some presumptuous dunce did not try his hand upon. Tate's alterations of "King Lear" were in villanous taste. The marriage of Cordelia with the King of France was omitted, and Edgar given her as lover instead; several maudlin love scenes were introduced, written in the mawkish and stilted style of the time; the lady was carried off in the most approved Coburg fashion by ruffians in the pay of Edmund; the Fool was wholly omitted; but, greatest desecration of all, that catastrophe so sublime and terrible was changed to a happy one. This same version, with the tragic termination restored however, is still among Cumberland's acting plays, and was the one usually performed in provincial theatres within the last twenty years. Otway transformed "Romeo and Juliet" into a pair of classical lovers, and the Capulets and Montagues became the houses of Marius and Sylla. Half a century later Garrick made "improve-

ments" upon the same play, transposed the dialogue, red rhymes to blank verse, introduced the scene of Juliet's funeral dirge sung by choristers, made Juliet awake before Romeo w and wrote some wretched stuff as a scene between them. This sion held the London stage until very recently—the Cushman mistake not, being the first to restore the text—but the old v still the stock one of country play-houses. "Macbeth," although jected to considerable maltreatment during the latter end of the teenth century—it was once converted into a three-act opera since then been little interfered with, if we except the passage polated from Middleton's "Witch," and the introduction of music, which, so far from being characteristic, would be quite appropriate to good spirits as bad. What a relief it was to be rid of the lous crowd of pantomime witches that this music necessitates, infinitely more sublime and poetic were the three weird figures t out, must have been felt by all persons of taste who witnessed recent production of the tragedy at the Lyceum. Mr. Phelps the same experiment years ago at Sadler's Wells. But, alas! the mob of play-goers will still prefer the adulterated article. "I and "Othello" have escaped pretty clear from profaning hand to say from interpolation, although the knife has been sharply to both. Garrick cut out the Grave-diggers, and they were only by John Kemble. The historical plays have been the victims. Cibber mangled, rewrote, and rechristened "King "Papal Tyranny." "Richard II.," "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," VI.," "Henry VIII." have all at different times been subjected more or fewer alterations.

But the most famous and enduring of all the altered pieces has been Cibber's version of "Richard III." Why, apart from mechanical skill and knowledge of stage effect with which it is put together, this has been the case I shall presently endeavour to point out. In the mean time it may interest such readers as would like to see Shakespeare at their fingers' ends to dissect this patchwork, and separate Shakespeare from Cibber—no very difficult task, as the alterations have no affinity—and trace the various stolen passages to their original source.

The dialogue between Stanley and the Lieutenant of the Tower at the opening of the spurious play, is pure Cibber. Upon Stanley's entrance, two lines from a celebrated speech of the King's (Richard III. Part III. act ii. sc. 5) are brought in—

Would I were dead if Heaven's high will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and woe?

Instead, however, of following this up with the beautiful description of a shepherd's life of the text—

O God, methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain ! &c.

he talks some rubbish about life being "a short chase, our game content," mounting on "a swift hope," and running our "courser to a stand."

Shakespeare ends the speech thus :—

Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet, how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?

Cibber changes this beautiful passage to—

While the poor peasant from some distant hill
Undanger'd, and at ease, views all the sport,
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

I have dwelt upon this passage as affording an excellent example of Cibber's mode of treatment. Upon the entrance of Tressel, we must go to the first scene of the first act of "*Henry IV.*," Part II. Here we shall find the greater portion of the scene Cibberised, of course. The description of the death of Prince Edward belongs to Morton, and describes the death of Hotspur ; the idea of trying to make the circumstances, which admirably suit the fiery Percy, fit the boy Edward, is manifestly absurd. More Cibber, and then two beautiful speeches from Richard II., one commencing—

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand ? &c.

and the other—

And now, good friends, suppose me on my deathbed.

The second scene opens with the soliloquy which commences the original play. But the end is cut out, and a patch from a soliloquy in "*Henry VI.*," Part III. act III. sc. 2, substituted—with alterations, for the meddling playwright could never forbear, even when he makes use of the poet's language, plucking away the gold, and daubing on his own Dutch metal in its place.

The third scene, the murder of the King, with few alterations, is the last but one of "*Henry VI.*," Part III. But the end of Gloster's soliloquy is again altered by the introduction of some lines from a speech further on, and an interpolation of Cibber. The first scene of the second act, to the *entrance of Lady Anne*, and the funeral

procession, is nearly all spurious. Lady Anne commences with the first five lines from "Henry VI.," which, although very appropriate to the dead hero of Agincourt, are most absurd when applied to her poor, unwarlike son. After this we have two or three lines of the original. The great scene which follows, between her and Gloucester, with a few alterations and excisions, is as Shakespeare wrote it. The alterations are of the usual muddling character; for instance, the poet says, "My dukedom to a beggarly denier;" Cibber, "My dukedom to a widow's chastity!" As Queen Margaret, Hastings, Clarence, and King Edward, and many others, are entirely omitted from the spurious play, thereby excising the dream and other fine passages, we must pass over several scenes of Shakespeare's "Richard," to find the second scene of Cibber's second act. But here we get into such a maze, such a mixing up of the two, that I have no space to dis sever them, and must refer the curious to compare for themselves. The third act opens similarly in the two plays, but with very considerable alterations, omissions, and transpositions, and much Dutch metalling. The speech on conscience, which closes this scene, is Cibber, and the best of all his introduction. I need scarcely say that the wretched scene with Lady Anne is wholly spurious. The fine one which follows, with Buckingham and then the Lord Mayor, is the seventh of act 3 in the original, and little altered. But the stupid rant which closes the act, "Why, now my golden dream is out!" is Colley's.

The opening of the fourth act is nearly pure Cibber again. In Shakespeare the queen endeavours to gain admission to the Tower, to see her children, and is refused; in Cibber she is *in* the Tower, and trying to take the children away with her. This is rank absurdity. Several passages, however, are very fairly written. As much cannot be said for the interpolations in the next, the coronation scene. The "spiders crawling upon Richard's startled hopes," &c., is wretched stuff. Buckingham's ranting exit speech, so utterly out of keeping with his character, is equally bad. In the next scene, Tyrel's exquisite description of the death of the two princes is omitted, and a weak soliloquy for Richard introduced in its place. Shakespeare makes Queen Elizabeth, as she really did, consent to the union of her daughter with the crookbacked tyrant; Cibber, wantonly violating history, makes her only pretend to do so. The scene that follows is little altered, but the famous

Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!

really fine stroke, and worthy of the great author himself, is

Cibber's. The closing rant, his also, is poor. The fifth act commences with Richmond, to whose brief speeches some lines are added. Originally the stage was divided—on one side was Richard's, on the other Richmond's tent; thus the apparitions appear to both, delivering to each an appropriate address. The beautiful speech, which opens the tent scene in the acting version, belongs to the Chorus in "Henry V." The speeches of the ghosts have been rewritten, as that also of Richard upon awaking, after the first two lines. An absurd emendation is "tyrant conscience" for "coward conscience." The superior appropriateness of the latter epithet is obvious. The fine declamation of Richmond in the next scene, beginning, "Why then let's on to face 'em," is from "Henry V." The wretched lines which immediately precede the fight are Cibber's; Shakespeare makes the two foes engage without a word. The ludicrousness of Richmond pausing to prate moral speeches, or the furious Richard stopping to listen to them in such a situation, is a monstrous incongruity. The King also dies without a word. The first four lines of the dying speech in the acting play are Cibber's, but the remainder, ending with the sublime line—

And darkness be the burier of the dead—¹

are spoken by Northumberland, in the first scene of "Henry IV.," Part II. The whole is nothing more than an effective melodrama. There is too much of Richard; there is no light to the shade; the omission of Clarence, Hastings, King Edward, Rivers, entirely destroys the subtle skill with which Shakespeare has gradually evolved the character and villainy of Gloster, who, in brief, is quite a different personage in the different plays.

In 1821 Mr. Macready revived the text at Covent Garden. But it seems to have been in a half-hearted way; many of the old clap-trap lines being retained in deference to public prejudice. It was not successful. In 1844 Mr. Phelps made an attempt to revive the pure text at Sadler's Wells; but the same good fortune does not seem to have attended this as other similar productions. We must trace the history of the play to account for this vagary of public taste.

Not to its own merits, but to the surpassing genius of three great actors, does the play owe its vitality. First of the trio comes David Garrick. His Gloster must undoubtedly have been a marvellous performance. About a quarter of a century after his retirement appeared another notable Richard, George Frederick Cooke; and, a few years later, came a perhaps greater, Edmund Kean. Surely never had play the good fortune to be one of the master-pieces of

Covent Garden manager's, and the Richard of the text the acting play are so dissimilar that all the cherished remem of the audience were violated. In 1844, the date of Mr. I revival, such memories were still fresh in the minds of playgoe again, the excellences of that actor, admirable and artistic were, did not at all resemble the electrical genius of Edmund Glorious traditions had been gathering about the spurious pl the night that Garrick made his first bow in the Leman Street until, stricken by premature decay, Kean expired almost up stage of Drury Lane. And illumined, made golden by such tr dent genius, the rubbish was hallowed. Could Garrick, Coo Kean be reborn, we might still cherish it as a sacred classic ; l are gone, and Colley Cibber's Richard has gone with them. are still actors who play the part in conformity with the ol tions, who make the points where Kean made them, who mo bellow and grimace, and think they are *acting* as he did. An admirably mimic the actions of a man, even under the noble tions of humanity, but while the man awes us or moves us t the ape only excites our laughter, because there is no *soul* our sympathies. So it is with acting ; the soul of the grea flashes from his eyes and goes forth with his words, and the his audience come forth to meet it, and so perfect sympathy is established. This is genius ; but genius is not an attribute excessive artificial civilisation of the eighth decade of this nin century. *Talent* we have, and with that we must content our

traditions of the past, and struck out a new path. Had he tried to follow in the steps of the old actors he would have since he has nothing in common with them; he has not the elegance and dignity of the Kemble school, nor the impulsive the Kean school, nor the artificial and measured peculiarities Macready school. The taste of the age condemns the one as the second as exaggerated, the last as unnatural; it loves commonplace and is antipathetic to the heroic in any form; it is novels, its plays, its acting, to be brought down to within a level of its own daily routine. Mr. Irving has grasped that fact, or more probably still his genius has instinctively aligned with it. Hence his success.

Richard" is, I am inclined to think, the finest Shakespearian imitation he has yet given; he has not in this part to contend with that lack of grace which marred his "Hamlet," the lack of the noble and heroic presence which in parts detracted from his representation of "Macbeth." In Gloster the eccentricity of his gait is a portion of the character, and majesty of form would be out of place. In the first soliloquy he strikes the key-note of his interpretation of the part with rare skill. The savage bitterness and morbid melancholy with which he pronounces the passage commanding,

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Am doing with—

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,

to us that Gloster is bloody and remorseless because nature has fashioned him like other men. His scene with Lady Anne is really fine. Discarding the Kean traditions, slavishly followed by Mr. Richards, and which even in the days of the great tragedian considered as a too transparent display of hypocrisy, he makes Anne hate love to the widow, and neither by look nor gesture betrays that he is counterfeiting, until she has left the stage; with this admirably contrasted the irony of the speech which follows. In the next scene his scorn and hatred of the queen and her family, the mocking smile with which he listens to the curses of Queen Elizabeth, crossed, however, by dark shadows when she turns to him, are excellent points. His scene with the princes is also highly to be commended—the cruel curl of the lip, the restless movement of the delicate fingers playing with the dagger, the evil fire in his eyes as the Duke of York prattles upon that sore subject his deformity,

are truly artistic. Very striking and picturesque also is his denunciation of Hastings, and his baring his withered arm at the council table. Another fine scene is that in which he tempts Buckingham to the murder of the princes; the ever-shifting facial expression, the crafty smile, the gleam of hate as he mentions the children's names, the dark look of suspicion as he finds his tool shrink from the crime, the sudden change from fawning adulation to harsh defiance, and the malignant scorn with which he refuses the favours he has promised him, are all as just in conception as they are excellent in execution.

With the next great scene, where his mother and Queen Elizabeth meet him on the march, a new phase of the character opens: the wolf bayed by enemies becomes a tiger. As the ever-arriving messengers continue to pour in disastrous news of danger and revolt, so does the actor rise with the ever-increasing situation; hatred, defiance, irresolution, and gleams of savage daring succeed each other with fine effect, and rouse the audience to a high pitch of excitement. Perhaps the last act is the least satisfactory. Mr. Irving's rendering of the tent scene is open to controversy. The critics have objected that it is too abject in its terror. Yet a man on the eve of a battle, upon the event of which crown and life depended, just awakened from such a dream as that which haunted Richard's sleep, might well be overwhelmed with horror. But whether the conception be just or not, the excellent manner in which it is carried out cannot be denied, and I can remember few stage pictures more impressive than Mr. Irving's awakening, and the intensity with which he delivers the speech that follows. It is difficult, however, to divest our minds of the impression produced by the transition of the old play to the clap-trap "Richard's himself again!" and the rush out. But there is no such transition in Shakespeare; the gloom is not lifted from the tyrant's soul, and his exit words—

Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me,

show that the influence of dream is still upon him. Therefore Mr. Irving is true to Shakespeare. In the furious outbursts of the succeeding scenes intensity has to make up for the shortcomings of physique. Throughout he carefully avoids all point-making. He aims at a subtly-drawn consistent whole rather than a series of brilliant coruscations. I have before indicated that Mr. Irving makes the bitterness born of deformity the key-note of the whole character; for this ambition, power, can alone compensate, and *these* he pursues with a remorseless purpose, that neither conscience

manity can shake. A careful perusal of the text must I think most people to receive this as a true interpretation. Shakespeare invariably introduces the salient points of his great characters, by soliloquy or otherwise, at the opening of the play; analyse his first speech, and every line will be found to lead up to the main point—his deformity. But, while never losing sight of the Mephistophelian villany of Gloster, Mr. Irving gives us throughout glimpses of untold courage, the infinite daring of a great soldier.

Even as a whole, the performance, if not evincing the highest characteristics of genius, if it does not raise the electric enthusiasm we are told, Garrick's and Kean's excited, is an excellent imitation, subtle, scholarly, and a fine interpretation of Shakespeare's text. This article is not intended as a theatrical criticism, although it tends to be a dramatic one, we shall refrain from all reference to other actors in the play. But it would be impossible to omit to mention the admirable manner in which it is placed upon the stage. Every accuracy of costume more minutely attended to. With respect to the production: why is Richmond dressed in a shirt of mail such as a knight might have worn in the days when plate armour was at its best perfection? The scenery is admirable and appropriate, amply supplying all that is necessary to give due stage effect, without any attempt to render the production spectacular. The adaptation, on the whole, in which the text has been adapted to the stage, is satisfactory; in places the pruning-knife might have been used more sparingly in dealing with the principal character. All allowances, however, should be made for the difficult and delicate task before the adapter. But the omission of Richmond's first entrance cannot be condoned. A character so important should have been introduced with more ceremony.

Mr. Irving, however, who, after listening to the incomparable language of Shakespeare, and witnessing the superiority of this magnificent play, can again tolerate the rubbish which has usurped its place for so long a time, and a half, can have little pretensions to taste.

*MY OCEAN LOG FROM NEWCASTLE
TO BRISBANE.*

BY RED-SPINNER.

PART V.¹

THE actual novelty of the Eastern and Australian Company's route to Australia begins in earnest after we sailed from Singapore. In the matter of travel, of course, in latter days, nothing remains novel long; the world can now find time now for old-fashioned nine-days' wonders, nine hours being the utmost allowable limit. In a year or two perhaps "short sea route to Australia" will be better known than years ago was the highway from London to York. On the antipodes we met with shoals of people, including the old and very young of both sexes, who were putting a girdle round the globe without thinking anything of it. They were just taking the route to Australia by the Torres Straits route, and a trip home again by the route of Honolulu, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Chicago, and the mighty Atlantic, and it was the E. and A. Company's duty to thank for making the girdle complete.

To Singapore you have a choice of routes. You may take a first-class ticket at Charing Cross, rush through Paris and Marseille by the Messageries line running between Corsica and Genoa, calling at Naples, which you have plenty of time to explore for the Straits of Messina, so as to boast ever afterwards of your acquaintance with fiery Stromboli, finding yourself after a while in the Mediterranean variety at the mouth of the Suez Canal. Or you may work your way across Europe *viâ* Brindisi, and patronise the E. and A. Company, or adopt one or two humbler lines direct from London, such lines being in correspondence with the E. and A. system. There is a fierce controversy amongst travellers as to the better class of steamers, that of the long-established P.

¹ Part IV. appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of August last. A copy for this concluding part was destroyed in the fire at the printing office of the *Magazine* in the autumn. Its appearance has consequently been pending the receipt of fresh MS. from Brisbane.

that of the French Company. Both have their advocates, but the most important point is that if you are prepared to pay your money you may take your choice, and that, travel how you may, Singapore must be your final changing place, and the Eastern and Australian Company's fleet your sole alternative.

The Torres Straits passage was, not so long ago, regarded as too fraught with deadly perils to be practicable ; now it is thought little of except as a great improvement upon our communication with Australia and a popular highway to the youngest and, in the matter of resources, richest of the Australian colonies. The E. and A. Company has a fleet of admirably appointed vessels, commanded by experienced navigators, who know how to thread their way through the wondrous Eastern Archipelago, amidst beautiful islands, now clothed with profuse vegetation, and now conspicuous by boldly asserting mountain ranges and volcanic peaks. If the monsoon is favourable, the course lies through the Straits of Rhio, the scenery of which is of the finest ; then by the island of Banca, where the Chinese work the productive tin-mines for the Dutch owners ; then along the coasts of Sumatra and Java. At first the E. and A. steamers called at Batavia, or Sourabaya ; but they have for some time discontinued the practice. It did not pay ; the explanation being really that which was once sent home from the Hague by an official who, setting all the red-tapeism of the diplomatic service at defiance, wrote as his despatch—

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.

In these latitudes all the devices which the knowing ones have picked up in going to and fro on the earth and walking up and down in it, are put in force, if haply artificial currents of air may be produced. The maids and matrons who have hitherto scandalised steady family people, like ourselves, by their flirtations—and on board ship many women somehow think they have a special license for this—are now so overcome by the muggy heat that they lie languidly about on the couches and chairs, thinking, let us hope, over their past delinquencies. No one challenges you now to deck quoits, or the classic game of bull ; the bores and the bounces, who are to be found in every large steamship, are nearly, if not altogether, extinguished, except in the morning, when by the rules of the establishment they may appear on deck in airy pyjama costume, and paddle about on the wet boards in bare feet. But hot or cold, wet or dry, in thunder, lightning, or in rain, the propeller grinds on, and the Java Sea is succeeded by the Flores Sea and its islands. By turning through the Straits of Lombok, we, however, get southward of that long line of islands which begins

at Acheen Head, includes Sumatra, Java, Bali, volcanic Lombok, Sumbawa, and Flores, and finishes only with the Timor Group.

So far as the close atmosphere will permit you to think, now is the time to overhaul your Wallace, and make a note of the fact that the narrow straits separating the islands of Bali and Lombok constitute a mysterious band of division in the Eastern Archipelago, the one side representing Asia and its peculiarities, the other Australia and its peculiarities. Mr. Wallace, who is the best authority up to the present time upon the physical features of the Archipelago, argues that at no very distant period Java, Sumatra, and Borneo were part of the continent of Asia; but although Timor, the eastern link of the chain of islands, partakes of the appearance of Australia, he is confident that it never formed part of the Australian continent. Certain it is that the glimpses of Timor and the smaller islands which pass in review before you enter the Arafura Sea are altogether different to view. In vain you look for the palms that hitherto have added variety to the island scenery, though in their stead you are frequently surprised by landscapes closely resembling genuine English park scenery.

Still steaming towards sunrise through water deepening and lessening in a remarkable manner, we put aside our literature of the archipelago, and make ready for our introduction to the New World. The E. and A. Company provides you before starting (if you inquire for it) with a voluminous handbook of the voyage, and from it you may learn everything about these northern portions of Australia which are far beyond your ken, but which you may see by the eye of faith, and about which you may soon become learned by a judicious system of cram. I once heard tell of a man who was wont to say that what he didn't know would make an amazingly big book; and the anecdote may be not inaptly applied to what you do not see of that portion of South Australia which, strangely enough, lies to the northernmost verge of the continent. Let it suffice then to know that to-day we are 70 miles from Melville Island; that to-morrow, perhaps we are opposite Port Essington, "proved to be notably the permanent abode of mosquitoes, malaria, and death," and not, therefore, a desirable spot for a summer picnic; that 220 miles due north are to be found the Aru Islands and their pearl fisheries; and that for the next 300 miles we are ploughing the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Just as town councils take uninteresting reports "as read," we, having nothing better to do, will take all this, and much more, for granted.

Booby Island, a square brown dome of rock, is, as a matter of fact, the first intimation we have that Australia is at hand—the land

of anomalies, of wealth untold because undeveloped, of ardent hopes and strong desires ; the land for an early glimpse of which we all strain expectant eyes. Once upon a time Booby Island was known amongst mariners as the Torres Straits Post-Office, where there were no late and early deliveries, where prying postmistresses and sneaking postmasters never opened your letters, and where the postman's knock was never heard. In a cave, which required neither padlock nor money-order office, passing ships would call for or leave letters or provisions ; the desolate crag is, however, now left to the undisputed possession of the birds, from whom it derives its name, and the lonely port of Somerset, which they say is in its turn to be abandoned, does duty as a medium of communication or relief.

Considering all that we have heard and read of Australia, it is not surprising that our first glimpse is, if not prejudiced, at least biased. Prince of Wales Island we pass at close quarters, admiring as we go its grassy highlands, green glades, and dense forests. At our elbow are a couple of returning colonials, who warn us that the first view of the mainland will not be half so inviting, that in short Australian scenery is monotonous. One of these gentlemen, who has made his fortune in Queensland, goes so far as to say that if we have come hither for romantic scenery we have come to the wrong shop. That is how he puts it. But his attempt to prejudice the stranger fails, for they had already discovered that he had not a soul above hides and tallow. His companion, living up to his privileges as a son-in-law, told him he was a noodle, and assured us that if we had an eye for the beautiful Queensland would amply gratify it. They have both dwelt long in the land ; which are we to believe ? The information vouchsafed touching the first glimpse of the mainland was undeniably true. When the most impalpable cloud on the horizon became a distinct "loom of the land," and Australia was visibly though indistinctly before us, there stole over the mind a general impression of sterility and monotony. Then the man of hides and tallow was, after all, in the right !

But, patience ! By-and-by the indistinct line of hills becomes a succession of billows of upheaved land, rising sometimes into sharp peaks. Closer in you may notice that there are trees, but trees struggling as if for bare life. At last, the sober grey prospect envelops into an expanse of woodland that is certainly monotonous. This is our first acquaintance with the famous gum-trees of Australia. It is autumn, but autumn without the radiant reds, umbers, yellows, and browns that glorify decay in the English copse. Perhaps *things are not so bad as they seem.* We must make allowance

for the season, though St. Patrick's day, to be sure, is a strange period of the year to offer an apology on the score of autumnal advance. The country, too, as we learn later, has been suffering from one of its too often recurring droughts.

A nearer acquaintance teaches us how unjust it is to rush to hasty conclusions. The scenery, if not grand, is pretty; if there are no forests, there are patches of picturesque woodland, and shadings of grassy dell. Ant-hills, neatly fashioned as obelisks reared by human hands, rise ruddy-brown on the hill-sides. On the shore line strips of clean hard yellow sand alternate with dark rocks, honeycombed by the wear and tear of time.

Somerset, the first Australian port of call, comes upon you suddenly from behind a point on Albany Island. By the time these lines are reproduced in England, Somerset will, in all probability, be disestablished and disendowed, for Thursday Island Passage, a little to the north, has been for various reasons preferred before it as a Government depôt and a port of call for the mail steamers. Somerset, though to our eyes the cove is extremely pretty, and the sight of houses amongst trees welcome, is said to be a dreary place at the best—sterile, deserted, exposed. The pearl fishermen call there for stores, and they are a rude race. I believe there are not a dozen houses in the whole township, and the inhabitants are sometimes on absolutely short commons in the matter of food. On the day of our arrival a great event had happened—a boy had shot a wallaby and brought it in for a feast. The day previously a carpet snake 12 feet long had been destroyed near one of the verandahs. The aborigines in the bush are, as they always have been in this part of the colony, a constant source of trouble and an occasional source of danger. On the whole, therefore, you may find better places of residence than this Somerset. But it was not without interest to me, who had read De Beauvoir's book, and been informed how that clever Frenchman had been treated very hospitably at the place, and had partaken very freely of a collation of marvellous stories dished up out of sheer devilry by some of the people with whom he had come into contact; who had also read of that plucky overland exploration of the brothers Jardine, which solved the hitherto undecided question as to the course of certain rivers which empty themselves into the Gulf of Carpentaria, and of the elder Jardine's settlement at Cape York where he had through weary months to hold his own against danger that walk at noonday and arrows that fly in darkness.

Somerset harbour we entered in the midst of a tropical storm that made the little pearl-shelling vessels rock like paper boats. W

remained long enough to learn something of this same pearl-fishery. One informant proved that it was a most thriving business, and deplored that, by some astonishing oversight, the Queenslanders allow the entire profit of the enterprise to go to another colony. Nearly the whole of the boats hail from Sydney, some of whose merchants are making rapid fortunes out of the trade, upon which, added my complainant, there was no tax; not even a boat license, he said, was imposed by the Government of Queensland. The vessels engaged in the business are smart little fore-and-aft schooners, and last year there was taken from the port of Somerset not less than 200 tons of pearl-shells, the selling price of which would be about £200 per ton. One firm in Sydney received 72 tons, and I heard of one Birmingham house that had already bought £30,000 worth of the material. As is the case with many other important industries by which large fortunes are made in a short time, the pearl-shelling capabilities of Queensland were discovered by accident. The hardy seamen and native divers engaged in the *bêche-de-mer* trade, about four years ago, brought up an occasional pearl oyster, and as the matter was talked about in the straits it was remembered that the blacks along the coast were in the habit of wearing crescent-shaped pearl-shell ornaments about their necks. The industry was then organised, and with the most gratifying pecuniary results.

The pearl oyster averages from 7 to 9 inches in diameter, and the inside is lined with a beautiful coat of the mother-of-pearl from which buttons and other articles are made. At Somerset I was presented with a pair that, mounted, make capital card trays, being fully eight inches across. The people engaged in pearl-diving seem to be a very miscellaneous set. The white men are mostly big, rough-bearded fellows, who would not thank you for inquiring too closely into their antecedents, and who adopt a remarkably "conciliating" way of dealing with their coloured assistants. Very often in Australia you hear that the blacks of a certain district have been conciliated—that is to say, knocked down or shot. But it is only a very few aboriginals who work at the pearl-fishery, or indeed any other steady pursuit. When the coasting steamers pass between the mainland and one of the more southern islands off the Queensland coast, the passengers are sometimes puzzled to account for the black balls bobbing up and down on the waves. The explanation is that they are natives swimming off from the island to board the boat, and beg a passage to one of these northern ports. Three or four may contrive to catch the rope that is thrown astern; the remainder return to shore, swimming, as before, the entire distance of four or five miles. Some of the

fortunate ones are amongst the aborigines to be found in Torres Straits with the pearl-fishers. The South Sea Islanders, however, or Kanakas, as it is the fashion to call them, make the best divers. In some of the boats may be found natives of the islands around New Guinea: gentlemen who, if report does not belie them, are not, at their own domestic hearths, insensible of the attractions of nicely-cooked human flesh.

At Somerset I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Mr. Macfarlane, of the London Missionary Society. He is a missionary; he is also an explorer; and if ever we are to know much about New Guinea I believe it will be from him. Riding at her anchor in the sandy cove was his little steamer, the *Ellengowan*, presented to his mission by Miss Baxter, of Dundee, and sent out for the express purpose of civilising the Papuan savages. In his last trip to New Guinea Mr. Macfarlane and his party were attacked by the natives, who, though probably they had never before seen a ship, much less a steamer, in their river, rushed into the water, and, with incredible fury, hurled their spears and launched their arrows at the exploring party.

Periodically, Mr. Macfarlane steams round to visit the native teachers he has planted here and there, to leave them supplies, and give encouragement. The big-booted pearl-shell-harvesters have all a kind word to say of this devoted gentleman, whose burly form and open countenance are of more consequence to them, I expect, than his clerical position.

"Mr. Macfarlane is the missionary, is he not?" I asked a man who boarded this steamer.

"Dunno about that," the fellow replied, "but, by G—, he's a man every inch of him."

I can answer for it there was one passenger on board the R.M. steamer who, amidst the tropical tempest which ushered us into the next phase of the voyage, wished Mr. Macfarlane and his pretty little mission steamer a hearty "God speed."

The next phase of our voyage was the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. Roughly speaking, this is a wall of coral reefs extending some 1,300 miles from the coast of New Guinea down by the shores of Queensland, and running so parallel with the land that its shortest distance is 10 miles, and its farthest 120 miles, from shore. The Pacific Ocean may be moaning and bursting outside, but within the Barrier all is comparatively calm. The channel is mostly shallow, but it varies in the most extraordinary manner. Sometimes close to the wall of the reef there is a sheer depth of 60 fathoms; then the water shoals suddenly away. No wonder that the steamers adopt the precaution of anchoring after nightfall, unless the moon is up.

Every day now brings its new subject of interest. The Barrier reef shows above the sea at irregular intervals, now black and low, now as an undefined something that, just beneath the surface, night and day angers the waters into foam. A trusty pilot comes on board Somerset, not to leave the vessel until the reef is passed. We are always within sight of Queensland, and at each stopping-place we hear from the new arrivals more and more of the wonderful riches of this colony, which stretches from close to the equator, with a sea-board of 150 miles, and teems with capabilities that cry aloud for development.

Birds from the land come out to criticise the sea-fowl, never venturing, however, farther than the reefs, which in the surf look like black pillows bordered with white lace. Blue smoke ascending from the edges of the forests indicates the camp-fires of the natives, and are the "colonials," who gather as the voyage goes on, discussing, and praising the virtues, alas ! but the ineradicable vices of the race. We have not proceeded 100 miles down the reef passage before we are aware that it is not the fashion here to think or speak anything good of the Australian aboriginal. The only anxiety I could discover is that he and his should die out as quickly as possible. All efforts to make something of him seem to have failed. Reclaimed for a time, he sooner or later wanders stealthily back to his tribe. Miserable wanderers they have been, are, and apparently must be.

A chart is positively a romance of the sea if studied aright. It is the story of adventurous mariners pushing their way along an unknown coast, and amidst ever-recurring obstacles and terrors, real and suggested. The names of the Queensland bays and headlands, which we spell out in the chart-room, were, we may be sure, given with a meaning. On these days the mariner heads south with the confidence which a rich harvest of science warrants. How fared the intrepid pioneer who sowed the seed? Here, upon the outspread sheet, we have the result in such inscriptions as "numerous reefs divided by narrow deep channels;" or "safe entrance here;" or "heavy confused sea;" or "sand-bank slightly vegetated;" or "submerged rocks." Wreck Bay is yonder; here Cape Flattery; there Cape Direction. There is Mount Cook at the entrance of Endeavor River, where the gallant Captain Cook careened his ships on the southern bank while he climbed the granite mass called Lizard Island, to spy out an avenue of escape from the network of channels in which he had become involved.

This district is busy enough now, for beyond the mountains are the famous Palmer gold-fields, and beyond them, so the new-comers murmur, a brand-new gold-field, to which people are rushing at the present moment. Cooktown accordingly sprang up almost, as one

may say, in a night, as indeed townships frequently do in new country. The harbour is good, but not deep enough close to shore a ship of large tonnage; we can, however, make square, low white houses, and the verandah running round sides as the owner can afford, and can discern that all the houses are of wood, with roofs of shingle. Thoroughly Australian in aspect, and thoroughly homely. Cooktown occupies a fine site. Its bold hills are diversified by great ribs covered with a green grass, by ravines full of green undergrowth, by peaks and ridges verdure-clad, by ridges capped with rocky crowns of fantastic shape. There is one hill which would appear to have had an enormous Brodingnagian beehives breaking out all over its face. One bystander says that the scenery about Cooktown is not as if it had been created that it has an unfinished sort of look, as if it had been created on the sixth day. This is not reverent, but it hits the case pretty well, and there are other portions of the coast that come under the same category. The scattered township looks pleasant from seaward, but the inhabitant recommends me not to bring my family up there for a long time.

Next day we have more significant nomenclature. We pass Cape Tribulation Bay; also Cape Tribulation. The latter a low mound flanked by finely wooded slopes. Peter Botte Mountain is over 3,000 feet high, but in association with a far-reaching range it does not look imposing. Towards evening these imposing mountains are magnificently coloured with a purple that is peculiar to Australia. It suffuses the valleys, and islands alike, save where cloudlets rest like silver letters upon the shoulders of some obtrusive summit. It is as if the land were of gold beyond, but there is no other attraction apparent. The coveted treasure is wrung amidst burning heat and chronic pain from the bosom of the very desert.

There is an abundance of mountain grandeur down the coast of Queensland, with islands and narrow water-passages, all so ingeniously picturesque in their variety of foliage. There are curiosities such as Magnetic Island, which seems to have passed, at some period, through a terrible fiery ordeal. One of its headlands is covered with square boulders, resembling the old-fashioned tombs of a busy busy churchyard. Leafless trees stand weird as gibbets on the peaks. There is a bay which reminded me not a little of the Causeway—not the first time I had been led involuntarily to that spot. Northern Ireland or Western Scotland. The Orchard Road is a singular group of gigantic boulders, so poised that you might think the weight of a finch or sparrow would overbalance and send them thundering into the sea. One pillar upon this island is 30 feet high, and as perfectly cubed as if squared by mathematical skill; and

pile of ancient ruins at the extremity of the hard-sanded delightful bay.

nately, large vessels cannot call at the various ports that g up on the Queensland coast, and we have to communicate by small paddle-wheel boats, some of which would be successful in an exhibition of monstrosities of naval architecture. One comes aboard from Townsville—the outlet for a fine old-fields—and he tells us in confidence that Townsville is now in Queensland. A gentleman from Bowen sings a presage song of his town. Mentioning these things to a companion later on, he assures me Bowen is a village, and is a mere collection of shanties; but that Rockhampton is to be the metropolis of the colony, and would be when pegs were inserted in round holes, &c. My friend's *pièce de* as the argument that Rockhampton boasted two daily; *ergo* it must be a place of consideration. From whatever port he came back naturally to the daily newspapers. He of the Fitzroy, and of many creeks with singular names, of ports, hospitals, and churches, but sooner or later he wound up daily newspapers. Even when he appalled my timid nerves of the fearful alligators which abound in the Fitzroy same; it was just as I expected—two copies of *The Rockhampton Bulletin* were found amongst the cartload of marine stores in one saurian stomach. Of course when the Maryborough came off I singled out a favourable specimen, and inquired of him how far behind the other ports Maryborough was, where I at once found that Rockhampton, Bowen, and the temple frauds; the real Queensland port was Maryborough. Bay at last! The white sand of Moreton and the woods of the lake are before us, as the chain cable gallops through the water and the Government steamer ranges alongside to transport mails and passengers. I dip my pen to make the last entry of the voyage. The voyage is over, and the voyagers are glad. New before them; as they enter the Brisbane River they become they have turned over a new page of the Log of their life. The kind welcomes they receive make them feel already at home before they have placed foot on land. They had read of the scenery as consisting of mangrove flats, swamps, and mud-banks; had, in truth, been led to form a dismal picture of it, of the river, and of the town. In all they were surprised. Brisbane River they found to be more than Brisbane itself, a city no doubt very much in its infancy, but well situated, and full of signs of healthy life.

WITH BASHI-BAZOUKS ON THE DRINA FRONTIER OF BOSNIA.

BY JOHN S. STUART-GLENNIE, M.A.

A COLD, raw mist from the broad and rapid Save covered that edge of the great Croatian plain along which we were driving. My companion asked me, 'Haben Sie nicht einen Plaid?' wrapping himself in his own, and pronouncing the word in the true Scottish way, and not short like the English. I had given mine away, but I was glad to find both the word and the thing naturalised so far from its home. The truthfulness and honesty of the Turks, and the falsehood and dishonesty of the Servians, was the subject of his conversation. I believed there was a good deal of truth in what he said; but I had already made it my rule, in this land of lies, to listen to everyone and believe no one—without, at least, due allowances; as, for instance, in this case, for the prejudices of the Hungarian, and perhaps also of the Jew. Arriving at the Ferry, we called to the boatman on the Turkish bank. And as we rowed up the side of the rapid stream, and were presently carried down by it to the landing-place, the sun got stronger, and the morning cleared.

Across the river one was in a new world. Delightful it was to me to be again, and thus suddenly, in the land of Islam, with its marvellous picturesqueness of architecture and of costume, its romantic Oriental associations, and its sublime and simple faith, so finely typified by its domed and minareted shrines. It was the first day of Ramazan. The last time I was in Islamieh it had fallen in spring. And thus was recalled how long it was since I had, with the late Mr. Buckle, witnessed, at Cairo, the eve of the Muslim Lent, and, in Idumæa, its end.

Introduced by my Hungarian friend, I was received, early as it still was, by the Kaimakam, Suliman Bey, in a hall of the Konak, or Government-house. We had a long interview. I stated, as usual, that, unattached to any party or any paper, though occasionally sending home communications to various papers, I was travelling with the aim of getting at as comprehensive truth as possible about this Eastern Question. With a letter of introduction to Sali Zecchi Pasha, the

general in command at Bellina, his Excellency gave all the orders necessary to facilitate my journey thither. And, accompanied by a soldier, who would be my warrant against roving Bashi-Bazouks, I had soon fairly started on my Bosnian adventure.

First along the river, and then we struck inland. Fertile and beautiful was the dell-broken, and not, as on the other side of the river, perfectly unbroken, plain; charming were the hues and outlines of the Dinaric Alps to the south; and so thinly did it appear to be inhabited, and so luxuriant is its vegetation, that the whole country had a wildness of aspect which, whatever it might be to the mind, was delightful to the eye. I should have been obliged to fast almost as rigorously as the strictest Mussulman, had not my Hungarian friend thoughtfully presented me, on parting, with a water-melon and loaf of bread, which my kindly escort supplemented by a great, but willingly permitted, haul of plums and prunes from an orchard we passed on the way. Very few were the peasants we met, and all were armed. Descending into one of the many dells, there came over the opposite brow, and pouring down the slope, one or two companies of Bashi-Bazouk infantry. They halted in the bottom, as did we also in the midst of them. I made the most of my little Servian and less Turkish; we all lit the cigarette of peace; and I supplied the tobacco-box of one or two of them from a packet I had purchased at the single village we had passed through. Soon, however, smoking ruins came in view, and the minarets of Bellina. But, as we gazed, the off hind leg of one of our horses went through a hole in the wooden bridge we were crossing. It was with some difficulty, and not a little laughter, that we got him pulled up at last by the tail.

Arrived at Bellina, I alighted at the house of Dr. Kohut, another Hungarian Jew, to whom I had an introduction, and the chief of the military hospitals and medical staff here. It was now sunset, so we went off at once to present my letter to the general. Passing through the town, bathed in the splendour of sunset, and ringing with the chants of the Muezzin on the minarets calling to prayers, we came to the gates of the old palace, now the head-quarters of the Army of the Drina. Beyond it lay the white tents of the camp. It was in one of the smaller buildings, in the wide enclosure in front of the palace, that we found the general. Seated on the divan with him was his chief Ferik, or General of Division, Veli Pasha. I presented to his Excellency my letter from Suliman Bey, and he asked whether I was not a relative of Sir Henry Elliot, and the Englishman about whom he had had a letter from our ambassador at Constantinople. Somewhat surprised at the question, I replied that I had not that

honour, and was still more surprised at never hearing anything more of this expected traveller, though I remained several days at Bellina. Happening, however, to mention the circumstance to our consul at Serajevo, he said that such a pretence to know all about one was, with the Turks, a not unusual politeness. Over coffee and cigarettes—the chibouque, with its diamond-ringed amber mouthpiece, is now almost quite a thing of the past—arrangements were made for the next day. After a most agreeable interview—for Sali Zecchi Pasha I found one of those men with whom one is at once on friendly terms—we took our leave. Accepting his kind invitation to abide with him during my sojourn at Bellina, I returned home with the hospitable Hebrew Hekim-Bashi.

On the morrow we had a great field-day. After coffee and cigarettes with the pasha, and in the tent of a general officer in the broad main street of the canvas-city, I set out with a gallant cavalcade of beys and effendis, and their following of horsemen, for a ride over the positions abandoned the other day, after but a few hours' fighting, by the Servians. The wide green plain, walled in afar by many-hued mountains, put me in mind of the plain of Ephesus. Going at the gallop, soon we came to the first redoubt, which we entered, and had our third or fourth coffee and cigarettes in the tent of the commandant. Thence we rode along the entrenchments down to a branch of the river which sweeps round a large island, and is called the Little Drina. Riding on, we came to the Drina itself, here, in shallows and sandy isles, spreading out almost into a lake. On the opposite bank rode patrols of the Servian army. But it were needless here to note the various features of a position defended by some fifty redoubts, extending many miles along the Drina, and which, with all our stoppages, it took us more than five hours to ride over. With too small an army to occupy all they had won, the Turks were now levelling many or most of the redoubts, and of those they cared to keep they were making the entrances face towards Bellina, instead of, as with the Servians, towards the Drina. Curious it was to observe the various relics of the Servian camp—the ruined huts, the vacant tent-circles, the empty fireplaces, the picked bones, and half-eaten loaves of bread. But more curious still it was to remark the good terms on which the outposts of the two armies seemed now to be living. At one place two Servians, who came down on the opposite bank to draw water, were, as I said to the officer in command there, within pistol-shot of us, as we also, of course, were of them. But there seemed to be no fear on either side such a treachery.

In the evening I walked with the doctor through that part of the town—about a fourth of it—which had been burned and razed to the ground in the fierce fight of the 24th of June. The Servians, then encamped where the Turks now were, advanced on the morning of that day on the town; but, after a few hours' occupation of it, were driven out with great slaughter, though they were thousands against hundreds. One corner piece of ground, now all strewn with the rubbish that was all that remained of a block of houses, was particularly pointed out to me; for here the doctor had seen the slain heaped and piled on one another, and where they fell they had been buried in long trenches. It was after this repulse that the Servians had entrenched themselves in the great system of redoubts we had that day visited. More than two months the Turks gave them for their work, and then, last week, they attacked and drove them out of their fortress as easily as out of the town. But during these ten weeks there had been several battles in the neighbourhood of Bellina—at Ratscha, at Brodaz, at Georgovitch. Returning from these fights, the troops generally marched in, according to the doctor's account, with the heads of their enemies on the points of their bayonets. The Bashi-Bazouks also had been called in to reinforce the small number of Regulars, and had hitherto been left very much to pay themselves by pillage. Hence, an almost abject terror among the Christian population of Bellina.

As there was no special correspondent in Bosnia, I thought I had got material for what might be an interesting despatch to the *Times*. So I called again on the pasha next morning to ask permission to go and telegraph from Austrian Ratscha to the agent of the *Times* at Vienna. The permission was willingly granted, the doctor was requested to accompany me, an escort of troopers was ordered, and horses offered for ourselves.

Except a wandering dervish from the far East, a firebrand of fanaticism, not a soul did we meet on the road to Ratscha but the Bashi-Bazouks, who made our escort of Regulars necessary. Without this escort, not only I, but the doctor himself—had he not had on his uniform—would have been certainly condemned by these irregular gentlemen to instant death as Servian spies. As we passed, the doctor pointed out to me the spot where, but the other day, he had seen a Bashi-Bazouk fire on a Christian who was coming across a field to the road. The shot missed, but the terrified Christian, though armed, instead of returning the fire, ran up to his enemy, and begged his life on his knees. Scarcely deigning to listen to him, the Bashi-Bazouk took him by the throat, and stabbed him to the heart. The

doctor, running up, remonstrated. "But, no!" cried the Bashi-Bazouk. "He and such as he are the cause of all the ruin and misery of the country. And when I have got him in my power, shall I spare his life? No, by Allah!" It was a rough sort of reasoning; but, if one cared to understand both sides, sufficient to show how even a Bashi-Bazouk might justify himself. Their excessive zeal, however, both to feather their nests in this world, and assure themselves of Paradise in the next, was being sternly repressed, the doctor said, by Sali Pasha. The very day I arrived, fifty over-zealous Bashi-Bazouks had been invited to the palace, and, expecting to be rewarded, very literally were they taken aback when, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, they were disarmed, bound, and thrown down for a bastinadoing, which was administered with great severity after but a brief admonition. "Distinguish, my men, between Bosnians and Servians. The Bosnians, though Christians, are still our fellow-subjects. Indiscriminate plunder and incendiarism cannot be permitted against them as against our enemies, the Servians."

The road lay all the way through orchards and corn-fields, extending with hardly a break over the great plain. But the villages were in smouldering ruins, the cottages roofless or shut up, and there was no one to gather the harvests. For a considerable distance at one part of the road the ditches at its side were full of bones and skulls of horses and of men. It was the battle-field of Brodaz; and here, as we found on our return journey, one harvest, at least, was gathered. But it was at night, and by the dogs.

Arrived at Ratscha, we found hardly a trace of the former village here at the confluence of the Drina and the Save. But it was by the Servians, as I was told, that it had been destroyed, in erecting the redoubt now occupied by the Turks. In this redoubt we had to wait for some time, pleasantly entertained, however, by the officer who had taken it, and was now its commandant. At length we got them to hear at the Austrian Ratscha on the opposite bank of the Save—they had all been at their mid-day dinner—and the ferry-boat came across for us. On returning soon after sunset, most exquisitely picturesque was the scene I looked upon. Above, the moon was rising and the stars shining forth. Under the northern rampart rushed the broad and rapid river. Within the redoubt one or two of the old village trees were still standing, as in happier days. And grouped here and there, in the ruddy glow of their fires, the Turkish soldiers were cooking the food with which they were to break the long day's fast of Ramazan.

Another, and last, visit I paid the pasha next morning, to report

my journey to Ratscha, and get permission to go to Zvornik. This was at once given, along with orders for the necessary escort, and a letter of recommendation to the governor. Then, over the coffee and cigarettes, I could not refrain from hinting my surprise that the great, yet easy, victory of last week had not been at once followed up, the Drina crossed, and a push made for Schabatz and Belgrade. He at once replied that willingly would he have advanced if he had only had permission.

Presently, excusing himself for speaking French so ill, he said, "But I read it very well," and handed me a handsome volume which I had noticed lying on the table above several sheets of manuscript. It was an illustrated edition of the "Mille et une Nuits," and the MS. was an interlinear translation into Turkish, both languages written in a very clear hand. I was much struck by finding the leisure of his Excellency thus employed. For this whole war has been carried on by the Turks in Arabian Nights' style—gallant fighting, and—in encampments than which hardly anything more comfortable could be desired, or more picturesque imagined—pleasant resting; but nothing of the combined and calculated plan and rapid execution which war now means in Western Europe. "Allah kerim!" "God is great!" And in, at least, reckless want of foresight and indifference to what might happen, pashas even as well as lower men, seemed to be like the knights of mediæval romance, who were "ready to take what adventure God might send them," without much troubling themselves actively to shape their adventures for themselves.

The road from Bellina to Zvornik, along a frontier which should be no frontier, was for half the way still over a great plain, rich and wild. We passed through but two villages, the first before coming down on the Drina; the second, after a turn through the forest of Shepka, in order to avoid the Servian riflemen, where the high-road ran too close to the river. Brightly it gleamed, the broad, swift Drina, undermining the soft alluvial edge of the Bosnian plain, and shadowed by the Servian hills, with their villages on high sunny slopes. But towards sunset we were among mountains on the Bosnian side also. As the skyey splendours died away we entered the grand gorge of Zvornik. After a quickly passing twilight we found the road lying on the skirt of a camp by the river, with sentries at every few yards. Presently we crossed a bridge, and entered the narrow main street of a village clinging to the mountain side. The shops were in darkness, but the rooms above were lighted up, and the *ifthar* was being gladly eaten. For the sunset-gun had thundered from the

fortress on the heights, the day's fast was over, and the gallery of every minaret had its many-rowed diadem of the lamps of Ramazan.

After some search, the house of the commandant, Akif Bey, was found by the chief of my escort. During his absence, I seemed to be an object of considerable curiosity to the occupants of the windows on either side of the narrow street in which I waited, at the opening of a still narrower lane. Presently his Excellency appeared, and led me to his house, and up to the divan in an upper chamber. I delivered my letter of introduction from Sali Pasha, and there was much salaaming but little speech, for Akif Bey spoke as little French as I Turkish. I gave him, however, to understand, that I had a letter also for the Hekim Bashi, or Head-doctor here. Him therefore the commandant immediately sent for. Coffee and cigarettes relieved all awkwardness in the mean time. And before long a handsome young Jewish physician presented himself, whom I found to be the doctor to whom his co-religionist at Bellina had given me a letter. He squatted down in the middle, on the other side of the candle that dimly illuminated the further ends of the room, and interpreted eloquently the views of his Excellency on the Eastern Question. A bey belonging to one of the contingents from Asia presently joined us, and rolled up his legs in a corner of the divan, listening attentively as he smoked, but saying little. In the midst of the discussion, however, it was not forgotten that I must be hungry, and, with many excuses for the poor fare of their highland camp, supper was ordered in for one. On a tray set on a low stool, in the usual Turkish fashion, I was served, first with meat, then with an excellent vegetable mess, then with the unfailing pillaf, and then with a sugar-melon and apples.

Having finished supper, had water poured over my fingers, sipped another *findjan* of coffee, and smoked one more cigarette, we all left together, accompanied by servants with lanterns, to visit the governor, Hassan Bey, at the Hukumat. Having entered a large room on the upper floor, and exchanged salutations with his Excellency, a European rose from the divan, and shook hands with me as a "compatriot; for such," said he, "we must be among these Asiatics, whatever the special nationality of each of us." It was the consul of France, who had just arrived from Bosna Serai, on a short excursion along the frontier. Besides the governor and the French consul, we found seated also on the divan a venerable-looking, white-bearded old man, in black frock-coat and trousers, and polished boots, and wearing only the fez of the Turk. To him I was introduced as—what think you, reader, from this description of him?—the Pasha of the Bashir

Coffee again, and cigarettes, and much talk. It was that, as the consul must push on next day to Bellina, I start early in the morning to make the round of the hills. At length I took my leave. The commandant had kindly offered me the hospitality of his own house whatever stay I might make at Zvornik. But from our inability to communicate directly with each other I had thought the acceptance of this offer might be rather inconvenient for both parties, and I preferred the similar offer made by the Jewish Hekim-Bashi, which the French perfectly. To his house, therefore, though at the other end of the town, the commandant politely accompanied me. When shown my room, I found all my baggage already arranged for me. We were already in the small hours of the morning. For in Ramazan the usual night is turned into day. "Ejehinitz khair olah!" "May the night be agreeable to you," I said at last. And after an almost double day—for I had made the round of the hospitals at Bellina soon after sunrise, and then came to Sali Pasha before setting out on my journey—sleep fell soon as I had laid myself out on the divan.

The morning could have been more interesting and picturesque than the night of the next morning to the redoubts. Up a steep mountain-side by a narrow path through the forest, our horses, needing neither whip nor spur but rather the curb, as they fretted and fumed impatiently at the steepness of the ascent, rapidly clamb. Here and there one little Alpine field, where Bosnian cattle were feeding; here a clearing on tree-strewn clearings, where Servian batteries had lately been posted. At every turn of the road, and break in the wood, deeper and deeper lay below us the Drina in its broad dark curve; further and further down, winding along the opposite shore, or creeping up the steep side of ravines, the hill-village of Zvornik, with the domes and minarets of its faith; and yet, still above us, crowned by ancient stone and modern earthwork redoubt, were the peaks into which the mountains rose. At last we gained a ridge high almost as the mountains, and dismounted at the first of a long chain of redoubts, by hundreds of Bashi-Bazouks. But here also, as at Bellina, they had not pushed their advantage. They remained strictly on their own side, and on their own territory. For the Servians not having any claim to Little Zvornik, the village on this side, conceded that the Drina was not here the frontier. And the interest of the position was, that an opposite ridge, separated from that on which we now were but by a narrow ravine, was also crowned by a chain of redoubts now held by the Servians, who, as we could

perfectly well distinguish them against the sky-line, must have equal well seen us, and might have potted us all with their rifles as, followed by our horses, we walked leisurely along the ridge from redoubt to redoubt. Not the slightest fear, however, did there seem to be of such an occurrence, though almost every one of the chiefs of the Zvornik division of the Turkish Army of the Drina might thus have been, along with ourselves, sent to the other world. But the Turks seemed to feel themselves secure, rather because of the cowardice than of the generosity of their foes. And, doubtless, had we been fired at, the admirable ruffians by whom the redoubts were thronged would have stormed-up across the ravine to the ridge opposite, with a fury of slaughter that would have been utterly resistless.

One after another of these redoubts we entered and inspected, and at two or three of them had coffee and cigarettes. As we left each, its garrison made the clear mountain air resound with a three times repeated shout for the Padishah. So far as an unprofessional eye could judge, these redoubts seemed to do no less credit to the designs of the engineer (Akif Bey, the commandant), by whom they had been planned, than to the workmanship of the men by whom they had been built. They had two stages, the lower one covered, the upper open. But these redoubts were constructed for musketry only, not cannon, and are, I believe, in French fortification-terminology, more properly named *abris blindés*. Built though they were but of earth, logs, and branches of trees, most comfortable, snug even, seemed the sleeping-quarters of the men, and orderly and sufficient the arrangements for cooking. The captain of one of these redoubts and half a dozen of his men had volunteered, on the occasion of the Servian attack on Zvornik, to be the first to cross the Drina in the face of the enemy. While we rested, and partook of the captain's hospitality, these half-dozen heroes were called up, complimented, and promised medals. They were certainly resolute-looking ruffians. The one I more vividly recall was short and thick-set, with a sort of hang-dog look. But this only enabled me more easily to imagine him charging like a bull at either man or woman, deaf and blind to everything but his passion and its object.

Having completed the round of the redoubts, we descended the long and steep mountain-side to the river again. At the last turn of the road an unexpected scene met our eyes. On the sands, under the precipices which form the base of the mountain, and opposite the camp of the Regulars on the other side, some 2,000 Bashi Bazarouks were drawn up in a long oval open at the end toward us. At the nearer extremity of the line stood a grizzled old grey-beard

ve approached, the commandant brought forward and pre-
As standard-bearer in one of the late battles, he had been
wounded in the shoulder. The wound his chief uncovered
ed us, familiarly pulling the old man's beard. Notwith-
this wound, he had held heroically on to the standard, and
e inscribed on the green stripe between the two red ones had
lled, all riddled as the flag was with balls—"May Allah pre-
bearer!" The French consul and I now began to guess the
he long delay before starting in the morning. It must have
organisation of this scene. The conclusion of it confirmed our
e. One of the officers of the Bashi-Bazouks—an aristocratic-
ey, with long face and thick grey moustache, and dressed
chief, the pasha to whom we had been introduced last night,
now came up to us—went into the middle of the oval, and,
mer beside him beating a tattoo, led four times a great ringing
Padishahim tchok yashar!"—"Our Padishah, much may he
d then, a fifth time, a mountain-echoed shout, louder than all
—"Allah, Allah, Allah!"—"God, God, God!" It needed no
ords to inform us of the intent of all this. "See, ye Franks,
nd tell to your respective nations what stuff there is yet in

all the interest of an old medical student I made the round
spitals. All were clean and well ventilated. I was interested
at, in one of them, advantage had been taken of the number
alities represented in the Turkish army to make one ward
ition of ethnological types. Asiatic Osmanlis, Tartars, and
nd European Bosnians, Albanians, and Greeks were all there
e by side—though of races so diverse, brothers in misery!
nspected the camp and troops. A narrow pebble pavement
ch tent from the entrance to the central pole, on which the
ms were hung. All round were their carpets or rugs. But
re spread, not on the bare ground, but on a thick layer of
l leaves. In front of the tents was a sloping pavement, inter-
little runnels for carrying off the rain. Each tent had its
sh, and the soups of meat and vegetables simmering on the fires
nd smelt savoury. The men were then courteously paraded
v. They looked fellows who could be depended on to follow
they might be led, yet had not the wildness of the Bashi-
of the redoubts on the hills. All wore the fez; the officers,
ern blue frock and narrow trousers; the men, the Eastern
ed blue jacket, waist-shawl, and baggy breeches. One young
n captain, *only just on duty* again after a severe wound, I can

cross-legged with my visitors by day. On the fourth side door, a winter stove, and a projecting partition of carved wood which made a bath-closet. Wherever it might be most convenient placed by the divan was the usual little, low, round table, harder than a stool, on which now were our writing materials, now with the successive dishes of our meals, *à la Turque*. Round the walls under the ceiling ran a shelf, with a carved and painted frieze where everything was out of harm's way, and yet within reach. This is a Turkish room and its furniture. How many were the discussions of the Eastern Question held in it, both with my friends and various visitors !

But not of the Eastern Question only did we talk in the divan, and in our rambles on the mountains. Religion was a frequent theme of our conversation, and it was interesting to find again to note how essentially the same is the creed of so many a number now of Christians, of Jews, and of Muslims. How important a bearing this has on the Eastern Question in its wider aspects we cannot here point out.

Another subject of questioning on my part was social life, and how in these parts manifested itself the universal passion for love. Still, under whatever wars may rend society, young men and women seek each other. Under all social joys and sorrows are the intense passions of love sought, love found, and love lost. In the social calm or storm what it may, the universe is serene, embracing and embraced, or with love unsatisfied and self-consuming.

in the foreground selling eggs, milk, cheese, &c. Buying some for her, Osman falls in love with Yovanka, and she with him, and Christian though they are. Petco, her fanatical old father comes up, and there is a row. Develop that as you like. But the time has been, it has been long enough for our hero and heroine to love and vow fidelity to each other. They actually saw each other weekly at the bazaar for some time after this. But all that has to be understood in our play, and its next scene—

Scene 2 would be in the forest. The insurrection against the Turks has broken out. Petco has put himself at the head of a band of insurgents, and carries about with him his daughter. Osman has a Bashi-Bazouk, and in forays and skirmishes gets what distraction from the thought of his love. Catching sight of a band of insurgents, he and his men place themselves in ambush. Presently the insurgents come, and the word is given to fire. Not recognising Osman, a man aims at Petco, and Yovanka, all in rags now from her hiding in the forest, rushes between her father and her lover. The insurgents take to flight, the followers of Osman go after them, and Osman is left alone with Yovanka. Only for a few minutes. For Petco, coming on his pursuits, returns with the courage of despair, and hides behind a tree at Osman. But the quick-eared Yovanka recognises her lover as she had saved her father. There would be a scene, then, between father and daughter. But at length the Bashi-Bazouks return with victorious shouts of 'Allah! Allah!' and Yovanka throws herself into the arms of Osman, and Petco, cursing his fate, escapes to flight.

Scene 3 would be back in the bazaar again, or wherever else you like for an effective Eastern wedding scene. Petco actually got away, I believe. But in our comedietta we might give a happier turn to the story. The old custom of running off with brides is still not unknown in Bosnia. Women like to be run off with, and the fathers are accustomed to make the best of it.

And, dramatising it a little, that was the love-story Osman the Bashi-Bazouk told me as we rode through the Kovatch Balkan on the Herzegovina frontier. I once wrote a little play in our Spanish language. And I shall be delighted if you can touch up and make something of my *Osman and Yovanka*."

The Governor now, previously to taking his departure, resumed complimentary speeches. He regretted that I could not prolong my stay at Zvornik; but as I must go, he had done everything in his power to facilitate my journey across the mountains. A mounted Bashi-Bazouk would accompany me—men specially picked

out by the pasha. Letters had been written to all the authorities on the way. "If they were not kind to Englishmen, whom would they be kind to?" &c.

Very fine young fellows I found the escort of Bashi-Bazouks, the clattering of whose horses in the courtyard awoke me next morning. Very much more like "Osmans" they were than atrocity-monsters. That there are, however, in the ranks of this Turkish Yeomanry Cavalry—for such are, in fact, the mounted Bashi-Bazouks—but too many pitiless ruffians is not only sufficiently proved, but, without any hypothesis of the peculiar fiendishness either of Turkish blood, or of Muslim breeding, perfectly intelligible to an experimental student of this strange human nature of ours. Lust and cruelty are akin. Marvellous as is the conjunction, one can have seen or reflected little if one does not understand, and, so to say, realise, the kinship of these passions. Add hatred of a partly feared, partly despised race and religion; then, as poet, as historian, or as statesman, try to realise the outcome of this. Revolting as it may be, a positive ecstasy in the basest humiliation of the women of one's foes will then, I think, be not only acknowledged as a fact, but understood as an effect. But if the universality of love—of mutuality of co-existence—be the moral goal of civilisation, how short a way as yet are we on the road!

We were rather late in starting, for it had been raining heavily. But the mists were now rolling up from the magnificent mountain-gorge of Zvornik. As we rode up out of the little hill-city, I looked back on the much-contested Little Zvornik on the other, or Serbian bank, of the river, under the redoubts on the hills we had ridden over the other day. Then, ever through a "Balkan," a boundless wood of various forest trees we rode; now along an upland plateau, or ridge; now descending, and by so steep a path as to require all to dismount; now skirting a wide plain; now crossing an arena-like glen in an amphitheatre of peaked, forest-covered, and rock-faced mountains; now fording the little stream of a narrow ravine; now ascending again, and again obliged to dismount; now with open views, and now with sight of but forest-depths on either side of a bridle-path.

So we rode on through a land of Romance. For, analyse what we mean by that term, and we shall, I think, find it to connote these two things chiefly—mystery and passion. The vast virgin forests environing every glade and glen, every corrie and strath—these, and the all-pervading stillness, which the occasional voices of children and laughter of maidens made only more felt, gave the element of mystery. And recollections of the history of the country—its rela-

the Byzantine Emperors, the Hungarian Kings, and the
tans ; its wars of the Cross against the Crescent, and its
by the Cross which converted to the Crescent ; and
outbursts still of fanatical hatred which make pre-
s rather mediæval than modern times—these all gave
ations of passion connoted by romance. In the Bosnian
mediæval times are recalled with hardly less vividness than
times in the Arabian deserts and Syrian plains.

set in lurid glory on the mountains. But the illuminated
he village where we were to pass the night was still but
ght in the far distance. We dismounted at a little shanty
it, ordered coffee, spread our rugs on the grass, and lit
es. Hardly, however, had the coffee been served when
ly, and there was a sudden, rushing, storm-signalling sound
. Quickly we rose, and had scarcely mounted when the
in-storm was on us. Endless seemed the journey through
ts of Bertcha appearing to get ever further off instead of
through it all, toiled on foot the miserable Christian
e of them lame. I regretted that, standing as they were
e, I had omitted to see them served with coffee at the
the rest of us. On a previous stoppage, I had ordered
em as well as for myself and my Muslim escort ; but they
got it when we were about to remount, and I had to see
to the matter myself. And as the Zaptieh, mounted like
these poor, footsore wretches, and with a temper by no
oved by the fast of Ramazan, urged them on with frequent
felt oneself still amid the race- and creed-hatreds of what,
we are now accustomed to think of as a bygone age.

he mountain-village was reached, and we clattered up its
paved streets. At the foot of an outer wooden staircase,
he upper part of a large house, we dismounted. But we
chief apartment, or divan, crowded with Muslims at their
yers. So I had to wait in a small adjoining room. It
g, however, before I was conducted into the divan which
us serving as a chapel. For the Muslims are as free
about consecrated buildings as Presbyterians. After
offee and cigarette ceremonial here—at what I found
se of the Governor—I was conducted to another build-
till dinner, or rather supper, was got ready, the Governor
ndant politely sat with me. As no one was acquainted
ropean language, I made my first attempt, with the aid of
ocabulary, to converse in Turkish. Both officials were

Arnaouts, and most pleasant fellows. It was years ago that I made my first acquaintance with this fine race in the person of the Governor of Wadi-Halfah, at the Second Cataract of the Nile, when I had had the pleasure of curing him of ophthalmia. With these fellow-countrymen of his I got on amazingly. Not only their weapons and mine, but the characters of certain pashas, and the chances of war or peace, were the topics of our conversation. It is singular how very few words it is necessary to know, and how very simple a language may be, to make oneself sufficiently intelligible when there is thorough good-will on both sides. With such an experience one reflects with renewed interest on the completeness of expression in those wonderful developments—the Languages of Civilisation.

These friendly Arnaouts—the Kaimakam, Shakir Effendi, and Commandant, Shaban Effendi—accompanied me, next morning, some way on the road. A parting *findjan* of coffee we sipped at a hut by the wayside; then, with a present of a cigarette-holder from the Kaimakam, and mutual compliments, we bid each other adieu. Presently I looked back and saw, as it were, great lakes in the distance below me. It was the upper surface of the mists in the glens. Ascending still, the scenery put me more and more in mind of that of Lebanon. Perhaps, however, a juster comparison were with that of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. For there is but little here, in these Bosnian highlands, of that supreme historic interest which makes Lebanon stand alone amid all the highlands of the world. From no other mountain-peaks of our planet can one behold in a single view such historic sites as Tyre and Sidon on the coast of that gleaming Interior Sea, the first cradle of commerce; the basin of the Sea of Galilee, crater of a volcanic eruption of enthusiasm the most remarkable in the history of religion; and those hills of Bashan beyond which is the desert traversed by the caravans of Nineveh and of Babylon. Nothing comparable to that is there in this Bosnian Balkan of the Dinaric Alps. Yet this much may be said for it, that in some of its outward aspects, it recalled, at least, the glory of Lebanon.

In about two hours, however, we entered what was no more properly speaking, a "Balkan"—for this strictly means a forest of various kinds of trees. Such a forest we had first entered on the banks of the Drina, on the other side of Zvornik. But now suddenly we entered a pine forest, through which we rode all this day and the next, till we came down on the magnificent gorge that leads to Serajevo from the north-east. At first this pine forest recalled the German Schwarzwald. But in the afternoon the scenery became more

singularly like that of the Scottish Highlands. We descended into a long ravine with a little stream—another Glen Tilt, only with more wood. Thence we suddenly emerged into a little glen inhabited by Christians, and precisely like a Scottish one : a hamlet, or *clachan*, on the side of the hill near the mouth of the pass where cattle are grazing—thin pasture, with stones cropping through ; the harvest gathered on the fields in little stacks, differing only from the Scottish ricks in being in the form of a cross—to dry it, I suppose, more quickly ; few trees ; copse on the low circling hills ; and, in the distance, a mountain of precisely the form of that which towers over the Forest of Birse—Cloch-na-Ben.

Having ascended through the copse, we rode down, towards sunset, into another glen not so defined as the last, and more, indeed, of a rolling tableland. Here they were Muslims ; but the khan, or stable-inn, was kept by Christians. Imagine the scene. A vast, undivided space under immense rafters. Along the sides, a number of horses, not seen, save when some one passes along with a torch, but heard munching their corn, hinnying, neighing, and occasionally kicking out at a male, or attempting to bite a female, neighbour. In the centre, and opposite the great double door, is a broad divan round three sides of a blazing fire. On one side of it, a sheep is being roasted whole ; on the other, coffee is being roasted, ground, and boiled ; and the Rembrandtesque lights and shades in which one sees the picturesquely clothed, and generally finely featured, Muslims on the divan, and Christians standing between the fire and the door, are quite entrancing. Reflections arose on that characteristic activity of mind, that integrating of differences, which is the cause of the pleasure such a scene affords. But metaphysical speculation presently gave place to a dream of that exquisite scene of the Nativity in just such a stable at Bethlehem. And so dreaming, I fell asleep.

I was awoke by the guitar-accompanied song of one of my men, who thus beguiled the time till the sheep was sufficiently roasted. It was one of those old historical or legendary ballads of the Southern Slavs which unite all of the race, whether Muslim or Christian, against their Osmanli masters. And the whole space between the fire and the door became crowded with applauding listeners. It is such scenes as these that teach one to look to the increase of the spirit of a common nationality as the only means of lessening the miserable mutual hatreds which at present divide the Southern Slavs. Such a spirit cannot, however, grow, and Turkish rule be submitted to. But I mean to avoid politics in this merely descriptive sketch. At last

the sheep was pronounced duly done. It was taken aside and cut up, but not into joints ; that seems an art quite unknown here. The roasted animal was simply hacked to pieces ; and from what part of it came the piece I had I do not know. All then set to work with their daggers and fingers instead of knives and forks. Seeing me a little awkward at this, one of my Bashi-Bazouks kindly began to cut up my food for me with his digits and dagger. This naturally quickened me in the use of my own.

With our feet towards the fire, and our pistols under whatever we made a pillow of, some dozen of us all slept on the divan, of which the boards were only covered by our own rugs. In the morning, as on the previous evening, one, but only one, of the Muslims went through all the prostrations of the orthodox prayers. It was a sight which I very much liked to see, and particularly as it caused no sort of remark, either by others on his strictness, or by him on their laxness. All believed in Allah, and it was for each to testify his belief in what manner he pleased. And certainly this belief does influence the Muslims for good. Come into personal contact with the Christians of the East and the Muslims, and the latter cannot, I think, but be in general preferred, as both the more honest and the more courteous, and that, even though one's early education may prejudice one in favour of those nursed in the same beliefs as oneself has been.

But the Muslims have no music. Anything so discordant as the yells rather than songs—with which my Bashi-Bazouks gave vent to their general feelings of delight on mounting, soon after sunrise, for our last day's journey—I never heard. And so we rode on, up hill, and down dale, through the forest. At length, after a mid-day halt on the summit of a thickly wooded hill, we descended one of the grandest passes I have ever seen. It was a vast gap in a towering wall of precipices, to which trees clung everywhere, and from the foot of which ran long green slopes down into an absolutely ideal valley, so beautiful it was in its rich corn-fields and pastures, shut in by wooded hills from the warring outer world. Through this valley we rode, and up through the forest again, till we came to another long winding descent. But here, at last, Serajevo was descried in the distance.

Presently we observed that the mountain-road below us was filled with dark moving objects. They were two or three battalions of infantry, with baggage-train and field guns, marching to the capital. Soon we were in the midst of them. An orderly riding back on some message recognised one of my Bashi-Bazouks. They gave each other that stately salute which, universal as it is among Muslims, is in itself alone a perpetual lesson in good manners, "Salaam Ala-

koum ! " " Aleikoum Salaam ! "—" Peace be with thee ! " " With thee be peace ! " and then, rushing into each other's arms, they kissed on either cheek. Recognised as an Englishman, I was courteously allowed, along with my people, to pass the baggage-train, and take a place immediately in the rear of the infantry.

Thus we entered Serajevo. The parapets of the old walls on the heights above were crowded with veiled figures. Below us were magnificent rocky gorges, which, with the troops that were now defiling along the road at mid-height, put me in mind of nothing so much as pictures of Himalayan scenery with British expeditions on the march to the capture of some mountain-fastness. Presently we passed through the gates, and entered the oldest quarter of the town. So steep were the streets, and so impossible was it to look after one's horse with the roadway and lattices filled with gazing Muslim houris, that I dismounted and walked. The Giaour, however, met no kind glances. On the contrary, faces, that he glanced at too ardently, turned round to the wall, though the eyes that were the light of them peeped again presently. With one particularly of my Bashi-Bazouks it was very different. He seemed to have many fair friends. Yet even him they greeted with but a lightning glance, and then turned away, or drew closer their veils, with a most fascinating shyness. At length we got down to an open place, and a bridge over a shallow river. Crossing with my Bashi-Bazouks, in the midst of the throng of troops and sightseers, all marching to wild Turkish military music ; looking up and down the line of the many-bridged river, overhung with galleried houses, and beholding the fair city stretching away with innumerable domes and minarets, and poplared gardens, far up the hills on either side—I thought I had never seen anything so ravishingly picturesque in all my wanderings. Having crossed the bridge I looked up, and behold ! at an unlatticed window two fair young unveiled faces looking forth. It was the British Consulate. And there I was to pass five weeks so happily that I shall never think of the capital of Bosnia but as a paradise of the East.

TABLE-TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

THAT literary feuds in France have lost little of their vigour is shown by M. About's attack in the *Athenæum* on the memory of François Buloz, the founder and manager of the *des Deux Mondes*. M. About is a thorough Frenchman, and a Frenchman's love for epigram. To read the sarcasm with which he lashes the memory of the dead is an intellectual treat, and the style with which he heads his letter is worthy of a place among the most venomous of such productions:—

Buloz qui, par sa grâce, a tant su nous charmer,
Lorsque la mort viendra le prendre
N'aura qu'un seul œil à fermer,
Et n'aura point d'esprit à rendre.

It is not to M. About's credit, however, that satire and invective should be directed against one who is dead, and consequently unable to retaliate, and it is unfortunate for him that the personal motive which prompted the onslaught is known. His letter forms, indeed, but only in that *question de probité littéraire* raised a score years ago in *La Presse* and *La Revue de Paris*, à propos of M. About's parody of an original romance ("Tolla") of a true history concerning an Italian family, contained in a book the suppression of which was so rigorous, M. About supposed himself to possess a unique privilege. The remaining chapters will probably be written when M. About is himself in his grave, and unable to use his powerful pen. Those who like to read the history of an unpleasant transaction will find it under the head "About" in "Les Supercheries Dévoilées" of Quérard, augmented [by MM. Gustave Buisson and Pierre Jannet. M. Buloz was, in fact, a man of signal courage and enterprise, and the brusqueness which attended his success was paralleled in men of higher social position. His equal as a writer will not readily be found. His *début* in letters was marked by the translation of works from the English. One statement in the history of M. About is true. The influence of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is greater in other countries than in France,

LORD BROUGHAM used to say, that the appearance of Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors" added "a new terror to Death;" but a much more serious matter is threatening men of letters than any attempt at their lives. Among recent American announcements I see the "Condensed Classics," by one Mr. Rossiter Johnson, who has, I believe, begun his lopping and thinning process with Scott and Dickens. To steal is bad enough; but this process of mutilation is barbarous beyond anything one could have imagined. What kind of Procrustean method Mr. Rossiter Johnson may employ I do not know (though, to use an old joke, it is certainly done "without axing"), but it seems to me the most impudent operation that has yet been performed, even by a Yankee.

THE attempt to conciliate an Irish constituency is once again, I see, being attempted by some English Liberals. Even the Irish themselves, when they are not to the manner born, and of the ancient Church, find the task an embarrassing one. A certain Hibernian M.P., whose wife was a Romanist, found himself on one occasion seated at dinner next to the Catholic bishop of the district. "My lord," said he, in genial confidence, "it is true I have the misfortune to be a Protestant, but I am no bigot. My children, I do assure you, are all brought up in the religion—" he meant to say, "of their mother," but in the largeness of his views, and wish to please, he used the plural "of their mothers," the effect of which was very remarkable. Unfortunately, in the House of Commons, this gentleman never makes a joke, whether by accident or design.

THAT American experiment, to which we owe "The Innocents Abroad" and "The New Pilgrims' Progress" of Mark Twain, is about, it seems, to be repeated in England, and is to be on a still larger scale. It is proposed by a company to despatch, in August next, a large steamship on a voyage all round the world. The journey is estimated to occupy nine to ten months, during which time the principal sea-ports will be entered, and time will be afforded for visiting spots of interest in countries bordering on the route. Five hundred pounds is demanded for the right to join the trip, and the payment of that sum will enable any man, in whom an adventurous disposition is accompanied by leisure and moderate means, to see no inconsiderable or uninteresting portion of the world's surface. The laws of the expedition follow pretty closely those of the *Quaker City* as preserved by Mark Twain. It is edifying to study the revolution

effected by modern discovery. A century ago, the grand tour was undertaken by those who aspired to be statesmen or to fill public offices, and led a man to Paris, Dresden, Vienna, Berlin, and the principal cities of Italy. Now we seem approaching the days when we shall have picnics in Central Africa, and when the traveller will cry out like Alexander for more worlds to conquer.

THERE is no more interesting subject for Fiction than the discovery of hidden treasure, and hence Edgar Poe's "Golden Bug"—which in the English edition, by-the-by, is written "Golden Beetle" out of regard for insular prejudice—has more admirers than even his "Murder in the Rue Morgue." Not long ago there was a company (limited) advertised as being formed for the recovery of two galleons of the Spanish Armada; and after Dr. Schliemann's discoveries—so far surpassing even the imagination of the City—it is probable that archæological investigation will be much assisted by the investments of the public. The suggestion of a writer in the *Times* that explorations should be carried on in Mount Nebo for the discovery of the Tables of Stone with the Ten Commandments on them "traced there originally by the finger of the Creator Himself," is the highest flight we have reached in this direction; though the conclusion of this gentleman's letter, "that the discovery would throw great light upon the Old Testament, and the language in which the Tables were written," is a little tame. Why, the possession (and exhibition) of such a treasure-trove would set the Alexandra Palace itself upon its legs again.

While one is about it, why not get up an association for the discovery of the Urim and Thummim, which the highest authority upon gems and precious stones assures us were indestructible, and must be, therefore, "somewhere in the World." It is certainly not too much to say that it is more likely we should light upon such treasures, than on the *parure* of fair Helen, which has actually, it seems, been dug up at Mycenæ, and every ounce of which (Troy weight) is probably of more value than a pound of ordinary gold. It is rumoured that Mr. Tennyson has been requested by a Prospecting Company to give them his views as to the locality of the piece of water into which the sword Excalibur was thrown.

FRANCE has at length provided the bones of Auber with a resting place, and has placed over his tomb a monument worthy of his genius. The death of Auber took place, as is well known, during the German occupation of France, and the remains of the

musician were shuffled hastily into a vault. When Peace revisited France an attempt was made to remove the bones to Père la Chaise, and erect over them a monument. Subscriptions, however, came slowly in, and the heirs of Auber, who naturally thought that to what aspired to be a national tribute they were not called upon to contribute, incurred the condemnation of M. Alexander Dumas fils, whose *not* is already famous. "Very well; you simply furnish the body." Auber himself had a vein of humour, as some of his stories now chronicled in the French musical papers attest. When attention was drawn to the fact that, though the streets in Paris under the new system were called after deceased authors, but that one was named the Rue Auber, he answered, "Well, M. Hausmann has given me credit." When on a committee for bestowing a prize on the best cantata, the member at the piano, who was going through a very terrible composition, stopped and drew attention to the fact that the time in which it was to be taken was not marked. Auber exclaimed, "My dear Monsieur, since no time is marked, let us take advantage of the opportunity, and take it as quickly as we can."

IT is among the things not generally known that Sir Arthur Guinness is a poet. He is said to have replied to the Prime-Minister's offer of a Peerage in the following strain:—

Your kind intention I must damp,
The game of rank 's not worth my candle;
It is, sir, but the Guinness' stamp;
My honest pewter needs no handle.

SOME action is, it appears, to result from the delivery of Dr. Richardson's lectures upon Health, a Sanitary Estates Association having been formed for the purpose of founding a city corresponding, as nearly as may be, to his ideal Hygeiopolis. The aim of the association is to erect at Courtlands—a spot in Sussex, between Worthing and Goring—a town capable of containing eight thousand inhabitants, and to furnish it with every hygienic aid and appliance. So completely in its infancy is the scheme, and so slight information is as yet supplied concerning the manner in which the desired result is to be obtained, that it would be futile to dwell upon its claims and pretensions. Some matter for thought is, however, supplied in contemplating the inroads made by Science into the domain of Poetry. Those Arcadias, Utopias, Atlantisés (if such a plural as the last can be permitted in the case of a word of classical origin); these empires in Sun, Moon, and Star which have occupied the

attention of poetical and philosophical dreamers, give way now to schemes which are capable of practical fulfilment, and which would yet at one time have seemed as far outside belief as the visionary worlds of More, Sidney, and Bacon. Some of the rules of which Dr. Richardson in his lecture insists as indispensable to health are capable of being at once applied to modern houses. We can all of us do away with the firmly fixed carpets, specially designed, it might seem, to hold the dust, in which poisonous germs find the best medium for their conveyance. We can dismiss objectionable wall-papers altogether in many cases. In answer to the bidding, not of Health but of Art, this process of reform has already commenced. The tower containing the staircase and all offices can easily be introduced in houses of a certain class to be henceforth erected, though a generation or two must under happiest conditions elapse before it comes into general use. Dr. Richardson has yet to speak of baths and other matters of this kind, and I hope his utterances will not long be delayed. In respect to baths we might learn something from the ancients, who, far better than ourselves, comprehended their advantage and importance.

THE question of Lady Helps seems to be assuming considerable importance, since Mrs. Crawshay assures us that the demand for them now exceeds the supply. The humble experience of bachelors who live in lodgings kept by "ladies who have seen better days" is not in favour of the system; but there is certainly something very attractive to folks of the Bounderby class, in the idea of employing the daughters of "admirals in the navy," and "colonels in the army," to warm their slippers and butter their toast. In America they have "helps" who are by no means "ladies." The difficulty of procuring good servants in that country is vastly greater even than in England. I was talking to a New York friend upon this subject lately, who told me that it was the rarest thing to retain the services of a help beyond a year. "My wife had one, however, who lived with us eighteen months; and it would have taken much to part us; but at last she had to go."

"Why, what did she do?" inquired I.

"Well, she did this—she *boxed my wife's ears*."

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MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER X.

"THE POET IN A GOLDEN AGE WAS BORN."

VICTOR HERON did not leave Mrs. Money's quite as soon as he had intended. He had made a sort of engagement to meet some men in the smoking-room of his club: men with whom he was to have had some talk about the St. Xavier's Settlements. But he remained talking with Minola for some time; and he talked with Lucy and with other women, young and old, and asked many questions and made himself very agreeable, and, as was his wont, thought everyone delightful, and enjoyed himself very much. Then Mr. Money chanced to look in, and, seeing Heron, bore him away for a while to his study, to talk with him about something very, very particular. Mr. Money saw Herbert Blanchet and only performed with him the ceremony which Hajja Baba describes as "the shake-elbows and the fine weather," and then made no further account of him. Mr. Blanchet seeing Heron invited to the study, and knowing from his acquaintance with the household what that meant, conceived himself slighted, and was angry. Mr. Money always looked upon Blanchet as a sort of young man whom only women were ever supposed to care about, and who would be as much out of place in the private study of a politician and man of business as a trimmed petticoat.

There was, however, some consolation for the poet in the fact that he had Minola Grey nearly all to himself. He secured this advantage by a dexterous stroke of policy, for he attached himself to his sister and did his best to show and describe to her all the celebri-

said, he had his reward.

It grew late ; the rooms were rapidly thinning. Minola and Blanchet were to remain at Mrs. Money's for the night. He could not stay much longer and had risen to go away, when Heron entered. He came up to speak to Minola, and introduced him to her particular friend and *camarade*, Miss Blanchet. He sat beside Miss Blanchet and talked to her for a few minutes while Blanchet took advantage of the opportunity to talk again to Minola. Then Mr. Heron rose, and Herbert rose, and Miss Blanchet, growing courageous, told Heron that that was her brother and a great poet, and in a very formal, old-fashioned way asked for permission to make them acquainted. Mr. Heron was a passionate admirer of poetry, and occasionally, perhaps, tried the patience of his friends by too lengthened citations from Shakespeare and Milton. In modern poetry he had not got much later than "The Arab's Song," "The Karshish," which he could recite from end to end ; and "The Indian's Lament," of which he knew the greater part. He was, however, modestly conscious that his administrative engagements in the colonies had kept him a little behind the rest of the world in the matter of poetry, and it did not surprise him in the least that he should meet a great poet, whose name had never before reached his ears, sitting there beside him in Mrs. Money's drawing-room. He felt delighted and proud at meeting a poet and a poet's sister.

It so happened that after saying his friendly good-byes to his hostess—a ceremony which even had the rooms been

Herbert took a cigar, and agreed to walk Heron's way: which was, indeed, so far as it went, his own. Heron was very proud to walk with a poet.

"Yours is a delightful calling, sir," he said; "excuse me if I speak of it. I remember reading somewhere that one should never talk to an author about his works. But I couldn't help it: we don't meet poets in some of our colonies; and your sister was kind enough to enlighten my ignorance and tell me that you were a poet. I always thought that a charming anecdote of Wolfe reciting Gray's *Elegy*, and telling his officers he would rather have written that than take Quebec. Ay, by Jove, and so would I!"

Mr. Blanchet had never heard of the anecdote, and had by no means any clear idea as to the identity or exploits of Wolfe. But he was anxious to know something about Heron, and therefore he was determined to be as companionable as possible.

"You must not believe all my sister says about me. She has an extravagant notion of my merits in every way."

"It must be delightful to have a sister," Victor Heron said enthusiastically. "Do you know, I can't imagine any greater happiness for a man than to have a sister. I envy you, Mr. Blanchet."

Heron was in the peculiar position of one to whom all the family relationships present themselves in idealised form. He had never had sister or brother; and a sister now rose up in his imagination as a sort of creature compounded of a simplified *Flora MacIvor* and a glorified *Ruth Pinch*. His novel-reading in the colonies was a little old-fashioned, like many of his ideas, and his habit of frequently using the word "sir" in talking with men whom he did not know very familiarly.

Mr. Blanchet was not disposed, from his knowledge of Mary Blanchet, to hold the possession of a sister as a gift of romantic or inestimable value. To say the truth, when Victor spoke so warmly of the delight of having a sister, he too was not setting up the poetess as an ideal. He was thinking rather of *Miss Grey*, and what a sister she would be for a man to confide in and have always with him.

Meanwhile Herbert, with all his self-conceit, had common sense enough to know that it would not do to leave Heron to find out from others that the great poet Blanchet had yet to make his fame.

"My sister and I have been a long time separated," he said.

"She lived in the country for the most part, and I had to come to London."

"Of course. The only place for a man of genius; a grand stage, Mr. Blanchet—a grand stage."

"So, of course, Mary is all the more inclined to make a sort of hero of me. You must not take her estimate of me, Mr. Heron. She fancies the outer world must think just as she does of everything I do. I am not a famous poet, Mr. Heron, and probably never shall be. I belong to a school which does not cultivate fame, or even popularity."

"I admire you all the more for that. It always seems to me that the poet degrades his art who hunts for popularity—the poet or anybody else for that matter," added Victor, thinking of his own unpopular performances in St. Xavier's Settlements. "I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Blanchet. I have seen so much hunting after popularity in England that I honour any man of genius who has the courage to set his face against it."

"My latest volume of poems," Blanchet said firmly, "I do not even mean to publish. They shall be printed, I hope, and set out in a manner becoming them—becoming, at least, what I think of them; but they shall not be hawked about book-shops, and reviewed by self-conceited, ignorant prigs."

"Quite right, Mr. Blanchet; just what I should like to do myself, if I could possibly imagine myself gifted like you. But still you must admit that it is little to the credit of the age that a poet should be forced thus to keep his treasures from the public eye. Besides, it may be all very well, you know, in your case or mine; but think of a man of genius who has to live by his poems! It's easy talking for men who have enough—my enough, I confess, is a pretty modest sort of thing—but you must know better than I that there are young men of genius—ay, of real genius—trying to make a living in London by writings that perhaps their own generation will never understand. There is what seems to me the hard thing." Mr. Heron grew quite animated.

The words sent a keen pang through Blanchet's heart. His new acquaintance, whom Blanchet assumed to be confoundedly wealthy, evidently regarded him as a person equally favoured by fortune, and therefore only writing poetry to indulge the whim of his genius. Herbert Blanchet had heard from the Money women in a vague sort of way that Mr. Heron had been a governor of some place; it might have been Canada or India for aught he knew to the contrary; and he assumed that he must be a very aristocratic and self-conceited

person. Blanchet would not for the world have admitted at that moment that he was poor; and he shuddered at the idea that Heron might somehow learn all about Mary Blanchet's official position in the court-house of Duke's, Keeton. For all the dignity of poetry and high art, Mr. Blanchet was impressed with a painful consciousness of being small, somehow, in the company of Mr. Heron. It was not merely because he supposed Heron to be wealthy, for he knew Mrs. Money was rich and that Lucy would be an heiress, and yet he was always quite at his ease with them, and accustomed to give himself airs and to be made much of; but it occurred to him that Mr. Heron's family, friends, and familiar surroundings would probably be very different from his; and he always found himself at home in the society of women, whom he knew that he could impress and impose on by his handsome presence. Yes, he felt himself rather small in the society of this pleasant, simple, unpretending young man, who was all the time looking up to him as a poet and a child of genius.

Greatly pleased was the poet and child of genius when Victor Heron asked him to come into his rooms and smoke a cigar before going to bed.

"You don't sleep much or keep early hours, I dare say, Mr. Blanchet; literary men don't, I suppose; and I only sleep when I can't help it. Let us smoke and have a talk for an hour or two."

"Night is my day," said Blanchet. "I don't think people who have minds can talk well in the hours before midnight. When I have to work in the day I sometimes close my shutters, light my gas, and fancy I am under the influences of night."

"I got the way of sitting up half the night," said Victor, simply, "from living in places where one had best sleep in the day; but I am sure if I were a poet I should delight in the night for its own sake."

There was something curious in the feeling of deference with which Heron regarded the young poet. He considered Blanchet as something not quite mortal, or, at all events, masculine; something entitled to the homage one gives to a woman and the enthusiasm one feels to a spiritual teacher. Blanchet did not seem to him exactly like a man; rather like one of those creatures compounded of fire and dew whom we read of in legend and mythology. The feeling was not that of awe, because Blanchet was young and good-looking, and wore a dress coat and white tie, and it is impossible to have a feeling of awe for a man with a white tie. It was a feeling of delicate consideration and devotion. Had some rude person jostled

world all over again would have thought necessary ; but could not come down all at one step from his dignity as colonial governor, and he considered it, in a manner, due to the honour of England's administrative system that he should maintain a gentlemanlike appearance in London whilst still engaged in his battle—the battle which had not yet begun. Besides, as he himself told Minola Grey, his troubles thus far were not troubles. He had means enough to live like a modest gentleman even in London, provided he did not run into extravagant expenses of any kind, and he had saved, because he had had no means of spending it, a good deal of his salary while in the St. Xavier's Settlement. He had engaged a servant when he established himself in his lodgings ; and his condition seemed to Blanchet, when they were in the drawing-room together, and the servant was seen to be busy in anticipating his master's wants, to be that of an easy country gentleman whereof, in the case of young bachelors, he had little personal knowledge. It was very impressive for the moment. Genius, and the reality, and the School quailed at first before respectability, Wealth, rooms, and a man-servant.

The adornments of the room were, to Mr. Blanchet's taste, atrocious. They were, indeed, only of the better-class country lodgings style ; mirrors and gilt and white and damask. The doors where there ought to have been curtains, carpets where feeling would have prescribed mats or rugs ; there were no pictures to say on the ceiling, but even on the walls. The only sugg

nails of a lank, greenish hand ; and she had sunken cheeks, livid eyes, and a complexion like that of the prairie sage-grass. Any other Venus made Herbert Blanchet shudder.

The books scattered about were dispiriting. There were Shakespeare, Byron, and Browning. Mr. Blanchet had never read Shakespeare, considered Byron below criticism, and could hardly restrain himself on the subject of Browning. There were histories, and Mr. Blanchet scorned history ; there were Blue-books, and the very shade of blue which their covers displayed would have made his soul sicken. It will be seen, therefore, how awful is the impressiveness of respectability when, with all these evidences of the lack of artistic taste around him, Mr. Blanchet still felt himself dwarfed, somehow, in the presence of the occupier of the rooms. It ought to be said, in vindication of Mr. Heron, that that poor youth was in nowise responsible for the adornments of the rooms, except in so far as his plaster cast and his books were concerned. He had never, up to this moment, noticed anything about the lodgings, except that the rooms were pretty large, and that the locality was convenient for his purposes and pursuits.

The two young men had some soda and brandy, and smoked and talked. Blanchet was the poorest hand possible at smoking and drinking, but he swallowed soda and brandy in repeated doses, while his host's glass lay still hardly touched before him. One consequence was that his humbled feeling soon wore off, and he became eloquent on his own account, and patronising to Heron. He set our hero right upon every point connected with modern literature and art, whereon it appeared that Heron had hitherto possessed the crudest and most old-fashioned notions. Then he declaimed some of his own shorter poems, and explained to Heron that there was a conspiracy among all the popular and successful poets of the day to shut him out from public notice, until Heron felt compelled, by a sheer sense of fellow-feeling in grievance, to start up and grasp his hand, and vow that his position was enviable in comparison with that of those who had leagued themselves against him.

"But you must hear my last poem ; you *shall* hear it," Herbert said magnanimously.

"I shall be delighted ; I shall feel truly honoured," murmured Victor in perfect sincerity. "Only tell me when."

"The first reading—let me see—yes, the *first* reading is pledged to Miss Grey. No one," the poet grandly went on, "can hear it before she hears it."

"Of course not—certainly not ; I shouldn't think of it," the

envy.

"Still," the poet said, rising in his chair again, "there is no reason why you should not hear the poem at the same time. I am to-morrow to read the poem to Minola—to Miss Grey and Mr. Merton. I am sure they will both be delighted if you will come with me and hear it."

"I should like it of all things, of course; but I don't know whether I ought to intrude on Miss Grey. I understood from her that she rather prefers to live to herself—with her friends, of course—and that she does not desire to have visitors."

"You may safely come with me," the poet proudly said, "I will call for you to-morrow, if you like."

Victor assumed that he might safely accept the introduction as a new acquaintance, and the appointment was made.

If Mr. Heron could under any possible circumstances have been brought to admit to himself that the society of a poet was a liability, some, he might perhaps have acknowledged it in the present instance. The good-natured young man was quite content for the present and even to forget his own grievance in presence of the grievance of his new acquaintance. His own trouble seemed to him but a small comparison. What, after all, was the misprizing of the political vices of an individual in the face of a malign or stupid lack of recognition, which might deprive the world and all time of the benefit of a poet's genius? Heron began now to infer that his new acquaintance was poor, and the conviction made him more and more devoted

company was growing a little of a strain on the attention of his present host. Blanchet knew absolutely nothing of politics or passing events of any kind in the outer world, and did not affect or pretend to care anything about them. Indeed, had he been a man of large and liberal information in contemporary history, he would in all probability have concealed his treasures of knowledge, and affected an absolute and complacent ignorance. Outside the realms of what he called Art, Mr. Blanchet thought it utterly beneath him to know anything; and within his own realm he knew so much, and bore down with such a terrible dogmatism, that the ordinary listener sank oppressed beneath it. Warmed and animated by his own discourse, the poet poured out the streams of his dogmatic eloquence over the patient Heron, who strained every nerve in the effort to appreciate, and in the honest desire to acquire, exalted information.

At last the talk came to an end, and even Blanchet got somehow the idea that it was time to be going away. Victor accompanied him as far as the doorway, and they stood for a moment looking into the silent street.

"You haven't far to go, I hope?"

"No, not far; not exactly far," the poet answered. "I'll find a cab, I dare say. To-morrow, then, you'll come with me to Miss Grey's? You needn't have any hesitation; you will be quite welcome, I assure you. I'll call for you."

"Come to breakfast, then, at twelve."

"All right," the complacent Blanchet answered, his earlier awe having given place to an easy familiarity; "I'll come."

He nodded and went his way. Victor Heron looked for a while after his tall, slender, and graceful figure.

"He's a handsome fellow," Heron said to himself, "and a poet, and I can easily imagine a girl being in love with him, or any number of girls. She is a very fine girl, quite out of the common track. She must be very happy. I almost envy him. No, I don't; what on earth have I to do with such nonsense?"

He returned to his room, and sat thinking for a while. All his political worrying and grievance-mongering seemed to have lost character somehow, and become prosaic, and unsatisfying, and vapid. It did not seem much to look forward to, that sort of thing going on for ever.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GAY SCIENCE IN A NEW ILLUSTRATION.

MARY BLANCHET was, for the time, one of the happiest on the earth, when she had to bestir herself, on their return next day, to make preparations for the test-reading of her poems. To hear Herbert's poems read was a delight which only be excelled by the pride and joy of having them read to an audience. She had so long looked up to Minola as to an angel and a princess, that she at last came to regard her as the arbitress of the destiny of any one belonging to the Blanchet family. In some vague way she had made up her mind that, if Minola only gave the word of command, the young poet's works would go forth to the world, and going forth must of course be estimated at their proper worth. Her pride was double-edged. On the one hand there was the poet-brother to show to her friends; on the other, a friend who was to be the poet-brother's patroness. Her 'vaguula, blandula,' floated all that day on the saffron and rose, rising joy and fame.

Nor was her gratification at all diminished when Herbert called very early to crave permission to bring Mr. Heron, and when he obtained it. Blanchet had thought it prudent not to rely merely on the close friendship with Miss Grey of which he had boasted a little too vauntingly to Victor the night before, and it seemed a very necessary precaution to call and ask permission to introduce his friend. He was fortunate enough to find Minola not only ready but even what Mary might have thought, if she had considered the matter, suspiciously willing, to receive Mr. Heron. In truth Minola had in her mind a little plot to do a service to Mary Blanchet and her brother in the matter of the poems, and she had thought of Mr. Heron as the kindest and likeliest person she knew to give a helping hand in the carrying out of her project. Mary, notwithstanding anything of this, was yet made more happy than before by the prospect of having a handsome young man for one of the auditors. As has been said already, she had the kindest feelings to handsome men. Then the presence of another listener would make quite an assembly; almost, as she observed in gentle ecstasy, than once to Minola, as if it were one of the poetic contests of the Middle Ages, in which minstrels sang and peerless ladies awarded the prize of song.

So she busied herself all the morning to adorn the room

make them fit for the scene of a poet's triumph. She started away to Covent Garden and got pots of growing flowers and handfuls of "cut flowers," to scatter here and there. She had an old guitar which she disposed on the sofa with a delightfully artistic carelessness, having tried it in all manner of positions before she decided on the final one, in which the forgetful hand of the musician was supposed to have heedlessly dropped it. All the books in the prettiest bindings—especially poems—she laid about in conspicuous places. Any articles of apparel—bonnets, wraps, and such-like, that might upon an ordinary occasion have been seen on tables or chairs—were carefully stowed away in their proper receptacles—except, indeed, for a bright-coloured shawl, which, thrown gracefully across an arm of the sofa, made, in conjunction with the guitar, quite an artistic picture in itself. Near the guitar, too, in a moment of sudden inspiration, she arranged a glove of Nola's—a glove only once worn, and therefore for all pictorial effect as good as new, while having still the pretty shape of the owner's hand expressed in it. What can there be, Mary Blanchet thought, more winsome to look at, more suggestive of all poetic thought, than the carelessly-lying glove of a beautiful girl? But she took good care not to consult the owner of the glove on any such point, dreading with good reason Minola's ruthless scorn of all shams and pre-arranged affectations.

Mary was a little puzzled about the art-fixtures, if such an expression may be used, of the room, the framed engravings, which belonged to the owner of the house and were let with the lodgings, of which they were understood to count among the special attractions. She had a strong conviction that her brother would not admire them, would think meanly of them, and say so; and although Minola herself now and then made fun of them, yet it did not by any means follow that she should be pleased to hear them disparaged by a stranger. About the wall-paper she was also a little timorous, not feeling sure as to the expression which its study might call into her brother's critical eye. She could not, however, remove the engravings, and doing anything with the paper was still more completely out of the question. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to hope that his poetry and his audience would so engross the poet, as to deprive his eyes of perception for cheap art and ill-disciplined colours.

There was to be tea, delightfully served in dainty little cups, and Mary could already form in her mind an idea of the graceful figure which Minola would make as she offered her hospitality to the poet. An alarm, however, began to possess her as the day went on about the possibility of Minola *not being home* in time for the reception of

very good time, looking healthy and bright, with some rain-d her hair, and putting away with good-humoured contempt gestions about an elaborate change of dress. Miss Blanche have liked her leader to array herself in some sort of way that suggest a queen of beauty or princess of culture or other such creature. At all events, she would have liked trailing skirts and perfume. She only sighed when Minola persisted in showing in very quiet costume.

The rattle of a hansom cab was heard at last—at last thought—in reality a few minutes before the time appointed and the poet and Mr. Heron entered. The poet was somewhat and a little preoccupied. He had a considerable bulk of manuscript in his hand. The manuscript was in itself a work of art, as already explained to Victor. Each page was a large leaf of rather rough and expensive paper, and the lines of poetry, written with exquisitely careful penmanship, occupied but a small plot, so to speak, of the field of white. The margins were quaint fantasies of drawing by the poet himself and various of his brotherhood. Sometimes a thought, or incident, or part of the text was illustrated on the margin in a few odd, rapid strokes. Sometimes the artist, without having read the text, conceived some fancy or whimsy of his own ; sometimes it was a mere sketch, sometimes a curious perplexed pictorial conceit ; now the face of a pretty woman, and again, some bewildering and eccentric symbolism, about the meaning whereof all of

a failure, for Mr. Blanchet, soon after entering the room, flung himself into what was to have been a poetic attitude on the sofa, and came rather awkwardly on the guitar, and was a little vexed at the thought of being made to seem ridiculous.

Everyone was anxious that a beginning of the reading should be made, and no one seemed to know exactly how to start it. Suddenly Mr. Blanchet arose, as one awakened from a dream.

"May I beg, Miss Grey, for three favours?"

Minola bowed, and waited.

"First, I cannot read by daylight. My poems are not made for day. They need a peculiar setting. May I ask that the windows be closed, and the lamps lighted? I see you have lamps."

"Certainly, if you wish;" and Minola promptly rang the bell.

"Thank you very much. In the second place, I would ask that no sign of approval or otherwise be given as I read. The whole must be the impression, not any part. It must be felt as a whole, or it is not felt at all. Until the last line is read no judgment can be formed."

This was discouraging and even depressing, but everybody promised. Minola in particular began to fear that poets were not so much less objectionable than other men, as she had hoped. She could not tell why, but as she listened to the child of genius, she was filled with a strange memory of Mr. Augustus Sheppard. Everything that seemed formal and egotistic reminded her of Mr. Augustus Sheppard.

"Then," continued Herbert, "when I have finished the last line, you will, perhaps, allow me to leave you at once, without formality, and without even speaking? I ask for no sudden judgment; that I shall hear another time; too soon, perhaps," and he indulged in a faint smile. "But I prefer to go at once, when I have read a poem; it is a peculiarity of mine," and he passed his hand through his hair. "Reading excites me, and I am overwrought. It may not be so with others, but it is so with me."

"I can quite understand," the good-natured Victor hastened to say. "Quite natural—quite so. I have often worked myself into such a state of excitement, thinking of things—not poetry, of course, but colonial affairs, and such dry stuff—that I have to go out at night, perhaps, and walk in the cool air, and recover myself. Don't you feel so, sometimes, Miss Grey?"

"Oh, no; I am neither poet nor politician, and I have nothing to think about." At the moment she thought Blanchet a sham, and Heron rather a weak and foolish person for encouraging him. What could you have of men?

and adopted the prevailing idea and purpose of the small, new of yet hardly known artists in verse and colour to whom it was a pride to belong. His poems belonged to what might be called the literature of disease. In principle, they said to corruption, "I am my father," and to the worm, "Thou art my mother and my father." They dealt largely in graves and corpses, and the loves of sinners and the sweet virtues of sin, and the joys of despair and death. They taught that there is no truth but paradox. Mr. Richter read his contributions with great effect; in a voice now low, now threatening, now storming fiercely, now creeping along with the sound of the lowest hoarseness. What amazed Minola was, to find that any man could have so little sense of the ridiculous, as to be able to go through such a performance in a small room before three persons. In a crowd there might be courage; but before three! It was wonderful. She felt horribly inclined to laugh; but the gaze of the poet alighted on hers and fastened them every moment. Then; and poor Mary, too, she knew, was watching her.

It was very trying to her. She endeavoured to fill her mind with serious and sad thoughts; and she could not keep from thinking of the scene in Richter's *Flegeljahre*, where two of the eccentric testators are trying in fierce rivalry who shall be the first to shed a tear for his loss, in presence of the witnesses, and thereby earn the legacy to which the humiliating condition was attached. After all, it is probably easier to restrain a laugh than to pump up a tear, especially





corpses, his peculiarity became of no greater interest than if his liking had been for babies. When it was made clear that what other people called hideousness, he called beauty, it did not seem to matter much more than honest Faulconbridge's determination, if a man's name be John, to call him Peter.

The poet sometimes closed his eyes for a minute together, and pressed his hand upon his brow, while drops of perspiration stood distinctly on his livid forehead. But he took breath again, and went on. He evidently thought his audience could not have enough of it. The poem was, in fact, a chaplet of short poem-beads. Many of its passages had the peculiarity that they came to a sudden end exactly when the listeners supposed that the interest of the thing was only going to begin. When a page was ended the poet lifted it, so to speak, with the sudden effort of one hand and arm, as though it were something heavy like a shield, and then flung it from him looking fixedly into the eyes of some one of the three listeners the while. This formality impressed Mary Blanchet immediately. It seemed the very passion and wrestling of poetic inspiration; the prophetic fury rushing into action through the prophet.

Minola once or twice glanced at the face of Victor Heron. At first it was full of respectful and anxious attention, animated now and then by a sudden flicker of surprise. Of late these feelings and moods had gradually changed, and after a while the settling-down condition had clearly arrived. At length Miss Grey could see that, while Mr. Heron still maintained an attitude of the most courteous attention, his ears were decidedly with his heart, and that was far away—with his own grievance and the St. Xavier's Settlements.

At last it was over. The close, for all their previous preparation, took the small audience by surprise. It came thus :—

I asked of my soul—What is death?

I asked of my love—What is hate?

I asked of decay—Art thou life?

And of night—Art thou day?

Did they answer?

The poet looked up with eyes of keen and almost fierce inquiry. The audience quailed a little, but, not feeling the burden of response thrown upon them, resumed their expectant attitudes, waiting to hear what the various oracles had said to their poetic questioner. But they were taken in, if one might use so homely an expression. The poem was all over. That was the beginning and the end of it. The poet flung away his last page, and sank dreamy, exhausted, back into his chair. A moment of awful silence succeeded. Then he gathered

lent together.

"He reads very well," Heron said at last. "A capital think—don't you? He throws his soul into it. That's thing."

"It is," said Minola, "if it's much to throw—Oh, I do what I mean by that. But, how do you like the poems?"

"Well, I am sure they must be very fine. I should rather the judgment of some one else. I should like to hear you say. You tell me what you think of them, and then I'll tell you what the children say."

"I don't care about them," said Minola, shaking her head. "I have tried, Mr. Heron; but I can't admire them. I can't find originality, or poetry, or anything in them. I could not admire them—unless a command came express from the Queen to tell me they were good."

"So you read the *Misanthrope*—Molière's *Misanthrope*?" said eagerly—having caught in a moment Minola's allusion to the duty of a loyal critic when under royal command.

"Yes, I used to pass half my time reading it; I have grown into thinking that I have a sort of copyright in it; and my chief hero, Mr. Heron."

"I wish I were like him," said Mr. Heron.

"I wish you were," she answered gravely.

"But I am not—unfortunately."

"Un fortunately," she repeated, determined to pay no more

o; if I did, I don't think I could admire them."

ow then—what do you mean?"

one can feel such poetry in every blink of sunshine even
t Centre, and every breath of wind, and every stray recol-
ome great book that one has read—when one was young,

That poetry never is brought to the awful test of being
n and read out. I do so feel for Mr. Blanchet; I sup-
ems seemed glorious before they were written out."

think they seem glorious to him even still."

do—and to Mary. Mr. Heron, tell me honestly and
etation—are you really a judge of poetry?"

" said Heron. "I adore a few old poets and one or two
at I couldn't tell why—and those that I admire everybody
s too, so that I can't pretend to myself that I have any
gment. My opinion, Miss Grey, isn't worth a rush."

very glad to hear it—very. Neither is mine. So you see
both of us quite mistaken about Mr. Blanchet's poems."

urse we may—I dare say we are: in fact, I am quite sure
d Heron, growing enthusiastic.

ow, it is possible. Now, I have been thinking——"

ou have been thinking?"

t know whether I am only going to prove myself a busy-
I am so fond of Mary Blanchet."

quite right; so am I—I mean, I like her very much. But
a think of doing?"

f one could do anything to get these poems published, or
in some way—if it could be done without Mr. Blanchet's
or if he could be got to approve of it, and was not too proud?"

at I have been thinking of already," Victor said. "I do
shame that a fellow shouldn't have a chance of fighting
r the want of a few wretched pounds."

glad I am now that I spoke of this to you! Then if I get
lot you'll help me in it?"

everything—delighted."

st you must understand me. This is for my dear old
y Blanchet—not for Mr. Blanchet; I don't particularly
him, in that sort of way, and I fancy that men generally
re of themselves; but I can't bear to have Mary Blanchet
d, and that is why I want to do something. Now will you
I mean, will you help me in my way?"

help in any way you like, so long as I am allowed to help
I don't quite *understand* what you mean."

"Don't you? I wish you did without being told so very, *very* clearly. Well, my Mary Blanchet is proud: and though she might accept for her brother a helping hand from me, it would be quite a different thing where a stranger was concerned. In plain English, Mr. Heron, whatever money is to be paid must be paid by me; or there shall be no plot. Now you understand."

"Yes, certainly; I quite understand your feelings. I should have liked——"

"No doubt: but there are so many things one could have liked. The thing is now, will you help me—on my conditions?"

"Of course I will: but what help can I give, as you have ordered things?"

"There are ever so many things to do which I couldn't do, and shouldn't even know how to go about: seeing publishers and printers, and all that kind of work."

"All that I'll do with pleasure; and I am only sorry that you limit me to that. May I ask, Miss Grey, how old are you?"

"What on earth has that to do with the matter? Shall you have to give the publishers a certificate of my birth?"

"No, it's not for that. But you seem to me a very young woman, and yet you order people and things as if you were a matron."

Minola smiled and coloured a little. "I have lived an odd and lonely sort of life," she said, "and never learned manners: perhaps that is the reason. If I don't please you, Mr. Heron—frankly, I shan't try."

There was something at once constrained and sharp in her manner, such as Heron had not observed before. She seemed changed somehow as she spoke these unpropitiatory words.

"Oh, you do please me," he said; "sincere people always please me. Remember that I, too, admire the *Misanthrope*."

"Yes, very well; I am glad that you agree to my terms;—and we are fellow-conspirators?"

"We are, and——"

"Stop! here comes Mary."

Mary Blanchet came back. Her face had a curiously deprecating expression. She herself had been filled with wonder and delight by the reading of her brother's poems; but she had known Minola long enough to be as sensitive to her moods and half-implied meanings, as the dog who catches from one glance at his master's face the knowledge of whether the master is or is not in a temper suited for play. Mary had done her very best to reassure her brother; but she had not herself felt quite satisfied about Minola's admiration.

"Well?" Mary said, looking beseechingly at Minola, and then appealingly at Victor, as if to ask whether he would not come to the rescue: "Well?"

"We have been talking," Minola said, with a resolute effort, "we have been talking—Mr. Heron and I—about your brother's poems, Mary; and we think that the public ought to have a chance of judging of them."

"Oh, thank you!" Mary exclaimed, and she clasped her hands fervently.

"Yes, Mr. Heron says he is clear about that."

"I was sure Mr. Heron would be," said Mary, with becoming pride in her brother. She was not eager to ask any more questions, but she felt convinced that when Minola Grey said the poems ought to go before the public, they would somehow go; and she saw fame for her brother in the near distance. She thought she saw something else, too, as well as fame. The interest which Minola took in Herbert's poems must surely betoken some interest in Herbert himself. She knew well enough, too, that there is nothing which so disposes some women to love men as the knowledge that they are saving and helping the men. This subject of love the little poetess had long and quaintly studied. She had followed it through no end of poems and romances, and lain awake through long hours of many nights considering it. She had subjected it to severe analysis, bringing to the aid of the analysing process that gift of imagination which is rarely permitted to the hard scientific enquirer to employ to any purpose. She had pictured herself as the object of all manner of loves, under every conceivable variety of circumstances. Love by surprise; love by the slow degrees of steady growth; love pressed on her by ardent youth; gravely tendered by a dignified maturity which, until her coming, had never known such passion; love bending down to her from a castle, looking up to her from the cottage of the peasant;—love in every form had tried her in fancy, and she had taxed and vexed herself in conjuring up its various effects upon her susceptibility. But the general result of the poetess's self-examination was to show that the love which would most keenly touch her heart would be that which was born of passion and compassion united. That, that is to say, whom she had helped, and patronised, and saved, would be the man she best could love. Perhaps Mary Blanchet's ears had something to do with this turn of feeling. The unused emotions of the maternal went, in her breast, to blend with and make the equally unsatisfied sentiments of love: and her vague idea of a lover was that of somebody who should be husband and child in one.

Blanchet was to undertake, or at least endeavour, to obtain the consent of her brother, whose proud spirit might perhaps revolt at such patronage, even from friendly hands. Miss Grey was to bear the cost. It was soon a very gratifying thing to the poet to know that no objection whatever was likely to come from Blanchet. The poet accepted the proffered favour not with readiness but with joy, and was particularly delighted when he learned from Mary—what Mary was specially ordered to tell him—that Miss Grey was his lady-patroness. He had been allowed vaguely to understand that friends and admirers of his name might have been Legion—were combined to secure him. But Mary, in the pride of her heart, told him all that her brother was greatly pleased and very proud. The only condition he made was that the poems should be brought out in a certain way, with such paper, such margins, such binding, and so on: according to the pattern of another poet's works, whereof he was to furnish the model.

"She will be rich one day, Mary," he said, "and she will do something for Art."

"Will she be rich?" Mary asked eagerly. "Oh, I am sure. She ought to be a princess; she should be, if I were a queen."

"Yes, she'll be rich—what you and I would call rich—carelessly. "Everything is to be hers, when the stepmother comes, and I believe she is in a galloping consumption."

"How do you know, Herbert?"

"You asked me to enquire, you know," he said, "and I enquired. It was easily done. Her father had sold his

CHAPTER XII.

"LOVE, THE MESSENGER OF DEATH."

VICTOR HERON seemed to Minola about this time in a fair way to let his great grievance go by altogether. He was filled with it personally when he had time to think about it, but the grievances of somebody else were always coming across his path, and drawing away his attention from his own affairs. Minola very soon noticed this peculiarity in him, and at first could hardly believe in its genuineness; it so conflicted with all her accepted theories about the ingrained selfishness of man. But by watching and studying his ways, which she did with some interest, she found that he really had that unusual weakness, and she was partly amused and partly annoyed by it. She felt angry with him now and then for neglecting his own task, like another Hylas, to pick up every little blossom of alien grievance flung in his way. She pressed on him with an earnestness which their growing friendship seemed to warrant the necessity of his doing something to set his cause right or ceasing to tell himself that he had a cause which called for justice.

It would not be easy to find a more singular friendship than that which was growing up between Miss Grey and Victor. She received him whenever he chose to come and see her. Many a night when Mary Blanchet and she sat together he would look in upon them as he went to some dinner-party, or even as he came home from one, if he had got away early, and have a few minutes' talk with them. He came often in the afternoon, and if Minola did not happen to be at home, he would nevertheless remain and have a long chat with Mary Blanchet. He seemed always in good humour with himself and everybody else, except in so far as his grievance was concerned, and always perfectly happy. It has been already shown that, although quite a young man, he considered himself, by virtue of his experience and his public career, ever so much older than Minola. Once or twice he sent a throb of keen delight through Mary Blanchet's heart by speaking of something that "I can remember, Miss Blanchet, and perhaps you may remember it—but Miss Grey couldn't, of course." To be put on anything like equal ground with him as to years was a delightful experience to the poetess. It was all the more delicious because there was such an evident genuineness in his suggestion. Of course, if he had meant to pay her a compliment—such as a foolish person might be pleased with, but not she, *thank goodness*—he would have pretended to

think her as young as Minola. But he had done nothing *of the* kind; and he evidently thought that she was about the same age *as* himself.

At all events, and it was more to the purpose, he set down *Miss* Grey as belonging to quite a different stage of growth from that *to* which he had attained. He thought her a handsome and very clever girl, who had the additional advantage over most other girls that *she* was rather tall, and that he therefore was not compelled to stoop much when speaking to her. He liked women and girls generally. He hardly ever saw the woman or girl he did not like. If he had known that a woman was insincere or affected, he would not have liked her; but then he never knew it; he never saw it; it never occurred to him. Anybody could have seen that he was a man who had no sisters or girl-cousins. The most innocent and natural affectations of womanhood were too deep for him to see. There really was a great deal of truth in what he had said to Minola about his goddess theory as regarded women. He made no secret about his greatly admiring her—thinking her very clever and fresh and handsome. He would without any hesitation have told her that he liked her best of all the women he knew, but then he had often told her that he liked other women very much. He seemed therefore the man whom a pure and fearless woman, even though living in Minola's odd condition of semi-isolation, might frankly accept as a friend without the slightest fear for the tranquillity of his heart or of hers. Minola, too, had always in her own breast resented with anger and contempt the idea that a man and woman can never be brought together and allowed to walk in the beaten way of friendship without their forthwith wandering off into the thickets and thorny places of love. All such ideas she looked upon as imbecility, and scorned. "I don't like men," she used to say to herself and even to others pretty freely. "I never saw a man fit to hold a candle to my Alceste. I never saw the man who seemed to me worth a woman's troubling her heart about." She began to say this of late more than ever, and to say it to herself, especially when the day and the evening had closed and she was alone in her own room. She said it over almost as if it were a sort of charm.

The business of the poems now gave him many occasions to call, and one particular afternoon Victor called when, by a rare chance, Mary Blanchet happened to be out of doors. Minola had had it on her mind that he was not pushing his cause very earnestly, and was glad of the opportunity of telling him so. He listened with great good humour. It is nearly as agreeable to be lectured as to be

praised by a handsome young woman who is unaffectedly interested in one's welfare.

"I shall lose my good opinion of you if you don't keep more steadily to your purpose."

"But I do keep steadily to it. I am always thinking of it."

"No; you allow anything and everything to interfere with you. Anybody's affairs seem more to you than your own."

Victor shook his head.

"That isn't the reason," he said. "I wish it were, or anything half so good. No; the truth is, that I get ashamed of the cursed work of trying to interest people in my affairs who don't want to take any interest in them. I am a restless sort of person and must be doing something, and my own business is now in that awful stage when there is nothing practical or active to be done with it. I find it easier to get up an appearance of prodigious activity about some other person's affairs. And then, Miss Grey, I don't mind confessing that I am rather sensitive and morbid—egotistic, I suppose—and if any one looks coldly on me when I endeavour to interest him in my own affairs, I take it to heart more than if it were the business of somebody else I had in hand."

"But you talked at one time of appealing to the public. Why don't you do that?"

"Get people to bring my case on in the House of Commons?"

"Yes; why not?"

"It looks like being patronised and protected and made a client of."

"Well, why don't you try and get the chance of doing it yourself?"

He smiled.

"I still do hold to that idea—or that dream. I should like it very much, if one only had a chance. But no chance seems to turn up; and one loses heart sometimes."

"Oh, no," Minola said earnestly, "don't do that."

"Don't do what?"

He had hardly been thinking of his own words, and he seemed a little surprised at the earnestness of her tone.

"Don't lose heart. Don't give way. Don't fall into the track of the commonplace and become like every one else. Keep to your purpose, Mr. Heron, and don't be beaten out of it."

"No; I haven't the least idea of that, I can assure you: quite the contrary. But it is so hard to get a chance, or to do anything, all at once. Everything moves so slowly in England. But I have a plan—we are doing *something*."

"Well, the whole thing is only in prospect and uncertain yet. The idea is Money's, not mine ; he has found out there is going to be a vacancy in a certain borough," and Victor looked at her, "before long ; and his idea is that I should be a candidate, and tell the people my whole story right out, and then to give me a chance of defending myself in the House. The thing is not yet in shape enough to talk much about. I thought you would be glad to know that I haven't thrown the sponge all at once."

Minola did not very clearly follow all that he had been saying, partly because she was beginning to be afraid that to put her in the position of adviser and confidante to this young man was a very becoming performance on her part. Her mind was a little confused, and she was not a very good listener then. Some people, even women, seldom are good listeners ; that while they are a part of an audience they are still thinking how they look as they listen. Anyway, Minola was now growing anxious to escape from him.

"I am so glad," she said vaguely, "that you are doing this, and that you don't mean to allow yourself to be beaten."

"I don't mean to be, I assure you," he said, a little surprised by her sudden coolness. "I shouldn't like to be. That is what I hope."

"I hope not too, and I think not ; I wish I had such a chance. Life seems to me such a pitiful thing—and in a man's life when there is no great clear purpose in it."

his poems ; Mr. Money has—well, he has his business, whatever it is, and he is in Parliament."

At this moment the servant entered and handed a card to Minola. A gentleman, she said, particularly wished to see Miss Grey, but he would call any time she pleased to name if she could not see him at present. Minola's cheek grew red as she glanced at the card, for it bore the name of Mr. Augustus Sheppard, and it had the words pencilled on it—"Wishes particularly to see you—has important business." Her lips trembled. Nothing could be more embarrassing and painful than such a visitation. The disagreeable memory of Mr. Sheppard and of the part of her life to which he belonged had been banished from her thoughts, at least except for occasional returning glimpses, and now here was Mr. Sheppard himself in London and asserting a right to see her. She could not refuse him, for he did, perhaps, come to her with some message from those in Keeton who still would have called themselves her family. Mary Blanchet had only just gone out, and Minola was left to talk with Mr. Sheppard alone. For a moment she had a wild idea of begging Victor Heron to stay and bear her company during the interview. But she put this thought away instantly, and made up her mind that she had better hear what Mr. Sheppard had to say alone.

"Show the gentleman in, Jane," she said, as composedly as she could. "A friend—at least, a friend of my people, from my old place, Mr. Heron."

Heron was looking at her, she thought, in a manner that showed he had noticed her embarrassment.

"Well, I must wish you a good morning," Mr. Heron said ; "be sure I shan't forget what you were saying."

"Thank you—yes ; what was I saying?"

"Oh, the very good advice you were giving me ; and I propose to hear it all out another time. Good morning."

"Don't go for a moment, pray don't," she asked, with an earnestness which surprised Victor. "Only a moment—I would rather you didn't go just yet."

The thought suddenly went through her that Mr. Sheppard was the very man to put an exaggerated meaning on the slightest thing that seemed to hint at secrecy of any kind, and that she had better take care to let him see, face to face, what sort of visitor was with her when he came. Victor was glad in any case of the chance of remaining a few moments longer, and was in no particular hurry to go so long as he could think he was not in anybody's way.

Victor Heron stood, hat in hand, on the hearth-rug near the

chimney-piece. As Mr. Sheppard entered, Heron was the first person he happened to see, and the entirely unexpected sight surprised him. He glanced confusedly from Heron to Minola before he spoke a word, and his manner, always stiff and formal, seemed to acquire in a moment an additional incubus of constraint. Victor Heron had something about him which did not seem exactly English, and which, to a provincial mind, might well suggest the appearance of a foreigner—a Frenchman. Mr. Sheppard had never felt quite satisfied in his own mind about that mysterious rival of whom Minola spoke to him on the memorable day when he saw her last. She had told him that her Alceste was only “a man who lived in a book, Mr. Sheppard—in what you would call a play.” How well he remembered the very words she used, and the expression of contempt on her lips as she used them. And he had got the book—the play—and read it; toiled through it, and found that there was an Alceste in it. So far she had told the truth, no doubt; but might not the Alceste have a living embodiment, or might she not have found since that time a supposed realisation of her Alceste, and might not this be he—this handsome, foreign-looking young man, who was lounging there as coolly and easily as if the place belonged to him? For a moment an awful doubt filled his mind. Could she be married? was that her husband?

“Miss Grey?” he said in hesitating and questioning tone, as that of one who is not quite clear about the identity of the person he is addressing; but Mr. Sheppard was only giving form unconsciously to the doubt in his own mind, Are you still Miss Grey?

The words and their tone were rather fortunate for Minola. They amused her and seemed ridiculous, although she did not guess at Mr. Sheppard's real meaning, and they enabled her to get back at once to her easy contempt for him.

“You must have forgotten my appearance very soon, Mr. Sheppard,” she said, in a tone which carried the contempt so lightly and easily that he probably did not perceive it, “or I must have changed very much, if you are not quite certain whether I am Miss Grey. You have not changed at all; I should have known you anywhere.”

“It is not that,” Mr. Sheppard said with a little renewal of cheerfulness. “I should have known you anywhere, Miss Grey. You have not changed, except indeed that you have, if that were possible, improved. Indeed, I would venture to say that you have decidedly improved.”

“Thank you: you are very kind.”

"It would be less surprising if you, Miss Grey, had had some duty in recognising me. Fortune, perhaps, has withdrawn some of her blessings from others only to pour them more lavishly on you."

"I feel very well, thank you ; but I hope fortune has not been doing any Peter to pay Paul in my case. You, at least, don't seem to have been cheated out of any of your good health, Mr. Sheppard." While he made his little formal speeches Mr. Sheppard continued to stand sidelong at Victor Heron. Mr. Heron now left his place at the chimney-piece and came forward to take his leave.

"Must you go?" Minola asked, with as easy a manner as she could assume. She dreaded a *tête-à-tête* with Sheppard, and she also seemed to let it be seen that she dreaded it. If Mary Blanchet could only come!

An expedient occurred to her for putting off the dreaded conversation yet a moment, and giving Mary Blanchet another chance.

"I should like my friends to know each other," Minola said, with a civility of manner which was hardly in keeping with her natural ways. "People are not introduced to each other now, I believe, when they meet by chance in London, but we are none of us Londoners. Mr. Sheppard comes from Keeton, Mr. Heron, and is one of the oldest families of my family."

Mr. Heron held out his hand with eyes of beaming friendliness.

"Mr. Heron?" Sheppard asked slowly, "Mr. Victor Heron?" "Victor Heron, indeed!"

"Mr. Victor Heron, formerly of the St. Xavier's Settlements?" Heron only nodded this time, finding Mr. Sheppard's manner not agreeable. Minola wondered what her townsman was thinking of, how he came to know Heron's name and history.

"Then my name must surely be known to you, Mr. Heron. The name of Augustus Sheppard, of Duke's-Keeton?"

"No, sir," Heron replied, "I am sorry to say that I don't remember to have heard the name before."

"Indeed!" Mr. Sheppard said with a formal smile, intended to be courteous and yet not to seem too plainly so; "yet we are rivals, Mr. Heron."

Minola started and coloured.

"At least, we are to be," Mr. Sheppard went on—"if rumour in Duke's-Keeton speaks the truth. I am not wrong in assuming that you have the honour of addressing the future Radical—I mean Liberal candidate for that borough?"

"Oh, that's it!" Heron said carelessly, "yes, yes: I didn't know rumour had yet troubled herself about the matter so much as to

hope," Heron said cheerily ; " I can't be expected to wish the best man may win, for that would be to wish failure for myself. I wish the better cause may win, and in that you will join me to-morrow morning, Miss Grey ! "

The room seemed to grow very chilly to Minola when her bright smile and sweet courteous tones were withdrawn, and she was left with her old lover.

There was not much in Sheppard's appearance to win her any interest in him. He did not compare advantageously with Heron. When Heron left the room, the light seemed to have gone out ; Heron was so fresh, so free, so sweet, and yet so strong in youth and spirit, and manhood, a natural gentleman with the insipidity of the manners of society. Poor Augustus Sheppard was formal, constrained, and prosaic ; he had not even the disguise of austerity. He was not self-sufficing : he was only self-satisfied. As he stood there he was awkward, and almost cowed. He seemed as if he were afraid of the girl, and Minola was woman enough to be angry with him because he seemed afraid of her. He was haughty but in that commonplace sort of way which in a woman's hands is often worse than being ugly. Minola felt almost pitiless towards him although the girl's whole nature was usually full of pity, for she had already been said, she did not believe in his affection, and she knew him a thorough sham. He stood awkwardly there, and she would relieve him from his embarrassment by saying a word.

" Well, Miss Grey," he began at last, " I suppose you

supposed to have the best claim to some authority—or influence; influence, let us say—over you.”

“Has Mrs. Saulsbury sent you to say that she thinks she ought to have some influence over me?”

“Oh, no,” he answered with that gentle deprecation of anger which is usually such fuel to anger’s fire. “Mrs. Saulsbury has given up any idea of the kind long since—quite long since, I assure you. I think, if you will permit me to say it, that you were always a little unjust in your judgment of Mrs. Saulsbury. She is a true-hearted and excellent woman.”

Minola said nothing. Perhaps she felt that she never had been quite in a position to do impartial justice to the excellence and the true-heartedness of Mrs. Saulsbury.

“But,” Mr. Sheppard resumed, with a gentle motion of his hands, as if he would wave away now all superfluous and hopeless controversy, “that was not what I came to say.”

Minola bowed slightly to signify that she was glad to know he was coming to the point at last.

“Mrs. Saulsbury is in very weak health, Miss Grey; something wrong with the lungs, I fear.”

Minola was not much impressed at first. It was one of Mrs. Saulsbury’s ways to cry “wolf!” very often as regarded the condition of her lungs; and up to the time of Minola’s leaving, people had not been in serious expectation of the wolf’s really putting his head in at the door.

Mr. Sheppard saw in Minola’s face what she did not say.

“It is something really serious,” he said. “Mr. Saulsbury knows it, and every one. You have not been in correspondence with them for some time, Miss Grey.”

“No,” said Miss Grey—“I wrote, and nobody answered my letter.”

“I am afraid it was regarded as—as—”

“Undutiful perhaps?”

“Well,—unfriendly. But Mrs. Saulsbury now fears—or rather knows, for she is too good a woman to fear—that the end is nigh, and she wishes to be in fullest reconciliation with every one.”

“Oh, has she sent for me?” Minola said, with something like a cry, all her coldness and formality vanishing with her contempt. “I’ll go, Mr. Sheppard, oh yes, at once! I did not know—I never thought that she was really in any danger.”

Poor Minola! with all her wild-bird freedom and her pride in her lonely independence and her love of London, there yet remained in

her that instinct of home, that devotion to the principle of family and authority, that she would have done homage at such a moment, and with something like enthusiasm, to even such a simulacrum of the genius of home as she had lately known. Something had passed through her mind that very day as she talked with Heron, and feared she had talked too freely; something that had made her think with vague pain of yearning on the sweetness of a sheltered home. Her heart beat as she thought, "I will go to her—I will go home; I will try to love her."

Mr. Sheppard dispelled her enthusiasm. "Mrs. Saulsbury did not exactly express a wish to see you."

"Oh!"

"In fact, when that was suggested to her—I am sure I need hardly say that I at once suggested it—she thought, and perhaps wisely, that it would be better you should not meet."

Minola drew back, and stood as Mr. Heron had been standing near the chimney-piece. She did not speak.

"But Mrs. Saulsbury begged me to convey to you the assurance of her entire and cordial forgiveness."

Minola bowed gravely.

"And her hope that you will be happy in life and be guided towards true ends, and find that peace which it has been her privilege to find."

Minola bore all this without a word.

"What shall I say to her from you?" he asked. "Miss Grey, remember that she is dying."

The caution was not needed.

"Say that I thank her," said Minola, in a low subdued tone. "Say that, after what flourish your nature will, Mr. Sheppard. I suppose I was wrong as much as she; I suppose it was often my fault that we did not get on better. Say that I am deeply grieved to hear that she is so dangerously ill, but that I hope—oh, so sincerely!—that she may yet recover."

Mr. Sheppard looked into her eyes with puzzled wonder. Was she speaking in affected meekness; or in irony, as was her wont? Was the proud, rebellious girl really so gentle and subdued? Could it be that she took thus humbly Mrs. Saulsbury's pardon? Yes, it seemed all genuine. There was no constraint on the lines of her lips; there was no scorn in her eyes. In truth, the sympathetic and generous heart of the girl was touched to the quick. The prospect of death sanctified the woman who had been so hard to her, and turned *her cold self-complacent pardon* into a blessing. If the dying are

often the most egotistic and self-complacent of all human creatures, and are apt to make of their very condition a fresh title to lord it for the moment over the living—as if none had ever died before, and none would die after them, and therefore the world must pay special attention and homage to them—if this is so, Minola did not then know it or think about it.

The one thing on earth which Mr. Sheppard most loved to see was woman amenable to authority. He longed more passionately than ever to make Minola his wife.

"There is something else on which I should like to have your permission to speak," he said; and his thin lips grew a little tremulous. "But I could come another time, if you preferred."

"I would rather you said now, Mr. Sheppard, whatever you wish to say to me."

"It is only the old story. Have you reconsidered your determination—you remember that last day—in Keeton? I am still the same."

"So am I, Mr. Sheppard."

"But things have changed—many things; and you may want a home; and you may grow tired of this kind of life—and I shan't be a person to be ashamed of, Minola! I am going to be in Parliament, and you shall hear me speak—and I know I shall get on. I have great patience. I succeed in everything—I really do."

She smiled sadly and shook her head.

"In everything else, I do assure you, so far—and I may even in that; I must, for I have set my heart upon it."

She turned to him with a glance of scorn and anger. But his face was so full of genuine emotion, of anxiety and passion and pain, that its handsome commonplace character became almost poetic. His lips were quivering; and she could see drops of moisture on his shining forehead, and his eyes were positively glittering, as if with tears.

"Don't speak harshly to me," he pleaded, "for I don't deserve it. I love you with all my heart, and to-day more than ever—a thousand times more—for you have shown yourself so generous and forgiving—and—and like a Christian."

Then for the first time the thought came, a conviction, into her mind—"He really is sincere!" A great wave of new compassion swept away all other emotions.

"Mr. Sheppard," she said in softened tones, "I do ask of you not to say any more of this. I couldn't love you, even if I tried, and why should you wish me to try? I am not worth all this—I

You can believe me in love with anyone you please to s
or out of a book, Mr. Sheppard, so long as it gives you a rea
not persecuting me with your own attentions. I like a m
book better than one out of it ; it is so easy to close the bo
be free of his company when he grows disagreeable."

She did not look particularly like a Christian then, prob-
his eyes. He left her, his heart bursting with love and
When Mary Blanchet returned, she found Minola pale and h
her eyes wasted with tears.

(To be continued.)

THE MATTERHORN WITHOUT GUIDES.

WHATEVER other mountains become vulgarised, the Matterhorn will always inspire respect, even should a railway be made to its foot, and an ant-hill of tourists cluster round it. Its solitary position, its unrivalled form, its tragic history, combine to invest it with a halo that the meanest surroundings could not dim. Though its defiant inaccessibility is a thing of the past, and people now flock to the ascent, something of the awe which fell on men's minds, when eleven years ago they shuddered at a sad catastrophe, still clings to their conception of the Matterhorn.

It was not, however, only on the mountain that a gloom was thrown by an event whose exceptional circumstances have been too often overlooked ; mountaineering itself shared an adverse prejudice. The public is only now beginning to be aware that a manly and harmless form of recreation does not necessarily involve unjustifiable risk, and to regard with as much complacency Alpine excursions as pursuits like hunting or yachting. It cannot be too often repeated that the accidents which have occurred have been in almost every case due to the neglect or ignorance of precautions which it is the special province of mountaineering to teach. It is as unfair to tax the latter with the consequences of the vagaries of inexperienced tourists, as to look on yachting with suspicion because every year we hear of inexperienced persons losing their lives on the sea in pursuit of pleasure. If elderly gentlemen with umbrellas will gamble for their lives on secure places like glaciers, it is not mountaineering that is at fault.

But you and your friends, it will be urged, in going without guides, are land-lubbers on the deep sea without a pilot, infants straying away from their nurse on a cliff-edge ! Now, it is certainly no part of my present purpose to advocate mountaineering without guides, but some kind of an *apologia* in our case is on public grounds necessary. In a matter of this kind the fullest publicity is the truest public service. Granted that we were justified in making the expedition at

objection would apply equally in the case of many other countrymen who have opened out new fields for possible imitations the part of persons not duly qualified. If competent persons follow the mountain after us, they alone will be responsible for attending to the conditions and precautions necessary to success. Should persons of less capacity be impelled by carelessness or ignorance of their own powers to an attempt above their powers, they must take the consequences. As to ordinary tourists, I willingly take on myself the responsibility. I would run on the Matterhorn, for it would be physically impossible for them to set foot on it. Its access is guarded by places where all but the initiated are fraught with terror, and they would drag their tottering limbs so much as within range of a stone!

Anyhow, it is only those who appreciate the sweets of climbing without guides that are likely to care for the pains. The pain, indeed, is no less keen than unique. Eight years ago I experienced one of the proudest and happiest days of my life, when I was "guided" up the gentle slopes of the Cima di Jazzi! The morning start has since palled upon me, but never shall I forget the splendour of that morning, the beauty of the sun-tipped Matterhorn reflected in the tarn—the pride of the borrowed rope, the independence really conferred on the expedition by half a bottle of wine which was to do for three of us, but, alas! was spilt on the way! I have a sympathetic few that will follow me in speaking of the challenges in the need of self-reliance, in the trust in friends, in the alternation of hope and fear. Probably the greatest criticism

a bale of cotton making the ascent of a warehouse window. Close discrimination is needed in forming a judgment about the character of an expedition in which guides are dispensed with ; it may either be a thing of ordinary prudence or foolhardy in the extreme. Prudence appears to me to demand the following three conditions : experience on the part of all the party ; gradual practice ; an expedition not beyond what may be fairly attempted by amateurs.

I was allowed to explain at length in the *Times* the position of our party in regard to prudence. Enough here, that my two friends are exceptionally accomplished rock-climbers, and that the Matterhorn is essentially a rock-climb ; that one of them, Mr. Cawood, of Rossall School, has been a mountaineer from his youth up, and that the Alps have been in years past his home no less than his hobby ; that about the other, Mr. Colgrove, F.R.A.S., Head Master of Loughborough School, there is a mountaineering dash that points to an instinctive faculty which the most careful practice can only imitate, and that to the daring of one possessed with the *Bergsteufel* when alone he unites when descending last man of a roped party the cool trustworthiness of a guide. Suffice it, that we took every reasonable precaution, that we had ample supplies of food and wine, that the weather was above suspicion, and, finally, that we had made an express agreement to turn back should the difficulties exceed our powers or involve risk—a contingency which I for one had contemplated as not at all improbable. In point of fact the question never even arose, but we knew that we had the necessary moral courage to give the thing up if dangerous, for we had proved it on a former occasion.

We dared do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

It was practice, however, in going without guides, gradually extended from humble beginnings, that alone led us to the venture. Nothing else could have given us the individual and mutual confidence that emboldened us to grapple with such a mountain. Habit is everything. In difficulties, for instance, an immense deal—perhaps everything, as was proved in the case of the fatal accident, when, strange as it may appear, no check was given by the rope till a fall of 10 or 12 feet had taken place—depends on the right use of the rope ; and I have reason to suspect that good habits on this point are often not formed except under the compulsion of responsibility. Comparative carelessness in this respect is the natural result of habitual reliance on guides. In such matters, again, as descending

mental activity, sameness of scene for months together, the holiday, all beckon to the "Playground of Europe." The recreation is not the smothering of energy, but the transfer to a wholly different field. In the snows of the Alps are so cooled the wear and rubs of a year. About our projected journey there was a delicious unreality, which, while scarcely allowing formation of a distinct hope, gave piquancy to any allusion amid too-present realities. To drink to the health of the Matterhorn was to make the most careworn of us do violence to his pliancy. The vision is a thing of the past ; success has outrun the hope, but I doubt whether something of the enchantment has been lost in the realisation.

At eleven o'clock on the 21st of July, the guides and porters were fringing the well-known wall that faces the door of the Hotel Monte Rosa, watched with somewhat scornful wonder a party consisting of my friends and myself, together with a couple of porters who were to return the same night, starting for the high passes of the Matterhorn. My friends on the previous day having succeeded in finding the hut—one of the most difficult parts of the undertaking—we had felt at liberty to engage porters, whom no one could accuse us of using as guides. It was with spirits a little damped by discouragements, and the dubious or rash character attributed to the enterprise, that we turned our backs on the hotel.

Many a visitor to Zermatt, who has toiled up the wooded slopes that lead to the Hörnli, will have sympathetic recollections of the

sawn out with ice-axes. This, with other pickings and some wood which we found in the hut, formed a supplement without which we should hardly have raised a fire at all. A rugged and dreary ridge of rock and snow runs for a mile and a half from the Hörnli, which is its terminating point, to the base of the mountain. After traversing the greater part of this, we turned down to the left, and skirted the upper slopes of the Furggen glacier, which, like a huge wave broken into condensed foam that has exhausted its momentum against a sea-wall and just settling to its fall, splashes up against the rocks of the eastern ice. Here Mr. Colgrove, who was keeping in front to show the porters that we knew the way, must have rather surprised these orthies. Espying, from the far side of a slope of ice or frozen snow, Sarbach at the head of the rest of the party with great deliberation enlarging the steps which he (Mr. Colgrove) had already made, he exclaimed, "Oh! are they not big enough?" and, striding back, proceeded to enlarge them himself under the guide's very nose. It must have struck Sarbach now that we meant business!

A stiff but short scramble, commencing with the not easy passage of some indistinct and narrow ledges at the side of one of the snow allies running down to the glacier from the rocks, brought us out on the mountain side, and we could feel that we were now indeed on the Matterhorn. As seen from the Zermatt valley, the eastern face of the Matterhorn presents an imposing and formidable aspect. The illusion vanishes when foot is set on the magic ground. No towering cliffs, no ice-bound slippery planes on which the very sunbeams can scarce gain footing! A vast expanse of rocky wilderness seems to open out in front of the traveller, gradually rising from the level of the eye. A homely comparison may best serve to suggest to the reader the appearance of this formless chaos of rock. Picture yourself, then, on the border of a ploughed field, magnified a thousand times, metamorphosed into stone, and tilted up at a steeper and steeper angle till its giant furrows lose themselves in black, inaccessible cliffs! The frozen ridges, of which the side is composed, seem at first ought to admit of wandering at will up or across them, yet a way must be selected with discrimination if rough scrambling is to be avoided, and the hut is to be reached. It is, indeed, by no means easy for a person ignorant of the mountain to unravel the intricacies of this desert rock-field. Set a strange mouse in a corner of a ploughed field, and it will not easily find a hole of which it only knows the general surroundings! The rocks themselves are friable and decayed, but in many places so easy as to admit of actual walking; a track even having formed at one part in the crumbling *débris*. Our course lay

the only picturesque feature amid the prevailing monotony of the side of the mountain.

The hut is not conspicuous from below, only appearing when near at hand. As we surmounted a ridge, we saw it a few minutes of us, nestling on a small platform under the lee of one of the massive towers of the *arête*, so that it was near, but not in the line of the latter. In front of the platform the rocks fell sheer away, and from its right-hand corner hung a rope to assist the traveller in the steep climb of a few feet which led to it. Allowing time for the party to go on, I took a hasty sketch of the scene, the mountain appearing to the left of the tower, but lower in the picture. The platform, as I found on hauling myself up to it, was a luxurious promenade; and it was necessary to creep cautiously to the hut, lest a forgetful step should plunge one down the rocks. The hut had been reached about six o'clock, and when I arrived the others were preparing to set off home, and in a few minutes were rattling down the rocks.

So we three were left alone on this mighty mountain. The strangeness of the position could not but make itself felt, and we did not think the still night, as it crept slowly on, brought any feeling of safety. It is for the rash, and insecurity for the untried. We had done what we could, not more; and this desolate, ice-bound, and savage grandeur outside could awake no feeling save the consciousness that in this wild home of Nature's most mighty powers we had but ourselves to rely on. Surely never was night's sole

agent behind. Slowly stole on the great shadow, till its sharp point climbed the Breithorn, and the phantom peak lost itself in dark blue vacancy. On our left, deep below us in the gathering gloom, lay the valley and village of Zermatt, flanked on either side by one of the loftiest peaks of the Alps—on the left by the Weisshorn, on the right by the Dom. Between, vaguely bathed in the golden rays, were the peaks and glaciers of the Oberland. On our right the view was cut short by the slope of our mountain, but part of the Italian ranges appeared in sight in a dim envelopment of cold grey. In front rose the massive snows of the Monte Rosa chain, resplendent in full sun, and ever intensified in colour as the sunbeams crept nearer their summits. Our one tiny window looked out in this direction, so that the piercing cold which forbade lingering outside the hut could not altogether rob us of the departing glories of the sunset. The slow changes were passing with the stately deliberation of a gorgeous pageant. Intensely as the higher peaks were glowing in the rich orange radiance itself, their brilliance was made yet more vivid by contrast with a deep indigo band that, with sharply defined and level line, was lifting itself heavily from the horizon. Italy had it long been holding in thrall; it was now grasping at the sky, and beating up before it, as with sweep of fate, a warm purple zone, that again in its turn was melting into the sunlit atmosphere above.

But the most æsthetic soul cannot altogether ignore the existence of cold feet. I had been sketching outside in the biting wind, and must confess that I felt nothing more strongly after taking refuge inside than that in so doing I had hopelessly chilled my feet, and that resting them on ice as I sat was not producing the remedy that might have been expected on homœopathic principles. With a floor consisting of at least four inches of solid ice, with a temperature fast on its road to zero, with wood seemingly resolved not to burn in spite of the determined skill brought to bear on it, the mind had a natural tendency to concern itself with the immediate situation. Fortunately, we had both plenty and variety of wood, and the tantalising delay only made the more cheering at length the pleasant music of cracking pine, and of snow hissing and sputtering itself to death in the pan. The hut on the Matterhorn is notorious for discomfort, but considering its position and the difficulties that must have impeded its construction, the persons using it may well congratulate themselves that it is what it is. A shelter from rock and rain, an iron stove, a sufficient supply of pots, pans, and blankets, ought surely to furnish luxurious night-quarters to a hardy man when the nearest valley is 7,000 feet below. We were indeed fortunate beyond

hope in having the mountain to ourselves. In spite of the fine weather and good condition of the mountain, there had been only one previous ascent in the season. Other parties on the mountain, besides inconveniencing us by crowding the hut and sending stones down in moving, would have rendered a really independent ascent on our part almost impossible. It was our boast to do the thing entirely ourselves: we had no information except what was commonly accessible, and this was so scanty as to leave us to the guidance of our own observation when we came to the final peak. Nor does a rock-climb admit of track-forming, except in occasional patches of snow. Had one of us made the ascent of the mountain before, it would have altered the whole character of the expedition; time, indeed, would have been saved, but at the expense of interest and romance. Our exploit can be rarely repeated, for the reason that few parties of competent mountaineers could be collected all personally ignorant of the ascent.

Mr. Colgrove developed cooking powers which did him infinite credit. The fire was tenderly coaxed, and a peculiar relish given to the coffee and mulled wine that put it out of the power of fate to touch us. But his zest in superintending the kitchen had its wage, for he was the warmest man of the party. The stove, indeed, having a pipe judiciously running the length of the cabin, caused a perceptible increase in the temperature—an increase exactly indicated and measured by the steady stream of water that began to set towards the door from the neighbourhood of the fire. At the same time, any permanent improvement was hopeless, for one side of the hut was bare rock that but ill fitted the roof which abutted against it. Next came the question of bed. At the far end of the cabin lay hay resting on boards, which again were in immediate contact with our inhospitable floor. Needless to observe, both were as moist as if they had been fished up from the *Vanguard*. On a pole, however, was suspended a plentiful store of dry blankets, thick as rugs. The following arrangement of our bed was the most satisfactory that could be devised. First, a healthy and bracing layer of ice; second, wet but soft hay; third, wet and hard boards, to which it was devoutly to be wished that the under layer might impart the effect of a straw mattress; last, the blankets—six below to form a general layer, and above to every man one to roll himself up in at pleasure. Unfortunately, either we did not lie in the right direction, or our legs were longer than had been contemplated by the framers of the bedroom. To provide for the inconvenience, we supplemented the bed with all the available materials of the establishment, including our ice-axes;

I am bound to say that, clad in two pairs of socks, stuffed into sack, and finally tight folded in the blanket, my feet never complained all night. On that night no one of us slept,—why, I find it difficult to say in my own case, for I was warm enough most of the night. Though we were quiet as dormice, and each possibly gave the other two the impression that he was supremely to be envied, yet in the morning we each sturdily denied consciousness of sleep. Half-past one had been the time agreed on for the commencement of attempts to light the fire; and we were growing restless and tossing about under the excess of cold that began to make itself felt towards morning through ice, straw, blankets, and everything else, when an explorer, after some more than usually impatient rolls, tossed himself out of bed, and found, to his disappointment, that it was an hour past that time!

Our stock of provisions, as I said before, was ample; a leg of mutton stands fire from a battery, whether masked or unmasked, of the hungriest men for a surprising length of time; while the eleven bottles of wine that, according to the most trustworthy computation, Zermatt in our company, made free drinking a plain matter of course. The pointed teachings of experience had established the general principle that each man should go forth fully equipped, and, in the fashion of the old legions, containing in himself all the diverse necessities of war. No one of us expected aid from the commissariat of another, and each, if cut off from his fellows, could maintain himself in face of the enemy till assistance should arrive. Accordingly each of us pocketed what he thought advisable, and the remainder was left in the hut. Our start was effected at about a quarter past four, a later hour than we had intended. The delay was to be regretted, as it had been daylight for some time. We roped before leaving the hut, and henceforward all was new. We stepped straight up the snow slope above mentioned in describing the position of the hut, and then proceeded to tackle the rocks. The climb was steeper throughout than it had been below the hut. We had to pick our way amid gullies and ridges, without much to guide us save the general direction. Occasionally bands of ice imbedded in the rocks had to be crossed. Mr. Colgrove, leading, cut what steps were necessary, wielding a gigantic battle-axe, which was a very Turk in the martiality with which it spared neither ice nor stone. Both alike kept out of the road under its strokes, its owner's theory being that if they fell *something* must go; while the astonished ice, shivering, tried to form itself into commodious staircases. It seems from the account of the guides, who were watching our course with

but as I know, this was the only chance or risk of an
incurred on the mountain. The climb was long and tiring,
well as feet being in constant use. The selection of
required the continual exercise of judgment, and to fa-
return we made little cairns at various points. We after-
that we might have made more of these with advantag
climbed higher, an unexpected cause of discomfort made
The earth having rolled half round since we were watching
shadow at our feet, our side of the mountain was now gl
the full glare of the eastern sun ; who beat fiercely on
tectcd backs, as though the whole country side, and not
mountain face, had thrown itself athwart his rays. So
did this direct fire become that I was fain to divest my
rarely used waistcoat which I carried as a resource in
At last we disentangled ourselves from the rocks, and h
view of the upper mountain. Above us, a little to the
temptingly near, rose the final peak, whose dark pyramid
so conspicuous an object in the Zermatt views. The ro
right edge did not from here seem impracticable, and from
hanging, to stimulate our curiosity, a faded rope. Bein
that the ascent was now made by those very rocks, seemin
to us, I referred this rope to some perhaps unsuccessful or
attempt. From their base stretched immediately above us
paratively level portion of the *arête* known as the "shou
constituting a well-marked feature of the mountain. A

we had arrived at 6.10, for perhaps half or three-quarters of an hour. The narrowness of the ridge and its dilapidated condition made care necessary in traversing it. As it began to spread out and lose itself in the rocks, we found the commencement of the chains which had been affixed to the latter by M. Seiler's provision. With this aid we arrived with little difficulty at a space of easy ground, but with steep rocks frowning above us. What was to be our route now? To our right the fatal northern face fell away in one tremendous steeply sloping plane from the level of the rocks to the glacier below. Ice-bound and hard, with few projecting eminences or ridges of rock, it is the very back of the mountain which Time's busy hand has scrubbed clean and bare. As I looked down it, I thought that the descent of the sufferers from the accident must have been one long slide for thousands of feet at least, rather than a series of falls down precipices. Its upper portion, where it unites with the rocks in which the shoulder merges itself, is of a less forbidding aspect, and offers a possible passage to the right. It was this passage which Mr. Whymper's party, deeming a direct attack on the upper rocks impracticable, adopted, afterwards doubling back to the *arête* above the rocks. A hundred yards, perhaps, away to our right was hanging a rope whitened with age; one of three or four pieces, as we afterwards learnt, attached to rocks by Mr. Whymper to facilitate his perilous descent after the accident. There eleven rough winters had left it to tell its sad tale. Should we make for it across the slope, to which access was now open to us; or let that other bleached rope that was hanging over the precipices above beckon us on to the upper rocks? The latter proved our truer friend. We found connected with it the base of some more chains, and all doubt was removed. It was now manifest that my belief that the route still pursued crossed obliquely part of the northern face, though avoiding the exact site of the accident, had rested altogether on a mistake. The written accounts indeed are confusing; but on a clear day no one can possibly confuse two routes which are incompatible with each other. The chains led us straight up the rocks, skirting their eastern edge. The climb now became of a much more difficult character, the rocks being exceedingly steep. As to our chance of getting up without the chains I cannot speak with certainty, not having made the trial; nor did the chains stop to select a way.

The rocks passed, the mountain was clearly ours. I had been under the impression that work of considerable difficulty would remain after the chains; whereas, in fact, little more was left to be surmounted than a slope of frozen snow or ice, of gradually decreasing

steepness and no formidable character. Nearer and clearer the topmost ridge ; the faint hopes that had been struggling for existence for a year past were fast assuming a matter-of-fact quaintly at variance with the excitement of anticipated success. Not many words were spoken as we pressed on ; though seemed to lag behind the certainty that our toils were over and success won. A few steps, and in another instant, on the apex of the black pyramid of rock, the big telescope at the Riffel made its ensign triumphantly waved on high. It was a handkerchief to Mr. Colgrove's ice-axe. We were now on the eastern extremity of the summit, which is a ridge about 350 feet in length, running due east and west. Seeing that a point farther along the ridge was slightly higher, and had a pole stuck in the snow, we quickly journeyed to this, and made ourselves as comfortable as a sloping seat, a few scanty rocks below, and a freezing wind would permit. We had not, however, arrived at the other extremity of the ridge even in the centre of it ; for beyond us there extended a long continuation of a more irregular character than what we had passed. It was preceded by another slight eminence, perhaps exactly equal in height to our own. To traverse the intervening portion of the ridge would have been easy, and the attempt was not worth our while.

If you could get a wave, when in the act of curling over the snow breaks, to stand still and be photographed ; or, better still, you could suddenly freeze it, you would have no bad notion of the Matterhorn. It is a thin snow ridge, in which but few rocks are up, sloping steeply up from the north, and hanging itself in a line over the southern cliffs. I should call it a provoking summit, neither was any one point high enough to enable one to survey the whole view, except the distant parts, satisfactorily at once, and there was no facility for locomotion, it not being safe to wander about unroped. Lying at full length, while my friends held the rope, I looked over the Italian side. Never had I seen so stupendous a prospect. It seemed to fall for, say, 2,000 feet in a plumb-line from the top, and the savage buttresses began to spread themselves out to their roots in the dim head of the Val Tournanche below.

A detailed description of the view is not necessary. It was what might have been expected from the height and isolated position of the mountain. The main Alps, from Monte Rosa to Mont Blanc, were quite clear, but a sea of clouds, as is often the case, reigned over the Italian mountains. The interest of such a view must be sought in other than artistic considerations. It is not from the very heights that the most satisfactory panoramic views are to be obtained.

neither grandeur of form nor beauty of colouring, as a rule, surviving the last 2,000 feet. On the one hand, deterioration of form is inevitable from perspective degradation, and the noblest peak may appear mean when you look down on it; on the other, the heavier atmosphere, which is the source of beauty below, appears, when you are raised above it, but as a cloak of ugliness. It is a medium which will not bear being reversed. Nothing struck me more in the view from the Matterhorn than the murky gloom under which the lower peaks and the recesses from which they sprang were thrown. Brilliant as was the day, well-known mountains were confused and blurred in form, and, being debased below the horizon, appeared so insignificant that one had hardly patience to unravel their maze. A couple of conspicuous points—Mont Blanc and the Grand Combin (I was looking westward)—rose above a wilderness of uninteresting shapes, in which lack of clearness was not compensated for by richness of colouring. It is probable that the most favourable conditions for striking effects in the case of the highest mountains are to be met with in broken weather. The alternations of mist and sunshine, the fleeting glimpses of the lower world that delight while they tantalise, the supremacy of the mighty peaks that draw themselves up to battle with the clouds and show that they are indeed giants, the depth of the shadows, the wonder of the sunlit tracts, the sense of height conveyed by the sight of cloudland thousands of feet below—all these have joys to give, unknown to the commonplace uniformity of a cloudless day.

We remained more than an hour on the summit—from 9.35 to 10.45—exposed to a wind which was fortunately less strong than keen. After satisfying myself that I was not sitting over vacancy, I took a rough sketch; and one of my friends attached a piece of wood, on which he had imprinted our names, as a cross-bar to the pole. Cold drove us into marching order, Mr. Colgrove occupying the post of honour in the rear. No uncomfortable thoughts as to the descent now presented themselves, as is sometimes the case. My remark on arrival, "Well, we have got to the top, and we know that we can get down safely," was justified by our descent, for it involved no serious difficulty. The ice-slope required care, but gave little trouble, none of us having been so unwise in ascending as to leave his ice-axe below. We used all caution. To allow individual freedom of movement on the chains the two ropes that we carried were tied together. The hundred feet of rope so produced gave occasion to the guides to exult through their telescopes, under the impression that we were unroped; the result to ourselves was that each had in places his

piece of precipice to himself, so that gymnastic exercises of merit were wasted for want of spectators. It gave a curious feeling moving down with one hand on those, for the time, endless chains, just as the rope silently descending above one's head allowed one. Our progress was continual, and not unpleasant. Nothing in the Alps changes its character more than the final peak of the Matterhorn. In spite of the chains, in spite of fine weather, I am convinced from the account given me by an excellent mountaineer of his personal experience, that, when the mountain is in bad condition, the gravest difficulties and perhaps peril may be encountered there even by experienced men with first-rate guides.

Arrived at the shoulder, with a keen sense of the discomforts of a broken head, we reversed our tactics, and, using one rope, huddled close together on the rocky face. After descending the ice-slope with great care—it was no place to be trifled with, and we were obliged to be all on it at the same time—we plodded down the rocks, and the *débris* that we dislodged went crashing below. Nothing is more aggravating than a long descent over rotten rocks. Perhaps you have discovered one spot where you may plant your foot in security, when, alas ! a second glance shows you that never was mitrailleuse invented by our ingenious neighbours across the Channel more sure to riddle its mark, than that identical spot is to discharge its weapons on your friend's head at the touch of your foot. I need not describe our progress : how we welcomed each cairn of the morning, and thought only too long each cairnless interval ; how we scrambled on somehow, keeping our main direction in spite of perverse gullies or ridges ; how the tail became the head, and the head the tail, till the new tail found it inconvenient, and the old order was restored ; how the middle grumbled at being pulled simultaneously from above and below ; how, at last, we hailed the hut, and the first stage of the wearisome scramble down the face was over.

Our feat was now accomplished, though not our work. But it was uneventful toil that lay before us, and we regarded it with the calm satisfaction of those who know their victory is won. We might be benighted before reaching Zermatt, but what of that ? A few patient growls, a few harmless stumbles, and we should get to the hotel some time. That "some time" is a great consolation when all other uncertainty is ended. It was 3.30 when we reached the hut, and we left it after about three-quarters of an hour's stay, everything having been cleared up and put to rights inside. Once more evening closed round us as we made our way down the rocks, and along the

cier slopes, and the tedious Hörnli ridge. Our great obelisk had swung round in space and was fast resuming its position of the previous night ; and as it kept slowly turning away from the sun it stretched out once more, as on some gigantic dial, its pointed dow across the snow-field below. Our English twilight is unknown these southern latitudes, and night was already setting in when called a halt below the Hörnli, by a pure stream head that gushed from the ground. Our ropes were tied up, our brandy was drunk, a compact made for fear of separation that we would enter matt together. Through the woods as best we might we descended in the dark, knocking against imperceptible obstacles with good-will. And yet under this greatest of all tests, and after all a long day, we were not footsore, thanks to the sturdy North-countryman who had taken a pride in putting good work into our boots. The small town of Fleetwood, if it produces nothing else, produces Mr. Proctor, and he (and of how many London boot-makers can it be said?) knows how to make boots proof alike against rocks and snow, and that remain comfortable from beginning to end the longest days !

At 9.30 p.m. three figures were seen stalking up through the room to the hotel door. Were they the same that had set out the previous morning with somewhat of the downcast look of men who were before them a doubtful enterprise? Yes, and they now face the world ready to challenge criticism, and their air is one of triumph.

The guides and porters congregate round them, the visitors offer kindly congratulations, so also do Monsieur and Madame Seiler, who have been prepared to wait till eleven. Every servant on the staircase has his kindly word of greeting. The "Doctor," a veteran mountaineer from Vienna, who argued us down by the hour two nights before, now recants with fervour, and comes to look on at the dinner and the champagne drunk. Dinner and champagne ! What moments of bliss to flit across the brain when legs are weary and eyes longer of use ! The worthy Doctor has been watching us with interest through the powerful telescope of the Riffel Hotel, but, he has omitted to procure the brass band and cannon he promised to signal our success ! Telescopes appear to have been in requisition at Zermatt that day ; our most praiseworthy of landlords informs me he had organised a band of watchers, with orders never to lose sight of us. They saw us down to the hut, and then M. Seiler was satisfied. As to the ladies—looks spoke volumes, and it was owing only to the late hour of our arrival, and the slightness of our acquaintance, that we fell short of the felicity of the

inimitable Jules Verne, to whose party, after their "perilous p
nations" on Mont Blanc, it was said by fair lips "in earnest
'How much you are envied here by everybody! Let me
your alpenstocks!' These words" (adds the narrator) "see
interpret the general feeling."

The ascent made some stir at Zermatt. It is one of those ac
ments that cannot fail to be much overrated by the public.
hardly expect to gain credit when I assert that the climbing its
only what we had been accustomed to, that the difficulties were s
fairly lay within our combined power. Certainly there was a
siderable test of endurance, for the necessity for actual clam
extended more or less over the whole mountain. Thus, on th
day, we must have been almost incessantly using hands as well
for some eleven hours, exclusive of halts. Obviously, theref
was no light matter. We incurred no appreciable risk, but th
knew what we were about, and went resolved to run none
inexperienced men without guides to make the attempt wor
worse than "foolhardiness;" it would be "madness:" at the
time, their friends might console themselves with the improb
of their even reaching the Matterhorn.

ARTHUR C

THE NINE GREEK LYRIC POETS.

Fragments of far-off melodies.

WORDSWORTH.

MANY are the regions of wonder and beauty overwhelmed by the flood of Time, but none more to be regretted than the glowing garden of the Greek Lyric Muse ; there bloomed those roses of Pieria whose fragrance rescued them from oblivion, and there sprang brilliant flowers and ambrosial fruit such as later culture has never equalled. Broken buds, torn petals, bits of dismembered garlands, strewn over the drift, or embedded in the sand of the destroying river, are all that now remain—poor, discoloured strays, which have, nevertheless, by loving hands been sedulously gathered, cleansed, and as far as could be revived, so that the generations of our day might catch something of the ancient brightness and perfume. Multitudinous must have been the bands of the old lyric singers on isle and continent amongst a race all whose perceptions were so sensitive to harmony and form ; but supreme amongst them, by the consent of antiquity, *Nine* were chosen and distinguished as the Lyric Poets of Greece, *par excellence*. In this famous choir the names of Sappho, Pindar, and Anacreon are well known, and, in less degree, Simonides and Alcæus ; with the remaining four, Alcman, Stesichorus, Ibycus, and Bacchylides, few save scholars are acquainted. Of the splendid caskets that filled the treasure-house they raised, nothing except Pindar's Odes remain perfect—only bits, fragments, and

jewels five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever.

Dimmed and plucked from their old beautiful settings, these have been preserved as quotations or examples, scattered through the dry pages of scholiasts, critics, grammarians, and moralists : an attempt is here made to present some of the least-flawed splinters of the old, exquisitely-finished gems in English forms, trusting that some sparkles of the fire that dwelt in them may be retained, and warrant the undertaking.

Very ancient too are these remains, next to Homer and Hesiod almost the earliest extant European utterances ; and eldest of the Nine Singers was *ALCMAN*, who, six centuries before our era, invented new forms and measures, and adapted them to all the varying dreams and passions of the soul, with that sure æsthetic instinct which characterised Greek art. Though born in softer *Lydia*, he was reared in *Lacedæmon*, and was especially renowned for composing processional hymns for the Spartan maidens, as, robed in white and crowned with bay-leaves, they advanced in shining lines to the high temple of *Apollo*. This primitive bard should be imaged to the mind's eye as standing with wreathed brows, harp in hand, at the head of those graceful choirs, leading and responding in alternate song, or sometimes passionately breaking forth—

No more, O ye honey-tongued, holy-voiced maids,
My limbs can uphold me—strength falters and fades :
Cease ! cease ! Ah, a *Cerylus* would that I were,
Along with the *Halcyons* cleaving the air,
With them o'er the spray-crested waves spreading wing,
Undaunted of heart, the sea-blue bird of spring.

What bird was the *cerylus* ? A kingfisher the dictionaries say, but that it hardly could have been, any more than the *halcyon*. *Moschus* speaks of it as “singing over the pale-green sea ;” but sea-birds do not sing, and kingfishers haunt fresh water ; it seems as if the species of these famous birds of poetry must be left, as *Sir Thomas Browne* would say, “to higher conjecture.” Though tenacious of his own repute for invention, *Alcman* could recognise artistic promise, and has preserved the name and genius of one of his fair pupils, the very first recorded poetess, from the oblivion of centuries—

This form of sweet verse first displayed
Of all the girls that brightest maid,
Golden-haired *Megalostrata*.

He had a quick eye and ear for nature, and, like the Arabian king, knew the notes of all birds, and declares he took some of his measures from them. In a few words he paints a pretty picture of a bevy of frightened girls—

The shrinking maidens vainly cried,
Like birds, when overhead,
On steady wings outspread,
A hawk doth glide.

And nowhere in all the realms of poetry is the “power of hills” and the deep evening hush of a mountain landscape more picturesquely

set forth than in the sweet and solemn lines which even Campbell's fine version shall not deter from an attempt at a closer rendering :

The mountain crests and precipices steep,
The spurs and torrent-valleys deep,
The forest-leaves—all black earth's creeping things—
Hill-haunting beasts, the tribe of bees,
Monsters in depths of dark-blue seas,
And birds in slumber fold their slender wings.

Goethe has imitated this in his sketch entitled "Evening;" and there is an echo of it in the night scene in "Paradise Lost." The Love-God to Alcman, as to all these antique poets, was a delicate but terrible deity; sometimes couching, like Ariel, in flower-bells, but able, like him, to raise tempests, and flame with lightning—

'Tis not Aphrodite—boylike Eros o'er the flower-cups trips,
Wild and wanton; may he never touch me e'en with rushes' tips.

A Dantesque glimpse, given in one fragment of Tantalus in Hades, shows how he could handle graver mythical subjects—

Throned on a golden chair,
Shrinking, he sat in dread;
Feeling, although he might not dare
To look, that, held as by a hair,
Tottered a huge rock overhead.

Turning now from the continent to the isles, there appeared, a generation or two later, one eminently representative of Grecian genius, ALCÆUS of Mitylene, in that isle of Lesbos where the antique vividness of life and intellect shone brightest, where sprang the arts of war and peace, and where freedom, beauty, and poetry were followed with passionate fervour. A noble by birth, he took part with all the vehemence of his nature in the disturbed politics of the day; now fighting against the foreign enemy, now siding with his order against the democratic factions, and not disdaining in the course of his turbulent career, like the free lance of war and poetry that he was, to change sides and attack where he once supported. Sometimes driven into exile and wandering in far lands, his brilliant, stinging verse was ever ready whether for friend or foe. Barely a line survives of the "fierce vindictive song," which, as Wordsworth says, *sparkled* from his lyre against tyrants; but he seems to have originated the comparison, since so well worn, of a distracted State to a ship tossing in a stormy sea—

The winds' wild strife confounds my brain—
One furious wave, lo, hither hurled,
Another there contending whirled!
And we amid the tempest's strain

Drive in the ship before the blast,
 While snap the ropes and cracks the mast
 The sails, now almost worn away,
 Rents long and wide throughout display :
 The anchors fail. Fierce as the first
 Another wave hath o'er us burst,
 And hard the toil and sore the pain
 To bale the water out again.

His quick, jovial genius excelled in drinking songs and convivial catches : wine was sovereign with him for all seasons and occasions. It is the mirror wherein men are shown—the elixir for age or sorrow. In winter he exclaims—and, centuries after, Horace repeats him, but with less animation—

Zeus pours the rain-floods, o'er the sky
 Lowering tempests howling fly,
 The streams with icy chains are bound.
 Beat back the winter—heap the fire—
 Let the sweet wine mantle higher,
 Wrap mufflers soft each head around.

But not only was wine excellent in winter; it naturally accompanied the gladsome spring, and he cries—

Quickly, quickly, mix for me up
 Honeyed wines in a beaker-cup ;
 Quickly, quickly, that I may sing
 The joyous coming of flowery spring.

And most grateful and refreshing was, and is, the delicate Greek vintage in the burning days of summer, whose signs the poet has accurately noted, when the thistle “bursts into glossy purple,” and the cicada—sure concomitant of hottest sunshine—prolongs its shrilling to distraction—

Wet thy lungs with wine, for the dog-star rides on high ;
 Oppressive is the season—all things are parched and dry ;
 'Mid the leaves the shrill Cicada its song so thin and quick
 Pours out beneath its wings, and bloom the thistles red and thick.
 Drink ! for lamps why are we staying ? let the finger serve for day.
 Bring me, boy, the bowl capacious—all the various cups display.
 To us mortals mighty Bacchus, son of Zeus and Semelë,
 Gave bright wines, the care-dispellers ; one and two now mix for me—
 Mingle—to the brim, fill upwards—and as cups we drain apace,
 Every fresh one its foregoer's mounting fumes away shall chase.

The expression, “let the finger serve for day,” has been ingeniously surmised to mean that revellers overtaken by the dark can feel with a finger on the goblet's brim whether it be full ; no need, therefore, to stop for lights to see to fill the cups or mix the wines after the classic

on. To Alcæus also Love was no soft influence, but a fierce, roying deity—

Of all the gods is Love most dread,
Albeit born the child, 'tis said,
Of delicate-sandalled Iris fair
And Zephyr of the golden hair.

on may have had this in mind when he wrote of Mirth, the hter of "Zephyr with Aurora playing."

his fiery Greek ran through all the vicissitudes of life, and tinged all with his genius. Remembering how in our own age another onate spirit, also nobly born, a wild, impulsive poet, keen satirist, of wine and beauty, devoted to freedom, and dying for its cause t Grecian skies, wandered and sang amid the sunny Cyclades, a gorean philosopher might almost declare that in Byron Alcæus had, nillenniums, lived again and once more visited his former abodes. ndying interest attaches to the name of his countrywoman and mporary, SAPPHO, "the Lesbian woman of immortal song." annot wither the glow and brilliance of her genius. In a land ge of poetry she was styled distinctively "*the poetess*," and by Plato the tenth Muse. Antiquity declared that Venus, and the Graces were all united in her; and as the poet of n, tenderness, and love of art and beauty, she has never equalled. Her verse—"more golden than gold," to use an sion of her own—was unapproachable for sweetness and grace resion, fervour, lightness of tread, and quick turn of sentiment; arked withal by an antique frankness and simplicity in utter- r emotions which modern ideas of feminine suppression find it o excuse. With what cameo-like distinctness a classic interior omestic group, disturbed by the exclamation of the maiden, flings down the shuttle, are brought before us in this brief ent!—

Sweet mother! I the web
Can weave no more;
Keen yearning for my love
Subdues me sore,
And tender Aphrodite
Thrills my heart's core.

ther place, with still more self-abandonment, she exclaims—

Love, the wild one, limb-dissolving
Tyrant, tameless, bitter-sweet,
All my frame again possesses,
Shooting swift from brain to feet:
Like a tree I shake that's bending
'Neath a blast from hills descending,

Should this be deemed extravagant, be it remembered that the poet who in our time preserves proportion and guides passionate impulse most delicately has pictured feelings as wild ; indeed, the Laureate might well have called his marvellous vision of a love-distracted maiden "Sappho," instead of "Fatima," for in it he seems to have striven even to intensify the Lesbian's impetuous imagery—

O love, love, love ! O withering might !—
Lo, parched and withered, deaf and blind,
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

At other times Sappho more plaintively records her disappointment and sorrow—

The moon hath set ; the Pleiades
Are sloping slowly to the seas ;
'Tis middle night—the hour hath flown,
And yet, alas ! I am alone.
Ah, fearful me ! ah, me ! whom pain
And woes of every kind enchain !
Like a child whose mother's lost,
I am fluttering, terror-tost.

The softest and most melodious of lyric measures, called after her name, was probably invented by her ; in this are composed her two unapproachable love-poems. A greatly daring attempt to reflect the expressions and rhythmic movement of that to Aphrodite is here ventured—

O fickle-souled, deathless one, Aphrodite !
Daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I pray thee,
Lady august ! never with pangs and bitter
Anguish affray me !
But hither come often, as erst with favour
My invocations pitifully heeding,
Leaving thy Sire's golden abode, thou camest
Down to me speeding.
Yoked to thy car, delicate sparrows drew thee
Fleetly to earth, fluttering fast their pinions,
From heaven's height through middle ether's liquid
Sunny dominions.
Soon they arrived ; thou, O divine one ! smiling
Sweetly from that countenance all immortal,
Askedst my grief, wherefore I so had called thee
From the bright portal ?
What my wild soul languished for, frenzy-stricken ?
"Who thy love now is it that ill requiteth,
Sappho ? and who thee and thy tender yearning
Wrongfully slighteth ?
Though he now fly, quickly he shall pursue thee—
Scorns he thy gifts ? soon he shall freely offer—
Loves he not ? soon, even wert thou unwilling,
Love shall he proffer."

Come to me then, loosen me from my torment,
All my heart's wish unto fulfilment guide thou,
Grant and fulfil ! and an ally most trusty
Ever abide thou.

There is no need to excuse this vehement outpouring of passion; Sappho, with all the frank directness of primitive manners and feeling, claims and exercises the privilege, always conceded to and praised in men, of declaring her love in the intensest and most fiery language. Tennyson's poem, "Fatima," already alluded to, is but an expansion, nothing moderated, of her other still more passionate love-ode. None surpassed her in picturesqueness of idea and expression, simple withal and natural, as in her address to Hesperus—

Thou bringest back, O evening star !
All things loved that were scattered afar
By the hour of the bright sunrise ;
Thou bringest wine, the goat, and the kine,
Thou bringest the boy to his mother's eyes.

Many have imitated this sweet and peaceful passage, that breathes so the hush of the soft hour " 'tween the gloaming and the mirk when the kye comes hame," and not least successfully a true and most musical songstress of our own times, Felicia Hemans, in her verses beginning,

O soft star of the West,
Gleaming afar,
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star, etc.

From several fragments a picture may be pieced together, such as Guido or Albano might have painted, of a tranquil classic night scene, when a full moon overpowers the starlight, and illuminates a nymph-haunted grove and cavern—

The stars around the lustrous moon
Withdraw their radiant beams,
As in full splendour earth she robes
With silvery sheen of gleams.
From mossy rocks the sacred water drippeth
Through feathery boughs, with cool and soothing sound,
And with the leaves' soft rustle downward slippeth
A slumbrous spell around.
Then, as the broad moon rode on high,
The maidens stood the altar nigh ;
And some in graceful measure
The well-loved spot danced round,
With lightsome footsteps treading
The soft and grassy ground ;
While chains of sweet flowers deftly strung
About their youthful necks were hung.

By the magnetic force of her genius Sappho seems to have gathered round her an association of beautiful and gifted women from all parts of Greece, several of whose names are embalmed in her verse, who were devoted to the culture of art and intellectual refinement. The dull and coarse would meet with scant consideration at such hands; and one who, presuming on her wealth, had offended the poetess, was smitten with a memorable doom, that has been fulfilled, for her name has perished. Dangerous it is to incur "the curse of minstrel"—

But after death for ever shalt thou lie
Of all forgotten, lost to fame, for ne'er
In the Pierian roses didst thou share;
Doomed undistinguished 'midst the shades to sigh,
And with the nameless dead flit through the gloomy air.

There was nothing in which her genius was held to excel more than in Epithalamia, or Bridal Songs. It peculiarly suited her sympathetic sense of attraction to celebrate the appearance of a youthful couple. Only shreds of these compositions remain. Addressing the bridegroom, she anticipates the climax of manly beauty so common in the old Arabian Tales—"he was like a myrobalan tree"—

Like Mars he moves—his bearing scan—
Never stepped a statelier man.
What shall I liken him to this day?
To a tall and graceful tree, I'll say.

And 'n her own exquisite manner, with an airy turn of sentiment rather modern than antique, she compares the fresh, spotless beauty of the bride to a fruit hitherto unattainable, though often longed for—

Like a sweet apple that hung up on high—
On the topmost twig there, under the sky.
Had the apple-gatherers, then, forgot?
No! they saw, but could reach it not.

Mr. D. G. Rossetti has rendered this fragment very charmingly. It had not been brought to light in Coleridge's time from the old rhetorician in whose pages it was entombed, but Coleridge was a great reader of out-of-the-way books, and may have chanced upon it, and had it in his mind when he drew that fine autumnal picture of the one red leaf left dancing in the wind—

Hanging so light and hanging so high
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Sappho's image had also occurred in almost the same terms to old Chaucer—

O mossie quince ! y-hanging by your stalke,
The which no man dare plucke awaie nor take
Of all the folke that passe forthe by or walke.

The verse of Sappho creeps by us over the waters of Time with a

and subtle music all its own, and her most disjointed and fragmentary words are laden with an ambrosial perfume unlike any other. Her intense and passionate impulses did drive her to the heroic leap from the famous White Cliff that ends the Leucadian story, a nature like hers was a law unto itself, and it remains a part of her, in the words of a sister-spirit of our days, deep and true as her own—

O poet-woman ! none foregoes
The leap, attaining the repose !

Now comes a bright-eyed figure, arrayed in splendid vestments, he leans on a beautiful youth, who carries an ivory lyre of seven strings ; his lips are wet with wine, and his long locks, though greyed, are grey. All know ANACREON. He lived in a Vathek's lap, draped in purple and gold, and surrounded with elegant and effeminate beauty. But, though the bard of love and pleasure knew little of the consuming fire in which Sappho writhed and perished, and his revelry, though delicate, is but for drinking's sake, it is remarkable that the graceful poems linked with his name, so well known through Thomas Moore's translation, are not his, but imitations framed in a much later age. His genuine remains of a different ring and style, and so many of them echo with the hatred of old age and death, as to make it probable they are the productions of his later life, and rather call up the image of a grey-haired reveller ; this was their frequent burden—

Now around my hoary head
Silver hairs already spread ;
Joyous youth is far away,
And my very teeth decay.
Short the interval that's left
Ere sweet life is from me reft ;
Therefore do I wail and weep,
Dreading Hades dark and deep ;
For awful are the caves below,
The downward pathway full of woe,
And stern the ordinance, and plain,
Who tread it ne'er ascend again.

Drinking was not gross and vulgar, and indeed the ancients mixed water liberally with their wine, preferring light exhalations of spirits to the heavy-headed revels of ruder races : thus

Come, now, bring me, boy ! a bowl,
And that at one deep draught the whole
I may drain, thou mayst combine
Ten parts water, five parts wine,

So that from all madness free
 I may revel joyously.
 Come, give quickly : now no more,
 With boorish shout and senseless roar,
 Scythian-like, we'll worship wine,
 But drink mid festive hymns divine.

The love-god that haunted him was no little fluttering elf that runs sobbing to its mother with a bee-stung finger, but a fierce and beautiful deity, whose handling could be of the roughest—

For Eros with a mighty axe like a swordsmith on me strook,
 And, as though to temper, plunged me in a rushing wintry brook.

But though delicate and flower-crowned, he was lord amongst the gods and subduer of mortals, and might be seen at times dancing with the mountain-nymphs—

O king ! O conqueror, Love ! with whom
 The dark-eyed nymphs and she,
 Bright in beauty's purple bloom,
 Aphrodite, sporting free
 On lofty peaks of mountains, play,
 Propitiously draw near, I pray,
 While thanks and vows I offer thee,
 And ever with my love for me
 A trusty co-adviser be.

He often bursts out with passionate admiration of beauty, but does not seem deeply pierced by disdain or rebuff—

O blooming fair with girlish face !
 I pray thee, but thou giv'st no grace,
 Unheeding that thou dost my soul
 Like a charioteer control ;

and the light and graceful fancy of his address to a playful girl, who laughs at him, has often been imitated—

Thracian filly ! prithee why,
 Sidelong glancing with thine eye,
 Me unkindly dost thou fly ?
 Thinkest thou I have no wit ?
 Be assured that well I know
 Over thee the reins to throw,
 Urge thee round the course to go,
 And guide thee with the bit.
 Sporting now in meadow gay,
 Lightly dost thou leap and play,
 For skilful breakers to essay
 Thy taming yet unfit.

But he generally retreated from those soul-struggles and tumults,

which Sappho, though dreading, braved ; crying, in a Comus-like vein—

Bring me odours, bring me wine,
Bring me garlands' flowery twine;
Come, bring quickly, boy! that I
May with Love no struggle try.

Sometimes he threatens laughingly to fly up to Olympus on light wings, and arraign the tyrant before the gods ; sometimes he stands dumb and stricken, as Love, glancing at his hoary beard, flies past him like an eagle on gold-glittering pinions.¹

High over these singing-birds soars PINDAR—

Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air.

They haunt the sunny crests of the lower hills crowned with temples, palaces, and flower-gardens, but his resort is the snow-bright, sky-cleaving peak, shooting in solitude over all : there, like his own eagle by the side of Zeus, he sits throned above the thunder. His great triumphal Odes, the only perfect surviving Greek lyric pieces, and often translated, are out of the scope of this attempt ; but numerous fragments remain of his hymns, dithyrambs, dance-songs, dirges, &c., which probably contained more examples of the wild, fervent bursts of song which Horace asserts surpassed all rivalry. From these three or four may be selected, beginning with a specimen of a dithyrambic invocation which seems to have suggested Goethe's sketch entitled "Sacred Ground"—

On the choir-dance look down,
Olympian Gods ! speed graciously
The glorious festivity !
Dwellers where many a sacrifice
Up-steaming fragrantly doth rise
In the thronged heart of Athens' holy town,
And stately Agora of old renown !
Oh, now this flowery offering
Of garlands gathered in the spring,
Which dewy violets inweave,
Do ye propitiously receive !
From on high,
With Aglaia, come ye nigh !
See me going to resound
Another song in praise
Of him, the ivy-crowned,

¹ And while I mused Love with knit brows went by,
And with a flying finger swept my lips.—*Tennyson.*

Bromius—the Shouter styled in mortal lays,
 Of Cadmæan Semelë
 And highest Sire the progeny,—
 To him our songs we raise.
 Argive Nemea cannot hide
 The prophet-sign—the palm-tree shoot—
 When in the secret chamber of the Hours
 The nectared blossom-flowers
 Spring's fragrant breath have joyously descried,
 Then doth it flourish, springing from the root;
 Then on the Earth immortal, everywhere,
 Beloved violet clusters grow,
 And roses blow,
 For wreathing round the hair.
 Hymn with pipe and hymn with song,
 Semelë whose locks are set
 With a golden coronet,
 Hymn her with loud acclaim, O chorus-throng!

It would be interesting to know the impression made on a mind like Pindar's by so magnificent, appalling, and unearthly a phenomenon as a solar eclipse, an event that must have been unspeakably terrible to a religious Greek, beholding the radiant God of his adoration attacked by, and, as it were, dying beneath, an inexplicable gloom, from which lurid flames as of a destroying conflagration suddenly shot forth. In a surviving fragment Pindar shows that he must have witnessed that most tremendous spectacle—

Sunbeam! all-seeing measurer of sight!
 O Star supreme! whose blinding light
 Eyes now can look on: wherefore dost thou stay
 Thy winged unweariable might,
 To men's dismay
 Speeding to gloom on thine eternal way?
 By the swift steeds of Zeus divine,
 Sunbeam august! may this tremendous sign
 For weal and safety unto Thebes incline!
 Whether thou foreshowest fight,
 Horrid snow-storm, harvest-blight,
 Bloody tumult, or the main
 Bursting o'er the ravaged plain;
 Frost-bound earth, or summer hours
 Drowned with overwhelming showers;
 Or, flooding earth, thou wilt replace
 The present with another race:
 May my prayers o'er thee prevail,
 Joined with the universal wail!

It fell to the lot of the present writer to witness the total eclipse of the sun on the western coast of India, in December 1871. When the moment of totality came, and the thickening sunlight faded into

a weird obscurity, as the black moon, like embodied Erebus, stood over the sun, surrounded with the supernatural glory of the rosy-red corona, no sounds came from beast or bird, but a long wailing cry—a dismal sigh of lamentation—arose from the assembled multitudes, and from house to house, from village to village, it ran for miles along that palm-fringed coast, the cry of a people whose hearts were failing them for fear. Some such wide-wailing lamentation may have rung in Pindar's ears as he beheld the amazing vision, but in him, as in the people, it only awoke fears of angry gods and impending calamities. His verses do not equal the occasion, any more than do those of an equally famous poet of antiquity, Archilochus, who has commemorated a similar event. Wordsworth, in his piece entitled "Eclipse of the Sun, 1821," has signally excelled two of the very foremost classic poets upon a subject eminently adapted for the highest flight of imagination.

Space cannot be afforded for the remaining longer fragments, such as the picturesque references to the wandering star-isle Delos, and the sweet and solemn dirges. In a smaller chip Pindar shows, but with a turn alien to modern thought, how he appreciated the immortality conferred by verse—

'Tis well good men to praise
In sweetest and most lovely lays,
For this alone
Immortal honour cometh nigh:
Words live when virtuous actions die
Forgotten or unknown.

And in another he rebukes a philosophy that flies too high, and asserts that none by seeking can find out God, repeating perhaps the primitive Egyptian doctrine to which the science of to-day seems inclined to return, that the first principle is darkness unknowable thrice pronounced so—

What mighty dream doth wisdom seem to thee?—
Wisdom! by which a man
Himself above his fellow can
Exalt a little; never may it be
That human wit can ends divine explore;—
And thee, methinks, a mortal mother bore.

A surviving shred contains a sentiment that bears somewhat remarkably upon the warning recorded by the Evangelist against laying up treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt. Pindar's words are—

Gold, child of Zeus!
Which neither worm nor moth can bite,
That ruleth mortal souls with greatest might!

The word for moth is the same in both passages, the former of which might almost seem directed against a saying of a famous poet that had possibly become proverbial.

The genius of STESICHORUS was marked and peculiar amongst the Nine, and delighted in those wild, mythic legends that had been previously treated epically, but which he presented in lyric forms and measures with a dramatic element. Probably Byron's "Heaven and Earth," or Southey's "Thalaba," may bear some resemblance to his style and manner of handling his subjects. The classic imagination has been sometimes held to shrink from the monstrous and grotesque exploits and beings of Northern fable, but neither Romance nor Saga can surpass the triple-bodied giant Geryon, with six arms and legs, and winged withal, the carrying off of whose enchanted, fire-breathing cattle by Hercules formed the subject of one of the principal poems of Stesichorus. Geryon ruled in Spain, a land of legend and marvel in that age; and the terrible cattle were stabled in spell-guarded caverns beyond the impassable Tartessus river, that rolled over the root-like veins of silver mines. One fragment of the wild and wondrous tale of the Geryonæis tells how the Sun-god and Hercules parted on the ocean-shore, when

Into the golden bowl then stept
The Sun, Hyperion-born, and swept
Over the bounds of ocean, where
In the desert abysses of holy night
Dwelt his young bride and children fair;
While to the deep grove, dark with laurel-trees,
Strode back the son of Zeus, great Hercules.

It was a tradition in antiquity that every night the sun passed in a wonderful golden goblet from the west over the dark ocean-stream, to rise again in the east. In one scrap Stesichorus says cynically, but in accordance with ancient feeling—

Endless and unprofitable
'Tis to bewail the dead,
For all their charm and favour
Hath for the living fled.

Of the many works of Stesichorus, highly popular and esteemed for centuries, scarce fifty lines have come down to us; and no more of IBYCUS, a poet unsurpassed, except by Sappho, in passionate intensity and voluptuous sweetness of language; and the praise of youthful beauty was the burden of his verse. Like the mediæval minstrels and troubadours, he wandered from state to state, singing his odes at local festivals. The romantic tragedy of his death gives a curious glimpse into the social state of Greece at that time. On his

festival in Corinth he was attacked and killed in a mountain banditti, who had not reached the refinement of keeping for

With his last breath the ill-fated poet adjured a flock of cranes to be flying over to witness and avenge his death. A few days after, while all Corinth, which had been wondering at and during his absence, was assembled in the great theatre open to the sky; just when all was silence after an impressive passage, a sudden cry broke out crying, "Aha! look at the cranes of Ibycus!"

The robbers had involuntarily so addressed his comrade on a flock slowly sweeping over the open theatre. The strange situation instantly aroused suspicion; the murderers were seized, confessed their crime in guilty confusion. Readers of Schiller remember how dramatically he has dealt with the incident in his best poems.

The scanty remnants of Ibycus, poor Leyden has very prettily rendered one brief shred, here more closely rendered—

Young blossom of the Graces sweet,
Love of the bright-haired nymphs, Euryalë!
Cypris and soft-eyed Persuasion
'Mid heaps of roses cradled thee.

Another beautiful but difficult fragment the wild swell of passionate love is drawn out with great art and picturesque turn of expres-

In the spring Cydonian orchards
Bloom where streamlets freshly welling
Lave the maidens' garden pure,
And the juicy grape-buds, swelling
Underneath the branches' shade,
On the vine-shoots flourish free;
But at no hour will love endure
Within my heart, in slumber, to be laid:
Like a Thracian storm-blast, glaring
With lightning, sweeping o'er the sea
From Cypris, fiercely rushing, he,
With scorching frenzy overbearing,
Crushes all my trembling soul
Beneath the lovely one's control.

of a similar vein, with unfailing resource of apt and graceful imagery, he exclaims—

Again, 'neath sable eyebrows glancing,
With quick eyes Eros driveth me
Into love-nets with endless witchery;
But I dread him so advancing,
Like the yoked steed, that erewhile prizes won,
But now, with age foredone,
Where the race-contest closely glows,
With the swift chariot unwilling goes.

"What raptures," exclaims Wordsworth, could we recover *and*
unroll

One precious tender-hearted scroll
Of pure SIMONIDES!

He too was a poet of the isles, born in Ceos, whose inhabitants were distinguished for a delicate organisation and sense of proportion, art and intellect, "perfect paired as eagles' wings"—of which Simonides was the consummate exemplar. He was the most romantic and pathetic of the Nine, exquisitely polished and refined, though seldom thrilling with the fervour and fiery emotions of the elder lyrists. But in one flight he rose highest, like a star over storm-clouds, when commemorating in brief inscriptions or epigrams the great deeds he witnessed when Asia rolled her myriads upon Greece. These short pieces are of diamond nature, clear, brilliant, and imperishable; such is the adamantine couplet on the Three Hundred whom Sparta sent to stem the barbarian deluge at Thermopylæ—

Stranger! tell to the Spartans their behest
Hath been obeyed by us; and here we rest.

There is a longer lyric fragment on the same event, which, though fine and lofty, savours rather of elaborate thinking out than of inspiration kindled by heroism so sublime. In one shred he describes the spell thrown over all creatures by the music of Orpheus, which lulled even the winds to sleep, and brought on a calm like that after-glow of summer on the verge of winter which the ancients imagined had been appointed by the gods for the halcyons to breed in; whence the proverbial expression "halcyon days"—

Lightly hovering o'er his head,
Myriad birds around him flew,
By his song's sweet music led;
And fishes from the sea-waves blue
Glanced upwards. Motionless and dead
Lay leaves and wind; naught hindered then
The honey-laden sound to spread
And rise into the ears of men.
As when winter darkens heaven,
Zeus will temper days twice seven;
The dwellers upon earth the same
"The slumber of the winds" do name:
Then is the nesting-time begun
Of the brilliant Halcyon.

So, in Hogg's ballad of the "Witch of Fife,"

"the troutes laup out of the Leven Loch,
Charmit with the melody;"

and Scott declares that—

Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
Shall long pursue the minstrel's bark.

Perhaps the most celebrated, and certainly not the least tender and beautiful, passage of ancient lyric verse is that in which Danaë exposed by command of the tyrant Acrisius in a sort of chest or ark, bewails her lot to her sleeping infant Perseus, whilst driven over the sea by a tempest. No passage has been more frequently translated; Bryant, Sotheby, and W. H. Frere have rendered it, and so have several others; but this lovely aqua-marina gem will admit of many settings, and in the following closeness is attempted:

When in the well-wrought ark amid the gale
And tossing seas, convulsed with dread,
Her streaming cheeks all pale,
Round Perseus clasping her soft arm, she said—
“O child! what woe is mine!
Calmly thou breathest, lapt in slumber deep,
Laid in this joyless brass-girt bark
Under night so thick and dark;
Nor heedest how the salt waves' sweep
Wets thy tresses long and fine,
Nor hearest the hoarse tempest's sound,
In scarlet mantle wrapt around.
Beautiful babe! were this great fear
Fearful to thee, thy little ear
Thou wouldst have turned to me.
But sleep, my child—thou sea, be still—
Sleep, sleep, immeasurable ill!
And, father Zeus! I pray through thee
Some quick deliverance there may be:
Grant one bold boon—by this my son
Let justice for my wrong be done!”

Many of the moral reflections of Simonides have been preserved; they are in a pensive and melancholy strain, and betray how the uncertainty of life and “the steep and thorny way to heaven” weighed upon the best minds of antiquity; these are some examples

A mortal thou, to-morrow what
May hap thou canst not know:
Nor looking on a happy man
How long he may be so.
Swift as a glancing fly, so sudden, Change shoots by.
Not even they who lived in ages fled,
From kings and deities their birth who led—
The Demigods—did to old age attain
Unworn by toil, danger, decay, and pain.
O'er all hangs Death—him none can flee—
Him Good and Bad taste equally.

In one passage ascribed to him Simonides sums up the old Greek gospel and confession of faith: Health is the first blessing—health of body and mind, which he elsewhere terms “august,” and declares even wisdom were vain without—

Health for mortal man is best,
 And next with beauty to be blest;
 Thirdly, wealth gained with wrong to none;
 Fourthly, 'mid friends a joyous life to run.

One "five-word jewel" of Sappho so happily rendered by Ben Jonson, "the dear, glad angel of the spring, the Nightingale," may be matched by a like shred of Simonides, "angel of fragrant spring, dark, glossy Swallow!"

BACCHYLIDES, last of the Nine, was nephew of Simonides, and court poet of King Hiero, at Syracuse. He was distinguished for elaborate finish and sweetness of verse, and his genius delighted in celebrating love and festivity in a style of infinite beauty and delicacy, but languid and measured compared with the fiery energy and passionate emotions of his forerunners. His principal fragment paints the delights of Peace in a picturesque and finished strain, though of no great depth—

Mighty peace to mortals bringeth wealth and flowers of sweet-toned song;
 On the gods' well-fashioned altars rise the flames up bright and strong,
 Fed with fleecy sheep and oxen; and the youth athletic games,
 Sports, and music, follow blithely; round the bucklers' steely frames
 Spiders weave their webs, and rusting lie the long and pointed spears,
 And the two-edged swords; no longer thrilling blasts invade the ears
 Blown from brazen trumpets, neither from the eyes is scared away
 Soothing slumber, chief refresher of a weary heart's decay.
 Everywhere with feast and revel joyously the streets resound,
 And to lovely youths and maidens hymns and praises glow around.

Euripides, in a fragment of his "Cresphontes," addresses Peace in a still more rapturous and vivid vein. In another considerable fragment Bacchylides delineates the dreams and ecstasies that spring from the fumes of wine, but in a different tone from Alcæus or Anacreon:

A sweet compulsion from the bowl
 Springing up inflames the soul;
 Hopes of love distract the mind
 With the gifts of Bacchus twined,
 And from men all grief and care
 Drive and scatter into air.
 One dreams he bursts a city wall,
 And lords it king-like over all;
 While with gold and ivory fine
 Others see their houses shine,
 Or ships from Egypt bringing o'er
 Grain, and fruit, and glittering store—
 Through drinkers' brains such visions soar.

Burns re-echoes these fancies in "Tam o' Shanter," who, cup in hand, was "o'er a' the ills of life victorious;" and his unhappy coun-

tryman Robert Nicoll, sunk in penury, repeats them with a sad, despairing meaning—

But I'll go drink, and straightway clad
In purple I shall be,
And I shall feast at tables spread
With rich men's luxury.

Much of the remains of Bacchylides consists of reflections on the troubles of life, the uncertainty of fortune, and the wisdom of resignation to the inevitable, which owe their preservation to having been quoted by moralists and the Fathers. One specimen will suffice. It is curious with how little novelty poets have been able to invest these subjects for thousands of years—

To mortal man one road—one goal—to happiness is plain,
If a mind uncarked by trouble life throughout he can maintain.
Fools! who on their spirits preying still with anxious fancies fight,
And through fear of what may happen gnaw their hearts all day and night.
Fruitless toil! with vain regrettings why a cheerful bosom blight?

In one fragment he invites the Dioscuri—the Great Twin Brethren—to a festival in a strain of grave and pleasing elegance—

Neither flesh of kine, nor gold,
Nor hangings wrought of purple fold,
Here we offer; but a mind
To all graciousness inclined,
Music soft, and luscious wine
In rustic bowls of quaint design.

In one brief snatch we probably have the words of Danaë to her infant—

Alas! alas! my babe!
A woe above all grief is here,
Beyond all utterance a fear!

Had the whole survived, it would have been interesting to compare the poems of the famous uncle and nephew on the same subject. One other shred gives a glimpse of a classic banquet that might suggest one of Alma Tadema's charming antique studies—

She on her elbow bending
Doth 'mid the youth recline,
One snowy arm extending
In pouring out the wine.

This latest of the Nine flourished four and a half centuries before our era. Many sweet singers doubtless followed him, but none were held worthy by the ancients to be numbered in the Sacred Band.

And now with this poor basket of torn, faded flowers and bruised, discoloured fruit—remnants of orchards once so abounding, and plots once so brilliant—we turn from the ruined, trampled Garden of Old that shall never bloom again.

MORETON J. WALHOUSE.

THE CLIMATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE climate of a country is regulated mainly by its position with regard to the sun. The more directly the sun's rays fall upon the earth the less vapour they pass through, and the greater therefore is their intensity. The distribution of heat and cold is the guide to agriculture.

The English climate is an anomaly. A part of the country lies between the same parallel of latitude as Labrador, yet our southern west coast enjoys almost perpetual spring. The genial atmosphere of Penzance is in striking contrast with the piercing cold of Vienna—both in the same latitude. The country from London to York through the middle of England, has a warm winter temperature; the top of Scotland, during winter, is warmer than London; the south of Ireland and South Wales are the warmest spots in the kingdom. It is evident that our position on the earth is a favoured one, and that Nature bestows her bounties upon Great Britain with far greater liberality than upon the Continent of Europe. The excellence of our climate is due to causes different from those which affect other countries of the same latitude. We find an explanation of our advantage in the great movement of waters in the southern hemisphere, forming the oceanic currents, which finally find their way to our shores.

The ingenuity of man in inventing a warm-water apparatus for conveying heat to our buildings is nothing but a copy of a process in creation. We may look upon the torrid zone as our furnace, the Mexican Gulf as our boiler, and the Gulf Stream as the main pipe which conveys a never-failing supply of warm water to our coast. The west winds which travel over this mass of waters bring warmth and humidity to England, and mitigate what would otherwise be the rigour of an arctic climate.

It is interesting to trace the rise and progress of that Gulf Stream to which we are so much indebted. The phenomenon is caused by a general move of waters on the other side of the equator, inclining towards the continent of America, aided, probably, by the current

from the African coast. The stream itself is first perceptible on the coast of Cuba, but, confined by the small channel of the Straits of Florida, it bursts through it, and, shaping its course by the coast of America to Cape Hatteras, reaches Newfoundland, and crosses the Atlantic, to the Azores. Its warmth, 8° above the water surrounding it, is caused by the rays of a tropical sun bearing upon it whilst it is confined in a great basin by the American shores, and the Isthmus of Panama. The overflow of this warm water is the Gulf Stream; an ocean river 2,000 miles long, 350 broad, with its head in the Gulf of Mexico, its tail in the arctic regions.

One portion of this hot-water pipe carries the heated stream through the English Channel towards Russia, the other by the top of Scotland towards Norway. It was the Gulf Stream which first suggested the idea of a country on the other side of the globe. Some bamboo-sticks were drifted to the coast of Spain; skeletons of a different appearance from those of the old world were discovered; and a spirit of inquiry was aroused, of which Columbus was the fortunate representative.

The stream, after leaving England, unites in the northern hemisphere, and detaches those enormous fields of ice which form the arctic current, to be driven clear of our shores, and finally to be lost in the Atlantic Ocean. Fortunately for us, our hot-water pipe lies between our coast and the direction of this cold current, which moves from Spitzbergen across the upper part of the Atlantic to Greenland, turns towards Newfoundland, is melted in the warm waters of the south, forces itself into the Gulf of Mexico, is boiled under a tropical sun, and becomes another gulf stream; so that this vast body of water flows backwards and forwards with the regularity of the hot-water system of our houses. The arctic current, loaded with icebergs, drives it back 200 miles to the south, bending it upwards like a river under the piers of a bridge, but, unable to subdue its power, the ice melts, instead of crossing the stream to chill our summers, or depress the genial warmth of our winters.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the volume of cold these masses of ice disperse through the atmosphere. Five hundred icebergs have been counted at one time. The thermometer will fall 20 degrees on approaching them. The *Great Western* steamer met with a field of ice extending 100 miles in one direction. It is computed that 125,000 square miles of ice find their way to the Atlantic to be lost in the Gulf Stream.

Were this northern current, by some freak of nature, to mistake its course, and hug our shores instead of those of Norway, the emerald

green of our island would be converted into barrenness. Or, if some convulsion of nature were to break down that neck of land which connects the two Americas, and now forces back the currents from the east, our hot-water pipe would be cut off ; the temperature of England would be as effectually destroyed as by the irruption of the arctic ice-field ; our territorial resources would rank no higher than those of Norway or Labrador ; a social revolution, unexampled in history, would convert our island into a barren and desolate waste, and banish to more temperate regions that industry which has made us so prosperous and powerful. We are indebted for the advantages of our climate to that Isthmus of Panama which forbids the union of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Having traced to the other side of the globe a cause for the temperature of England, let us see the effect which it produces.

Dividing the kingdom into three portions—there is the west, which receives the full shock of the Atlantic gales ; there is the centre, protected from too great moisture by high ramparts of hills ; there is the east, far removed from the influence of the Atlantic, which derives its fertility from the inhalations of the German Ocean.

But let us call to mind the make and shape of England—an important matter in studying the climate of a country. It is framed as a triangle ; its base is washed by the warm water of the English Channel, and it tapers to a point as it stretches northwards to receive the benefit of the sea breezes. The winter warmth first strikes the western coast, then sweeps up the valleys which open towards the sea. A glance at a geological map will show that our older rock formations have a general inclination from north-east to south-west, diverting many of our valleys and mountain chains ; the firths and lochs of Scotland open like so many funnels to the sea. In England the Severn, reminding us of a bell, admits a current of hot air into the very heart of the country. The hills, which form the backbone of England, may be traced from the Cotswolds northwards, along the crest of the Pennine range to the Cheviots. West of this line we have the warmth and humidity of the ocean ; east of it, the dry air of the Continent. It is a wall, so far as climate is concerned, which divides the arable from the grazing districts of England. On the one side is a preponderance of grain-growing power ; on the other, of meat.

If the agriculturist merely sought the charms of a mild and temperate atmosphere, he would find it in those western districts, refreshed by the Atlantic showers ; but the thermometer will point out that overhead warmth is underground chill. The constant evaporation of those mild counties is destructive to the grain crop. The range of

mountains, pointing from north to south, is exposed to the full effects of the westerly gales. The amount of water deposited on its 3,000 square miles will prove, if ever utilised, of immense value.

The mild temperature and great humidity of the air, acting on the soil—particularly on the limestone—promote vegetable growth. The lowest degree of heat is not sufficient to check the progress of the natural grasses, and hence the verdure of the West of England. Mist also, rising from the Atlantic, is driven up the slopes of the hills till it reaches the cold currents of air, causing a driving rain. Vegetation is everywhere loaded with moisture; on every twig of a tree hangs a drop, which is replaced by another—a reason why ponds surrounded by trees rarely fail of water.

Fogs also are caused by a change of temperature. The soil in the valleys being heated by the sun during the day, evaporation and radiation of heat follow, winds from colder districts fall upon it, and so the vapour becomes visible and forms a fog. In the West of England and in Ireland, during October, November, and December, fogs occur, on an average, two nights out of three. In the eastern part of the country half the nights are free from fog, but this is more commonly found in the north than in the south. Fogs follow the windings of a river or lake, and exist when the temperature of the water is higher than that of the air. If the fog comes from the sea it extends farther inland, and in some seasons is more regular in its recurrence than when its source is more confined. An instance of this is what is called the "Eastern haars," which, in the east of England and north of Scotland, occur during the spring and summer. The German Ocean, being comparatively narrow, is raised in temperature more easily than the Atlantic; hence during spring and early summer rapid evaporation ensues. In November, after the exhalations of summer, the valley of the Thames, as well as the low-lying lands of Lincolnshire open to the sea, are subject to them. In the West of England they are usually found in the narrow valleys. In Devon and Cornwall they come in from the sea during the evening; the heat of the sun sends them back again, and they appear in the distance standing out like a wall, advancing again as the heat of the day declines.

During autumn and winter the rain clouds descend to within the condensing power of the west hills, where they deposit a great portion of their moisture, and pass on to water the low-lying lands beyond them. Rain clouds vary from 500 to 2,000 feet in height. The evaporation of summer rises into the higher regions, but the clouds descend towards winter until they are caught by the tops of the hills.

The Pennine range protects the vale of York ; the Cotswolds, the centre of England. The distribution of rain is, therefore, an important item in the calculations of the agriculturist. In the middle and in the east of England, March is a dry month ; in the south-west, April is dry ; in Cumberland, May and February are dry ; July and August have a full share to meet the demands of the turnip crop ; Cumberland and Wales have an excess in October, the effect of very high land ; an abundant supply falls on the low lands of the eastern coast in summer and autumn. How often do we hear of a turnip crop in Norfolk and Suffolk, and a failure in the Midland counties?

Dew, another cause of the moisture of our climate common to all England, is rarely met with under the cloudless skies of the Continent. It rises one to two feet above the surface of the earth. We see stock moving from low lands to higher towards evening to escape its effects. It arises from the radiation of the heat of the soil, which causes the surface to be cooler than the air above it. If the sky is cloudy the radiation is driven back ; if the sky, on the contrary, is clear, the surface of the earth and things upon it become colder than the atmosphere. If this chilled temperature falls below 32° it becomes hoar-frost, the ice of dew. The height of a cold body of air causes it to sink in valleys and low places. In the east of Scotland potatoes are injured by it before they are ripe ; in the south of England our fruit blossoms and early vegetables suffer from it.

In the neighbourhood of Penzance it is usual to light a fire to windward, to enable the smoke to pass over and dissipate the frost. But the most effective safeguard is to place buildings and gardens on a slope. The cold current of air passes over it, to be replaced by a warmer. It is the West of England which gives a character to our climate ; facing, as it does, that reservoir of moist air which deposits its superabundance upon its high chains of hills, sheltering from an excess of rain the low-lying lands beyond them, and preventing their heavy clays from being converted into swamps and marshes.

If we pass on from these rainy districts, best adapted from their grass-growing properties for the rearing of stock, to the centre of England, we may consider our climate as affecting the growth of grain.

The variations recorded in the meteorological journals, under the direction of the Royal Society, prove that we are on the verge of the profitable cultivation of wheat, and that no country in the world produces a wheat crop at so low a temperature as our own—due mainly to the skill and science with which our soil is worked.

The mean temperature of the south of England to the Murray birth decreases at the rate of one degree to every hundred miles. Altitude, therefore, has an important effect upon climate, not so much by increasing the cold of winter as by diminishing the warmth of summer. Wheat and barley are exotics, and require the dryness of more southern countries to mature their fruits. A few hundred yards in height produces an amount of cold which checks the yield and prevents maturity. The trap rock of Scotland, so fertile in low situations, is barren on the hills. The grauwacke of the Welsh mountains presents a melancholy contrast to the fertility of its vales. The rich granite soil of Penzance becomes poor as we rise to Dartmoor; as we descend, both the quantity and the quality of the grain improve.

Probably the native region of wheat is Mesopotamia, from which it spread towards the Mediterranean. Sicily, before it was worn out, was the granary of the south of Europe. Its mean temperature is 70° ; that of the plains of Lombardy is 73° . The summers of Spain are dry and hot, producing the most wonderful samples. The temperature of England is only from 54° to 64° . In the early part of the last century a small field near Edinburgh was sown with wheat. It made little progress until the beginning of this century; now excellent samples are produced as far north as Elgin.

Figures prove that wet summers are productive of great loss to us. A lowering of the barometer of only 2° injures our harvest; a decline of from 3° to 4° would produce a famine. During the last seventy years it has only fallen seven times from 2° to 3° , only three times lower than 3° . On the other hand, the summer temperature has eight times risen above 3° . In the year 1812 it fell to 57° . The nation was on the brink of famine. Much can be done to change local climate by drainage, much to warm the soil by judicious cultivation; but we may calculate that 60° is the standard at which wheat can be grown with safety.

There are spots well favoured by exposure to the rays of the sun; others where radiation renders them well adapted to the growth of corn. But we must remember that wheat comes to us from dry countries, and our object must be to raise the temperature of our soil as near as possible to that of its native land. The practical man can judge for himself, by the aid of his thermometer, whether the ground he occupies is sufficiently warm for the maturity of the seed. By drainage, for instance, 1 lb. of water evaporated from 1,000 lb. of soil will depress the temperature of the whole 10° . The ground three feet below the surface is rarely more than 46° to 48° ; so

that the rain falling during summer, often at a temperature of 60° to 70° , warms the soil as it filters through to the drains.

Wheat, in undrained land, during winter wears a most promising appearance. At that time the water in the ground is warmer than the rain, and the drained land is colder than the undrained. This winter warmth and summer cold are unfavourable to the ripening of grain.

Barley is a more delicate crop than wheat, but being a ninety days' crop it has the good fortune to catch England's best sunshine. It thrives on our warm and friable soils. In proportion as they are gritty and silicious they receive and radiate heat. The crag of Norfolk and Suffolk and the sands of the tertiary strata are very susceptible of solar heat, and well adapted to bring the barley to perfection. Perhaps the best samples are found on the chalks, which attract the rays of the sun.

Our eastern counties have long been noted for the quality of their barley. On the other hand, barley is too tender for Scotland, the autumnal fogs turning it black, whilst oats and wheat remain uninjured.

Oats appear to be indigenous to our soil; they flourish in the damp of our climate, at a temperature of 50° , but they require a heat of 66° to bring the seed to maturity. In Ireland, owing to the humidity of the atmosphere and to the limestone soil, more oats are grown than all other grain crops put together.

Science and skill can do much to raise the temperature of land; but the agriculturist who lives on an eminence must remember that climate beats cultivation, and, unless he can command a temperature of from 58° to 60° , the growth of wheat is hazardous. Our valleys, from their geological formation and sheltered position, are the most favoured parts of the country. The vale of York, stretching from the Humber to the Ouse, a surface of 1,000 square miles, has a temperature of 62° ; while that of the vale of the Severn, where the grape was formerly grown, is 64° . A geological map will show that many of our valleys are composed of Red Sandstone, which renders them susceptible to the rays of the sun, and the radiation of heat which follows warms the air immediately upon it. A warm belt of silicious soil exists, which winds like a river from Cambridgeshire, through Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, and Berkshire, lying on the greensand formation; by its temperature and easy working it is well adapted to market gardening, and large quantities of its produce are sent to London.

The general climate of a country is governed by laws beyond the

reach of human control, but the climate of a locality may be improved by the labour and skill of individuals. The disappearance of those vast morasses from the surface of England has tended to raise the temperature of our soil. Bogs, where the hoar-frost chilled vegetation, have vanished under the influence of deep drainage. Much also may be done to improve local climate by judicious planting, by placing trees along the sides of hills, to shelter stock as well as crops from the withering effects of prevailing winds, and by retaining that heat which, coming from the soil by radiation, is chilled or blown off by the force of the elements.

Having spoken of the effect of our climate upon cereals, let us see how it influences the growth of grasses and green crops.

Grass requires for its growth atmospheric heat, accompanied by a sufficiency of moisture which our climate rarely affords; but if moisture be artificially supplied, as by irrigation, then vegetation advances in proportion to the heat. When the temperature of the air is between 36° and 41° , grass will only vegetate in the proportion of one-fifth of its vegetation under a temperature of 56° , and land that will keep ten sheep per acre in the latter case will only keep two in the former. From 41° to 46° the growth of grass is double that under a temperature less than 41° . From 46° to 50° grass will keep from five to seven sheep; from 50° to 56° it arrives at its maximum, unless assisted by artificial means. If the month of June be moist it will rise up to 60° . At the same temperature it grows fastest in wet weather during September and October, owing to the greater moisture of those months.

The same remarks will apply to cereals; whilst the sap is flowing, and the seed begins to form, a dry climate is required to bring the fruit to maturity. Leguminous plants flourish in a strong loam, at the same amount of moisture which we consider favourable to the oat crop; but to bring them to perfection the temperature of our wheat crop is necessary; 52° is the lowest range at which they can be cultivated to advantage.

Heat and moisture increase our crops of potatoes, as witness Ireland. The temperature ought to be maintained up to 45° ; if it is not, the potatoes wither when kept. Clay lands, when thoroughly drained, are well adapted to the root; but it is on peaty and granitic soils that the produce is most abundant. We may perceive how the potato flourishes in those small valleys in Scotland enriched by the washings from granitic rocks. The chief ingredient of that formation is disintegrated potash, the food of the plant. In a similar but less degree it is found in peat; least of all in the clay. But every succes-

sive crop diminishes the amount of potash, until at last none is left for its support.

It is instructive to trace the origin and progress of the potato disease. I omit any notice of its effect in America, where vegetables are burnt for the sake of the black ashes, or potassa, they yield—a great article of commerce. But with us, it first appeared in the island of Mull, where potatoes are grown continuously, and manured with seaweed, which contains no potash. All the other islands on the west coast suffered; the plant was weakened by the diminution of potash and became predisposed to the disease, which gradually spread throughout England. It is worst on wet soils, for the obvious reason that the potash with difficulty reaches the root, and it is not so severe on light lands. In peaty and mossy soils the disease is not so prevalent, from an excess of potash. In highly cultivated lands and gardens it is most destructive, cereals and constant cropping removing so much of the alkali. The conclusion arrived at is, that the disease attacks those plants which are weakened by not receiving a sufficiency of potassa, an ingredient necessary for their health. Chemistry points out the remedy—we must restore the mineral which supports the plant: 1,000 lb. of the ash of wheat straw contain 4 lb. of potash; oak leaves contain 24; sunflower-stalks, 19; stems of potatoes, 55. A farmer raising one ton of potatoes extracts from the soil 158 lb. of potassa; the haulm will return 31, leaving a deficit of 127 lb. It is a matter of wonder that the plant has not altogether disappeared from England.

No other country on this side of the equator can produce the sweet herbage of our light lands; no country, therefore, is so well adapted as our own to the rearing and breeding of horses. Cæsar found a useful stamp of animal during the invasion of Great Britain. The reason of the excellence of our horses is the healthy feed of our limestone. A glance at some of the breeds that come under notice will show how superior, for purposes of general utility, the English horse is to that of the Continent.

There is the Arab, whose straight shoulders and stilty action render him useless out of his sandy plains. The native animal of Russia, dwarfed by the cold of winter and stunted by the arid feed of summer, is too small for anything but light skirmishing. The breeds of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden are hardy, but too small for severe work. If we descend into the Continent, we find a larger class of animal, forced in many cases to unnatural size in the fattening pastures of Holstein and Belgium, but defective in shape and constitution; their large feet, heavy heads, and weak sinews, denote an absence of power,

umina, or high breeding. There is no healthy limestone in those countries for the support of young stock. The French horse is proverbially weak—as our omnibus proprietors have discovered to their cost—fit for little else but short stages and slow work. Matched against the English horse it knocks up. An exception might be made of the animal we find in Normandy, which by judicious crossing might develop into a useful breed, and the reason is obvious—the climate of that portion of France somewhat resembles our own, its shores facing the Atlantic. The finest horse in the world is the *cheval de luxe* of the Continent, and no greater tribute could be paid to the merits of our blood, sprung, as it is, entirely from our stock, and supplemented by it. And although, through the sound judgment displayed by the foreign horse-owner in his selection of sires, and the excellence of his management, he is enabled to come for a time with our own, yet the breed degenerates, and a fresh infusion of blood is required to restore its original purity. After two or three generations it declines in the climate of the Continent.

Even our own country is not wholly adapted to horse-breeding. The heavy clays are too cold for young stock, too holding for their motion. It is on our uplands that horses thrive to perfection; witness the wonderful specimen of the equine race, the Welsh pony.

Ireland is essentially a horse-breeding district; its limestone produces a sweet and luxurious herbage, whilst its light soil is admirably adapted to their legs and feet. Its temperature, from proximity to the Atlantic, suits the nature and constitution of the horse.

The apprehension of a deterioration in the quality of our horse-breeds is an ill-founded one. Different breeds may change to suit the changing exigencies of the day, but as long as our climate lasts we shall maintain our superiority over the breeds of the Continent.

There are many subjects of interest to the agriculturist, such as zoology and botany, which would lead us far beyond the limits of this article; one, however, cannot be altogether omitted—meteorology, though it is too vague to be relied upon as a guide, and too uncertain in its results. Meteorology asserts that the same order of things recurs in cycles of five or fifty years, but the events are too distant to inspire us with confidence in their accuracy, and the instruments it employs are too complex in their machinery, and too liable to variation in different places, to be of much service to the agriculturist. The simplest are the best. There is nothing better for home use than a leech in a phial three-fourths filled with rain water, regularly changed every seven or ten times a week, and placed facing the north. In fair and frosty weather the leech will be motionless, and rolled up in a spiral form at

the bottom of the glass. Before rain or snow it will creep to the top, where, if the rain be heavy, and of some continuance, it will remain ; if trifling, it will descend ; should rain or snow be accompanied with wind, it will dart about with amazing celerity ; if a storm of thunder or lightning is approaching it will be exceedingly agitated, and express its feelings in convulsive starts at the top of the glass. It is remarkable that however fine the weather may be, even without the least indication of a change, either from the barometer, sky, or any other cause, yet, if the leech shifts its position, and moves in an uneasy manner, the results will certainly occur within thirty-six hours, frequently within twenty-four, sometimes twelve, although its motions chiefly depend on the duration of wet or strength of the wind.

The most weather-wise persons are those whose avocations enable them to study Nature in her wildest and grandest aspects, like the mountain shepherds, who, from long observation of the habits of animals or the signs of the sky, appear to the uninitiated almost prophetic in their judgment.

It is evident that at present we are unable to forecast events. Magnetism and electricity, now in the infancy of their power, may, when fully developed, enable us to penetrate the mysteries which surround the subject of weather. Now, we can only, like the beasts of the field, take warning by the signs which precede the danger, and protect our immediate future. Meteorology, therefore, affords but small assistance to the agriculturist in laying down any fixed plan as a guide to the business of life. But if it proves anything, it proves that our position on the globe is the best that can be discovered for a mixed system of agriculture.

No traveller on returning to England can fail to be struck with the beautiful verdure of the grass, which we owe to our rain-falls and the cloudy sky which protects us from the scorching sunshine of the Continent. Much also is due to that invisible vapour which percolates the atmosphere from the influence of the Gulf Stream. In France it is with difficulty that the heath tribe, which requires atmospheric moisture, can be reared in hot-houses. It is this vapour which gives us our variable and invaluable climate. This distribution of warmth enables us to practise our mixed husbandry. If our summers were hotter, the turnip would fail ; if colder, the wheat would wither. And although the turnip plant has overspread England, it is evident that one side of the island is best adapted to cereals, the other to green crop.

And here may be recognised a fortunate provision of nature, *checking any superabundance of moisture which we might derive*

the south of the globe, by the cold and dryness which comes to us from the north; for, whilst the Gulf Stream wafts warmth on its course, the cold travels to us from those spots, far removed from it, where the land becomes hot or cold according to the power of the sun, and the wind, which would otherwise convey moisture, only reaches those inland regions. Siberia, for instance, in summer is a oven, in winter an ice-house. Our north-east wind in winter comes to us from that quarter, the great repository of the cold of the North. It first catches our eastern districts, without having, like winds on the other side of England, sufficient water to warm it on its passage, and dries and shrivels up vegetation. We see grass brown in our eastern counties whilst still growing in Devonshire. It counteracts the hot moisture which would otherwise spread over our land, and prepares the soil for the reception of the seed. The fertility of its grain depends upon the heat which arises from a distant part of the globe; for, as summer advances, we have another example for the temperature of our climate in the warmth arising in the great African deserts, and in the expanse of waters of the southern hemisphere.

Curious as it is to watch the order and regularity of the oceanic currents, it is no less so to study those of the air, and deduce from them their effects upon climate.

In the spring of the year, when the sun is north of the equator, the force of its rays shooting down upon the deserts of Asia and Africa heats the air near the ground, causing it to rise and swell, and there is consequently a supply of cold air rushing in to fill the vacuum. The principle may be observed at any time on the sea-shore. During the day the heat of the sun, by warming the land, raises its temperature above that of the water. The heated air rises, and its place is filled by the breeze from the sea. At sunset the earth gives off its heat, and is cooled down below the temperature of the water, causing an off-shore breeze. This is naturally more powerful in warm regions of the earth than with us. What is apparent on a small scale at the sea-shore is occurring on a great one in the deserts of Asia and Africa. The rays of the sun suck up the moisture to form those aerial currents which affect the climate of the northern hemisphere, as if a great engine were always at work pumping up the humidity of that mass of water in the centre of the globe, the Indian and Pacific Oceans, forcing it aloft to the currents of the higher latitudes, until, meeting with the cold of the north, it condenses into rain, and forms those rivers in the north of the world which never run dry, diffusing power and prosperity around them until they

reach the sea, and are again forced up by evaporation to perform the round of duties allotted to them in the order of nature.

The rain of that quarter of the globe which we should imagine would fertilise our Australian colonies is blown from them to enrich our portion of the world. This is a weighty reason against the future wealth of those countries being able to rival the more favoured regions north of the equator. Wonderful as it is to see a nation start into life, matured with the experience of the old world, yet one great element of power is wanting : there is no water to develop its resources—to produce that verdure which forms so remarkable a feature in the landscape of England.

We may, however, leave the aerial currents on their voyage to the north. What more immediately concerns us is the hot air which travels over the surface of the ground, driving everything before it. Under the increasing power of the sun the deserts of Asia and Africa, converted by its rays into an oven, force upwards, over the plains of Europe, the heat of summer ; Germany, nearer the centre of this heated atmosphere, becomes warmer than England, whose insular position enables it to retain its equal temperature. On its onward course it conquers all the rigours of climate, gives even a short summer to Siberia, and draws out of the frost-bound soil of the north the vegetation of more southern climates. In winter, therefore, the more we advance towards Russia, the keener is the cold ; in summer, the more sultry is the air. Stockholm and St. Petersburg during June are as warm as London. Its effect is to liberate the pent-up ice and snow of the north, and to force it in fertilising showers to our eastern counties, in time for the cultivation of their root crop, the basis of their agricultural prosperity.

These are some of the causes and phenomena of our climate. The most important influence we trace to the Gulf of Mexico, bringing warmth and invisible vapour to our atmosphere. Another is found in the absorption of moisture from the Indian and Pacific Oceans, the moisture flying to the north and being converted into rain, the source of the river system of the old world. A third appears in the hot-air cloud driven forward by the sun, to overcome, by its heat, the ice and snow of the arctic regions. The three great powers conspiring to favour our climate are—the hot pipe from America, the hot moisture from the sea, and the hot air from the deserts of the earth.

A moment's reflection will show that, for the purposes of mixed agriculture, our position on the earth is a favoured one. We have the east, from its geological formation and summer heat, best adapted to cereals ; the west, from its preponderance of rain, to green crops ;

centre, the happy medium which enjoys the advantages of both neighbours, sheltered by hills from an overdose of rain from the west, and too far removed from the east to be chilled by the cutting winds of the German Ocean.

The English nation may be looked upon as a large and happy family, helping each other in the path of social progress ; its local knowledge is improved by that general knowledge, of which every important town is now the centre for diffusion ; railroads bringing to some point of attraction men of varied habits, varied acquirements, who place the results of their labours before that great arbiter—Public Opinion : all assisting in the march of national prosperity.

Let us raise our minds from England and view the nations of the world as Providence intended them to be : a human family, differing, not in the effects of climate, both in habits and constitution, but bound by the same law of duty—that of helping each other. Surely man cannot find a guide for his conduct in the great works of creation, where no link in the chain is wanting to hold them to their appointed use : the small ripples on the coast of Africa, which swells into a mighty current ; the puff of hot air which magnifies into a cloud, sweeping everything before it ; the various changes of the sky, all acting each other in conforming to the laws of the universe. Man rebels, at one time, by wars and devastations ; at another, by withholding from one portion of mankind the fruits of the various climates of the earth, which are intended for the benefit of all. There are the silks of China, the cotton and sugar on the other side the equator, the productions of the earth which flourish in the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, waiting for the call of commerce to convert the raw article into the finished material ; above all, there are the inhabitants of those climates, enervated by their heat, sunk in the lowest order of humanity by ignorance and sloth—these are the raw material upon which civilisation can work—this is the undeveloped intellect developing under the influence of commerce, that opening of the mind which barter between man and man creates, and the substratum is laid upon which education is placed, and the soul is raised in the scale of creation.

England's duty is a high one : to sow broadcast the seeds of knowledge over these inhospitable countries ; to draw their benighted inhabitants from the shades of barbarism to the broad light of civilisation, by interchange of the productions of the earth ; to bind them to us by the ties of interest and of amity, and to retain our hold over them by that moral and physical superiority which we derive from the excellence of our climate.

DE MAULEY.

A ROYAL TRIO OF THE LAST CENTURY.

OUR literature is not nearly so rich in Memoirs as that of France, and what we have are comparatively dry and colourless compared with those of our more frank and vivacious neighbouring English chroniclers, at least of a bygone age, seemed to think that there was nothing interesting in history except the doings of parliaments, and armies, and the kings always with crown, robe, and sceptre, as we see them in a wax-work show. One chapter of the Memoirs of Simon is worth a whole library of these Dryasdusts. Looking into that magic mirror, we behold the men and women of the Court living, breathing entities, in their habits as they live, and we know them far more intimately than we do our most familiar acquaintances.

The nearest approach we have to those wonderful Memoirs in our own language are those of Lord Hervey, in which we get glimpses of royalty in undress, and peeps behind the scenes of life that would have been worthy the pen of M. le Duc himself. We propose to draw a few sketches of George II., his queen, and Frederick Prince of Wales, as they appear in these pages, assisted by Voltaire and other gossips of the period.

George II. inaugurated his reign by burning his father's library unopened, at the council; justifying this promising act by the observation that his father had done the same thing before him. Every reader of English history knows what was the intellectual calibre of this king. He hated literature of all kinds, and neither his wife nor any of his daughters dared be detected in the criminal act of reading. Books were as rigidly banished from the Court as though they had been partisans of the Stuarts. He was throughout his life befriended but one literary man, and that was Voltaire, who during a visit to London was reduced to difficulties in consequence of the failure of a house of business on which he had his credit. The king sent him a sum of money, and even lent his name to the subscription for the "Henriade." In its Boeotian

Majesty was well seconded by its minister, Sir Robert Walpole. Those were the days when Johnson and Savage wandered houseless round the London squares, when Chatterton wrote long essays for a pilling apiece, and died a suicide. Art in all its branches was equally *caviare* to George. Garrick in *Richard* failed to interest him ; but he was hugely pleased with the Lord Mayor, and applauded him heartily. "I like dat Lord Mayor ; when will we come again ?" he continued to repeat from the time that functionary made his exit till the end of the play. In everything appertaining to painting, sculpture, or decorative art he had no more taste than a Dutch boor. The queen possessed some artistic feeling, and once, when her royal lord was absent in Hanover, caused some wretched daubs to be removed from the walls of Kensington Palace ; among others a fat, hideous, sensual-looking Venus—and replaced them by some masterpieces of Andryke and others. When His Majesty returned he was very angry at the change, and insisted upon the daubs being restored, even the Venus, which, he told Lord Hervey, who had assisted in the work, he liked much better than anything he had given instead of her. His national prejudices were of the most pronounced description.

English or French cook could dress a dinner ; no English confectioner could set out a dessert ; no English player could act ; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride ; nor were English horses fit to be driven or fit to be ridden ; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, and no Englishwoman how to dress herself ; nor were there any diversions in England, public or private ; nor any man or woman in England whose consolation was to be borne. Of course all these things were in perfection in Hanover. "In truth he hated the English, looked upon them all as being king-killers and republicans, and grudged them their riches as well as their liberty."

He was not quite so coarse in his amours as his father. Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, and Lady Yarmouth, were the favourite sultanas. He had some trouble with the refractory husband of the former, and Hervey tells us how he came one night to St. James's, and vociferously demanded his wife, holding forth upon his rights in the quadrangle before all the Guards. But he sold his wife ultimately for twelve hundred a year. The king visited her every evening at nine ; he was most precise and punctual in all his appointments, never being before or after his time ; and if he happened to be disengaged a little sooner than usual, he would walk about with a watch in his hand until it pointed to the minute.

The queen was very tolerant of these amours ; she cared for

of her behaviour she was always treated as if her
never been suspected ; her friends even pretended to su
her connection with the king had not exceeded pure
Her credit, the same chronicler proceeds to say, had al
limited by the queen's superior influence, and by the dev
Robert Walpole to Her Majesty's interests. Except a ba
ribbon, and a good place for her brother, Lady Suffolk cou
in but very subordinate recommendations. She acquired l
besides a residence, Marble Hill, which cost the king ab
twelve thousand.

By-and-by her royal lover began to tire of her ; she
crossed him, worried him, and would persist in entertai
who satirised him and all his family. They quarrelled, and
in 1734, she determined on quitting the Court and marrying
Berkeley family. " Her going from Court," remarked th
Lord Hervey, " was the silliest thing she could do at th
this match is the silliest thing she can do now ; all her b
the king was ill-judged while she was at Court, as ill-jud
behaviour to me in leaving it." She had complained to H
of the king's neglect. " I told her," pursued the royal l
same interview, " that she and I were not of an age to thi
sort of things in such a romantic way. I said, ' My
Suffolk, you are the best servant in the world, and I shou
extremely sorry to lose you ; pray take a week to cons
business, and give me your word not to read any roman

unlike his father in that respect, he allowed his mistresses little or no political power. In *that* the queen reigned supreme. Sir Robert Walpole soon discovered this fact, and while the courtiers, unable to realise the idea that a wife could be more powerful than a mistress, were paying homage to Lady Suffolk, he attached himself to the queen, and therein lay the secret of his influence, for she, and not King George, was sovereign of England. Yet she played her game so well that he never dreamed of it, although the lampoons and satires of the period were always betwitting him with the fact. The queen and the minister arranged everything beforehand, yet made it appear to emanate from himself, for he was very jealous both of his marital and his kingly prerogative. And so a very pretty comedy was constantly being acted between the three, of which Horace Walpole gives a piquant sketch :—

"The queen governed him by affected tenderness and dissimulation. She always affected, if any one was present, to act (and he liked she should) the humble, ignorant wife, and never meddled with politics. Even if Sir Robert Walpole came in to talk of business, which she had previously settled with him, she would rise up, curtsy, and offer to retire ; the king generally bade her stay, sometimes not. She and Sir Robert played him into one another's hands ; he would refuse to take the advice of the one, and then, when the other talked to him again on the same point, he would give the reason for it which had been suggested to him : nay, he would sometimes produce as his own, at another conversation to the same person, the reasons which he had refused to listen to when given him. He has said to Sir Robert on the curtsies of the queen, 'There, you see how much governed I am by my wife, as they say I am. Ho, ho ! it is a fine thing indeed to be governed by one's wife !' 'Oh, sir,' replied the queen, 'I must be vain indeed to pretend to govern your Majesty.'"

Her Majesty was something of a blue-stockings, and held her levées, which Coxe describes, in his "Life of Marlborough," as being a strange picture of the motley character and manners of a queen and a learned woman. She received company at her toilette, that being the fashion of all the great ladies of the time ; learned men and divines were intermixed with courtiers and ladies of the household ; the conversation turned on metaphysical subjects, blended with repartees and sallies of mirth, and the tittle-tattle of a drawing-room. While she dressed, prayers were read in an ante-room, in which hung the picture of the naked Venus. Once, when the attendants closed the door while she was changing her undergarments, the chaplain stopped. The queen sent out to know the

reason. "I will not whistle the word of God through a key-hole," was the reply. She affected to patronise literature and literary men; she enjoyed the society of Swift and Gay; she more than once befriended men of letters banished for political offences; she saved the life of Savage when he was condemned to death upon a charge of murder, and relieved the distresses of Milton's granddaughter. She loved disputations upon religion and philosophy, and corresponded with Leibnitz upon very abstruse subjects. In a philosophical controversy between Samuel Clarke and Leibnitz she was elected umpire, and is said to have acquitted herself of the task with considerable ability. "Her first thought on her marriage," says Lady Wortley Montagu, "was to secure to herself the sole and whole direction of her spouse, and to that purpose she counterfeited the most extravagant fondness for his person, yet, at the same time, was so devoted to his pleasures that, whenever he thought proper to find them with other women, she even loved whoever was instrumental to his entertainment, and never resented anything but what appeared a want of respect to him." "Madam," said the Archbishop of York to her one day, "I have been with your minister, Walpole, and he tells me that you are a wise woman, and do not mind your husband's having a mistress." Not bad for an archbishop!

Nothing could be more dull and monotonous than the private life of their Majesties. With the exception of that which came within the State routine, they kept little or no society. Every night in the country, and twice a-week when in town, the Count de Roncy and his sister, who was governess to the younger children, passed an hour or two with the king and queen before they retired to bed. The king walked about the room talking military matters with the brother, or discussing genealogies with the sister; while the queen knotted and yawned, till from yawning she fell to nodding, and from nodding to snoring. Hervey sketches these royal domesticities with an inimitable pencil.

One evening Her Majesty was complaining of servants' vails, and the expense they entailed when visiting friends, even in town. "That is your own fault," growled her husband, "for my father when he went to people's houses in town never was fool enough to give away his money." The Chamberlain, who was present, ventured to suggest that liberality was looked for from a queen. "Then let her stop at home," retorted George; "you do not see me running into every puppy's house to see his new chairs and stools. Nor is it fit for you to be running your nose everywhere, and trotting about the town to every fellow that will give you some bread-and-butter, like

an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no." Again the Chamberlain mildly suggested that Her Majesty was desirous of seeing different places. "If she desired to go to a tavern, would it be proper for her to do so?" answered the King, growing very angry. Thereupon ensued more arguments, which ended in his pouring forth a torrent of abuse in German. "The queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on until she tangled her thread: then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out."

For years she suffered from a rupture, but concealed the fact from everyone, except her favourite attendant, Lady Sandon, fearing that the knowledge might weaken her influence over the king. It laid her on her death-bed at last. When the physician was summoned, he said he could have saved her had he been called two days previously. The king manifested great concern at her illness, and probably felt it; although his selfish coarseness could not, even under those circumstances, be repressed. Some nights he would lie down beside her in his clothes, but when she grew irritable with pain he would cry out, "How the devil can you expect to sleep when you never lie still a moment?" One morning he came into the chamber and found her gazing on vacancy with dull, glazed eyes: "You look like a calf with his throat cut," he said elegantly. Sometimes he kept watch with the Princess Emily and Hervey, in night-gown and cap, his feet upon a chair before the fire, and, heedless of the sick woman, prated without intermission upon his wonderful courage and virtue. One night the princess pretended to fall asleep until he quitted the room, then looked up and complained bitterly how much she had been bored by his tedious stories, and expressed an opinion that they were all lies, that his bravery existed only in his own imagination, and that he was as much frightened in battle as she would be! They were a nice family, taking them for all in all. But George was also very lavish in praises of his dying spouse, and declared that she was the only woman in the world who would have suited him for a wife, and if she had not been his wife he would sooner have had her for a mistress than any other woman in the world. When she was dying she urged him to marry again, but he protested with many tears he would never do so; he would rather have a couple of mistresses. "*Mon Dieu, cela ne s'empêche pas!*" was her reply.

After the queen's death the clockwork monotony of the Court life was duller than ever. Every evening at nine the king had cards in his daughter's apartments with Lady Yarmouth, the princess, and two or three of her late Majesty's ladies in waiting. Every Saturday

the same party, minus the daughter, dined at Richmond, whither they were conveyed in coaches-and-six at midday, the Horse Guards enveloping them in clouds of dust. Arrived there, they dined, walked an hour in the garden, and then returned in the same dusty state as they had departed. "And His Majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe."

When King George came over to England to take possession of his kingdom, he left his son Frederick behind in Hanover. And there he would possibly have remained had not the English, indignant at the idea of their sovereign-apparent being kept in a foreign land, demanded he should be sent for. So, much against his will the king was compelled to comply. But he refused to pay the debt the prince had contracted. There had been already disagreement between them, according to the tradition of the House, which is to hate the eldest born, and the second George observed it as religiously as did his father. Prince Frederick arrived in England in 1728, being then in his twenty-second year. There had been a treaty of marriage afoot between him and the Crown Princess, but the king had an old grudge against his royal brother of Prussia, and contrived to thwart it. There seems to have been something of love between the two young people; poor Wilhelmina would have welcomed a lot that would have removed her from the tyranny and ill-treatment of her father, for Frederick William thought nothing of aiming blows at her head that might have killed her, or of holding her by the hair while he flogged her.

The bride ultimately chosen for the prince was the Princess Augusta, the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. She was very young when she came to England. No female friends accompanied her, and at Greenwich there were only a few officers and ladies waiting to receive her; the prince was not punctual, and she had to wait some time before he arrived. She was then conducted to the queen's house in the park; but neither their Majesties nor the princesses were there to receive her; they sent their compliments instead, and hoped she was well. Poor girl! it was a freezing welcome to a strange country; and she such a child, too, that long after her marriage she would play half the day with a big doll, and dress and undress, and fondle it at the windows of Kensington Palace. Things were better, however, when she came to London where the nuptials were celebrated amidst great rejoicings. For a curious picture of the manners of the period on such occasions refer the reader to Hervey's book.

Very soon after his marriage the prince began to agitate for

increase of his allowance. His father had received an allowance of £100,000 out of a civil list of £700,000; why then should he have only £50,000 out of a civil list of £800,000? Such was his argument. Bolingbroke urged him to appeal to the Parliament, and set the king at defiance. He did so; but although most of the Tory party voted for him, he lost the motion. Those who would feel interested in a curiously minute account of this transaction should consult the appendix to Bubb Doddington's (Lord Melcombe) Diary.

When the prince offered to give up the succession of Hanover for the £100,000 annuity: "The mean fool, the poor-spirited, the avaricious, sordid monster!" exclaimed the queen; "he is so little capable of resisting taking a guinea on any terms if he saw it before his nose, that if the Pretender offered him £500,000 for the reversion of this crown he would say, 'Give me the money.' I thought it cruel and unjust to pull out his eyes, but if he likes to pull one of them out himself, and give it to my dear William, I am satisfied; I am sure I shall not hinder him. I shall jump at it; for though, between you and I, I had as lief go and live upon a dunghill myself as go to Hanover, yet for William it will be a very good morsel; and for the £50,000 a year, I dare say the king will be very glad to give it; and if the silly beast insists upon it, I will give him £25,000 more, the half of my revenue, and live as I can upon shillings and pennies."

There was an extraordinary to-do at the birth of the first child. All the royal family were at Hampton Court, he and the princess among the rest; everything was prepared for her accouchement. But upon receiving an intimation that the event was close at hand, although it was midnight, the prince ordered a carriage to be ready, and in spite of her condition had the unhappy lady conveyed from Hampton Court to St. James's, in order to annoy his parents. At seven in the morning the queen arrived. "The gracious prince," says Horace Walpole, "so far from attempting any apology, spoke not a word to his mother, but on her retreat gave her his hand, led her into the street to her coach—still dumb; but a crowd being assembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt and humbly kissed Her Majesty's hand," much, doubtless, to the edification of the mob, which he assiduously courted.

He would converse freely with the lower classes, even sit down at their tables and share their meals. When a tax was proposed to meet his necessities, he exclaimed grandiloquently, "The people have done enough for my family already, and sooner than put them to

presence. All the discontents and all the opponents attached themselves to the prince ; and by far the most men of the day were in the ranks of the opposition—to Chesterfield, Pulteney, Carteret, Wyndham, and Bolingbroke.

Intellectual society was to be found at his house, which than his father's palace could boast. Thither came Pope, and Arbuthnot ; and he was generous to literary men in general. Hearing that Glover, the author of " Leonidas," was in embarrassed circumstances, he sent him five hundred pounds, and afterwards, when he published his " Rambler," he was greatly desirous of seeing the writer ; but he was an unknown man in those days, and was not to be found at the Royal Highness. He also had a great taste for music.

The hatred felt by the king against his eldest born was extended to all connected with him. A man named Wells, who had obtained the date of a bond, was executed because a friend of the king had interceded for him. This was a tragic incident ; but the continual efforts of the haters and the hated to spite and thwart one another were sometimes ludicrous in their pettiness. The Princess Royal, who was a devoted admirer of Handel, undertook for him the management of the opera in the Haymarket, upon which her brother set up an opposition opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields. " So generally," says Warburton, " was the quarrel embraced by the different Court factions, that the princess expressed her expectation that half the House of Lords would shortly be playing the orchestra in their robes and coronets."

as being utterly false—as never scrupling to tell the vilest falsehoods to suit his present purpose.

It is surprising how any character made up of so many contradictions should never have had the good fortune to have stumbled on any one virtue ; so this heap of iniquity, to complete at once uniformity in vice in general, as well as its contradictions in particular vices, like variety of poisons, whether hot or cold, or sweet or was still poison, and never had an antidote." "He had a father that abhorred him," says the same authority in another place, "a mother that despised him, a sister that betrayed him, a brother (Berland) set up against him, and a set of servants that neglected him and were neither of use to him nor desirous of being so." "My dear firstborn," said the queen one day, "is the greatest ass, the greatest liar, the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast in the world, and I heartily wish he were out of it."

He would borrow money from any person who would lend it, without a thought of ever repaying it, and would exult in his knavery. "That man," he said one day, pointing out a certain individual, "is one of the most sensible men in England, yet with all his parts I have just nicked him out of five thousand."

Upon hearing of his mother's illness he immediately repaired to London, and sent Lord North to the king begging permission to see her. "I always hated the rascal," cried George, falling into a violent passion, "but now I hate him worse than ever. He wants to see his poor dying mother, but she shall not see him." The king, although dying and knowing she was so, was equallyerate. His message had not been communicated to her, and she was wondering he had not sent ; "but sooner or later," she said, "I am sure we shall be plagued with some message of that sort, so he will think it will have a good air in the world to ask to see me, and perhaps hopes I shall be fool enough to let him come and give him the pleasure of seeing the last breath go out of my body, by which means he will have the joy of knowing I was dead some minutes sooner than he could know it in Pall Mall." She even commanded her attendants that should she in the weakness of her moments desire to see him they were not to obey her, but to refuse the request to delirium ; and one of her last cares was to endeavour to prevent his succession to some property she owned in Chesham. The prince was by no means behind his parent in eagerness ; he sat up all night, and continually sent persons to enquire how she was progressing ; and his eager question to every person on his return was, "Well, sure, we shall soon have good news, but she cannot hold out much longer."

And so she died, as Chesterfield said, "Unforgiving and unforgiven." Apologists have endeavoured to prove she forgave Frederick at the last, although she would not see him; but the evidence of her implacability is overwhelming.

Perhaps it was a fortunate thing for England that a prince so detested did not live to mount the throne. He was fond of working in his garden at Kew, and one raw March day in 1751 he was out in a heavy hailstorm, and got wet to the skin; he caught a cold, which he aggravated by further indiscretions, that culminated in going to sleep upon a couch before an open window at Carlton House. The next day he was seized with serious symptoms. On the 20th he laid his hand upon his stomach and said, "*Je sens la mort.*" His valet, who was supporting him, felt him shiver, and cried, "God, the prince is going!" The princess, who was at the foot of the bed, snatched up a candle, but before she got to him he was dead.

An imposthume had broken which, upon his body being opened, the physicians were of opinion had been occasioned by the blow of a tennis ball some three years previously. He is said to have proposed the Black Prince for his model, "but he resembled him in nothing but in dying before his father," observes Walpole sarcastically. "He had solicited the command of the army in Scotland during the last rebellion, though that ambition was ascribed rather to his jealousy of his brother than to his courage—a hard judgment, for what he could he did. When the royal army lay before Carlisle the prince, at a great supper that he gave to his Court and his favourites, as was his custom when the princess lay in, had ordered for the dessert the representation of the citadel of Carlisle in paste, which he in person and the maids of honour bombarded with sugar plums."

The king was playing cards with Lady Yarmouth when the news of his son's death was brought him. He turned pale, and whispered to her, "*Il est mort!*" then went on playing as if nothing had happened. He sent a kind message to the princess, however.

One of the numerous epitaphs written upon him ran thus:—

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead!
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Much better than another;
Had it been his sister,

No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation;
But since it is only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There is no more to be said.

H. BARTON BAKER.

SOME SAVAGE PROVERBS.

THE German proverb, "Speak that I may see thee," may be applied as truly to a whole community as to an individual. For proverbs—or, roughly defining, popular sayings—reflect conspicuously the general character of a nation, and constitute its actual code of social, political, and moral philosophy. Besides the beauty and wisdom, from which alone many of them derive an imperishable charm, they serve as a kind of literature in miniature, in which the inner life of a nation is more clearly legible than in its more voluminous writings. And in spite of the general resemblance which seems to pervade the proverbial lore of the world, arising partly from the direct interchange of thought inseparable from international commerce of any kind, partly from a uniformity of experience, such, for example, as has impressed on all people the wisdom of caution and truth, there are yet well marked differences in the proverbs of nations, which as clearly retain the records of their several histories as fossils retain the forms of extinct animal life. Remarkable, therefore, as is the substantial similarity of proverbial codes, of which the general characteristic is a high sense of right coupled with a mournful consciousness of human infirmity, they betray often in the very expression of the same idea the individuality of their national birth-place. It is obvious that, largely as all modern nations are indebted to a writer like *Æsop* for the thoughts they share in common, a far larger portion of their wisdom will be due to writers who, like *Shakespeare* or *Cervantes*, have, from greater familiarity with the manners, been more competent to express the feelings, of their countrymen. But the way in which good proverbs, like good gold, find acceptance everywhere, and pass readily into the current coinage of different realms, may be illustrated by the fact of the existence in countries so widely remote as Spain, Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, and India, of a proverb, second to none in all the essentials of a good proverb, to the effect that "When God wills the destruction of an ant, he supplies it with wings."¹

¹ "Da Dios alas á la hormiga para que se pierda mas aina," is the Spanish version.—*Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs*, 210. Compare with *Roebuck's Persian and*

An instructive instance of the light thrown on national character by proverbs may be supplied from a comparison of Italian, German, and Persian teaching on the subject of vindictiveness. In communities destitute of social organisation, the "vendetta," or duty of blood-revenge, probably preceded and led the way to the practice of legal punishment. Originally it was a kind of lynch law, supplying the default of any legal protection of life; and all nations bear traces in their history of having passed through a stage of growth in which the sacred duty of vengeance was the germ of any idea of a more judicial retribution. Confucius made it a duty for a son to slay his father's murderer, just as Moses insisted on a strictly retaliatory penalty for bloodshed. It is well known, as all who have seen the play, "The Corsican Brothers," will remember, down to how recent a time there survived in Corsica the duty of revenge, which to this day, in places like Fiji, still passes from father to son, and from the son to the nearest relation. The longer survival of such feelings in Italy, consequent on the different circumstances of her history, is clearly impressed on the proverbial philosophy of the country, constituting a remarkable contrast to the sentiments of other countries. For the Italian, extolling the sweetness of revenge, declares it a morsel fit for God, and, expressing pity or contempt for the man who either cannot or will not carry out his revenge, counsels patience and the waiting of time and place for its successful execution. In a proverb, of perfectly ghastly expressiveness, in which you may almost hear the grinding teeth of the assassin, he will tell you that "Revenge, though a hundred years old, still has its milk-teeth." Such maxims are on no higher level than the pagan African saying, "Hate hath no medicine," or the saying of Affghanistan, "Speak good words to an enemy very softly; gradually destroy him root and branch." How much purer than the Italian is the German teaching, which declares revenge to be fresh wrong, the conversion of a little right into a great injustice, and sure in its turn to draw revenge after it! How far nobler still is the more positive sentiment of Persia, that to take revenge for an injury is the sign of a mean spirit, and that it is easy to return evil for evil, but the manly thing is to return good for it!

The contrast conveyed in these proverbs is the more striking, in that Italy might pre-eminently call herself the Christian, as against Germany the heretic, and Persia the infidel, land. It has been said that every tenth proverb in an Italian collection contains a selfish or cynical maxim, and though the beauty and purity of many Italian

Hindoostanee Proverbs, i. 365, and ii. 283; Thornburn's *Affghan Frontier*, 279; and Burckhardt's *Arabic Proverbs*.

sayings counterbalance the baseness of others, those for instance on love being as refined as those on revenge are barbarous, it may not be uninteresting to compare generally the proverbs of Italy with those of a land where Catholicism has had no play, nor been suffered to debase natural morality.

The noblest Italian proverb is to the effect that a hundred years cannot repair a moment's loss of honour; the basest, perhaps, that bad as it is to be a knave, it is worse to be known as one. To love a friend with all his faults; to associate with the good in order to be good; to work in order to rest; to do right in spite of consequences, and good irrespectively of persons, but evil never, whatever the contingent benefit—these are among the highest lessons of Italian proverb-lore. That among men of honour a word is a bond, and that conscience is as good as a thousand witnesses; that the best sermon is a good life, and that the gains of begging are dearly bought, are maxims of the same upright tendency. Yet, over against these, are proverbs pervaded by the saddest spirit of universal mistrust, instilling utter disbelief of any sincerity in friendship, and even counselling selfish or downright wicked conduct. What more melancholy evidence of this, than is afforded by the following common sayings?—

He who suspects is seldom to blame.

Trust was a good man, Trust-not a better.

From those I trust God guard me; from those I mistrust I will guard myself.

Who would have many friends let him test but few.

Tell your secret to your friend, and he will set his foot on your neck.

Or, again, what can we think of such maxims as, that it is expedient to peel a fig for your friend but a peach for your enemy; that the man who esteems none but himself is happy as a king; that public money like holy water is the property of all men; or that with art and knavery men may live through half the year, and with knavery and art through the other half?

The Persian proverbs seem to breathe a different moral atmosphere from these, being as generous in character as the Italian are cynical. They display a free spirit of liberality, trust, independence, and, above all, of truthfulness, which is surpassed in no country of Europe. If in Italy it is common to say that a man who cannot flatter knows not how to talk, in Persia the sentiment prevails that to flatter is worse than to abuse. The Persian, true to the character given of him by Herodotus, holds boldly, that the man who speaks truth is always at ease; that men never suffer from speaking the truth; that it behoves them to speak their minds unreservedly, for that there is no hill in

front of the tongue. Add to this the popular sayings, that the accounts of friends are in the heart, and that it is better to be in chains with friends than in the garden with strangers. That it should have become proverbial in Persia, that a man lowers himself by vexing the poor, and loses all claim to greatness by finding fault with his inferiors, proves the purity of a religion which should have instilled such thoughts into the ethics of a nation; nor do we think that any language in Europe could produce proverbs characterised by a higher spirit of morality than is revealed in the following selection:—

A high name is better than a high house.

The cure for anger is silence.

A man must cut out his own garments of reputation.

Heaven is at the feet of mothers (i.e. lies in dutiful obedience).

It is better to die of want than to beg.

The liberal man is the friend of God.

Practise liberality, but lay no stress on the obligation.

As another illustration of the way in which a few proverbs may condense centuries of history may be instanced the recorded experiences of mankind touching priests and priestcraft. With no other evidence than that of proverbs before him, a future historian of Europe might easily detect a marked difference of feeling on this matter between Protestant Germany and the Catholic countries of Europe. Not that the latter are wanting in sayings to the prejudice of the priestly class, but they are not so numerous as in Germany. The French have two proverbs, marked with all the wit and boldness of their genius, one charging anyone who values a clean house not to let into it either a priest or a pigeon; the other declaring that it is human ignorance alone which causes the pot to boil for priests. The Spanish experience also is, that it is best neither to have a good friar for a friend nor a bad one for an enemy, and that it is well to keep awake in a land thickly tenanted by monks. But the Germans go much further than this. In German estimation the priest is a being who, in company with a woman, may be found at the bottom of all the mischief that goes on in the world, and is as little likely as a woman to forgive you an injury. For, like the bites of wolves, those of priests are hard to heal, so that it is best, if you fight with priests at all, to beat them to death. If they are ever hot, it is from eating, not from work, for they always take care to bless themselves first, not do they pay one another any tithes.

The above comparisons will show how differences of national character, and even how the operation of different forms of faith, may reveal themselves in proverbs. Yet such estimates must be formed

with caution, in consideration of the wide possibilities of error which are inseparable from so inexhaustible a subject. For not only may the proverb-collector easily attribute to one country alone a saying which belongs equally to, or may even have originated in, another, but his canon of selection is somewhat arbitrary, and dependent on his preconceptions of what a proverb really is. To take the ball on the hop, for instance, is as genuine an English proverb as to make hay whilst the sun shines, which contains the same idea; yet whilst the one might be heard every day, the other might not be heard once a year. Hence it might escape notice altogether, or if found be rejected as obsolete. We can consequently, as in other branches of human study, only make use, *on trust*, of such data as we have, and, whilst making the fullest acknowledgment of the imperfection of our evidence, strive after an approximation to, in despair of the attainment of, truth.

If now we venture to extend the limits of our comparison, to take in some proverbs of the lower races as well as of the higher, we shall find therein a strong corroboration of the lesson already learnt in any comparison of the superstitions, myths, and manners of different societies: namely, that differences of race, colour, and even structure, sink into insignificance when compared with the intellectual affinities which unite the families of mankind, and that there is perhaps no phase of thought nor shade of feeling belonging to the higher culture of the world to which we may not find an anti-type or even equivalent in the lower. If we take some of the proverbs collected from tribes confessedly low in civilisation, those, namely, of West Africa, and compare them with proverbs still prevalent in Europe, we cannot fail to be struck with the strong likeness between them, as well as impressed with the idea, that many actually distinct common sayings may have had their birth in days of the remotest and savage antiquity. The immense number of modern proverbs, drawn from the observation of the natural, and especially of the animal, world (a number which must be nearly one out of five), coupled with the coincidence that the same fact is perhaps the most striking one in the proverbs collected from West Africa, seems to lend some support to such a theory.¹

As an introductory instance let us take savage and civilised sentiments about poverty, a belief in the misfortune of which is written early in every language of Europe. Italian experience says that

¹ The best selection of African proverbs is Captain Burton's *Wit and Wisdom West Africa*, collected from Bowen's *Central Africa*, Koelle's *African Native Literature*, and other missionary contributions to the stock of human knowledge.

poverty has no kin, and that poor men do penance for rich men's sins ; in Germany the poor have to dance as the rich pipe ; whilst in Spain and Denmark the evil is expressed more graphically still, it being matter of observation in the one country that the poor man's crop is destroyed by hail every year, in the other, that the poor man's corn always grows thin. Now, in the Oji dialect, spoken by about two millions of people, including the Ashantees, Fantees, and others, it is also proverbial that the poor man has no friend, that poverty makes a man a slave, and that hard words are fit for the poor. And as the Dutch have learnt that "Poor folks' wisdom goes for little," or the Italians, that "The words of the poor go many to the sackful," so in Oji they convey exactly the same idea in the saying that "When a poor man makes a proverb it does not spread," in Yoruba, in the saying, that "Poverty destroys a man's reputation," and in Accra in the still cleverer proverb, that "A poor man's pipe does not sound."

African proverbs are moral and immoral, elevated and base, precisely as are those of more civilised nations. The proverbs of the Yorubas, justly observes the missionary, Mr. Bowen,¹ "are among the most remarkable of the world;" and indeed the intellectual powers and moral ideas displayed in West African proverbs generally, ought largely to modify our conceptions of their originators, and make us sceptical of that extreme dearth of mental wealth which has so frequently been declared to attend a low standard of material advancement. Their wit, terseness, vividness of illustration, and insight into life, are all alike surprising, and acquaintance with them must suggest caution in any estimate of the mental capacities of savages whose languages may have been less investigated, and consequently are less known. "It has always been passing travellers who have drawn the most doleful pictures of so-called savages, and especially have asserted the poverty of their language."² It may well prove that better acquaintance with the languages of tribes, like the Veddahs of Ceylon or the Botocudos of Brazil, classed at present for various reasons almost outside the human family, may show them to combine, as Humboldt found was the case with the once depreciated Carib language, "wealth, grace, strength, and gentleness." The Veddahs, at all events, who have been placed unanimously among the lowest of savages, but who are nevertheless honourably distinguished by an attachment to monogamy, which is most anomalous, have, in keeping with this matrimonial peculiarity, a proverb,

¹ *Central Africa*, 289.

² Oscar Peschel, *The Races of Mankind*, translation, 150.

which says, "Death alone can part man and wife."¹ Yet it was said of them once, that they were utterly destitute of either religion or language.

Compare, for elevation of mind, these Yoruban proverbs with those already noticed as current in Italy:—

He that forgives gains the victory.
He who injures another injures himself.
Anger benefits no one.
We should not treat others with contempt.²

On the other hand, "If a great man should wrong you, smile on him," may be compared with the Arabic advice about dangerous friends, "If a serpent love thee, wear him as a necklace," or with the Pashto proverb of the same intention, "Though your enemy be a rope of reeds, call him a serpent."

Here are some more proverbs with whose European equivalents everyone will be familiar:—

ON FAULTFINDING.

If you can pull out, pull out your own grey hairs. (Oji.)
Before healing others, heal yourself. (Wolof.)

With which we may compare the Chinese:—

Sweep the snow from your own doors without troubling about the frost on your neighbour's tiles.

ON THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

Nobody is twice a fool. (Accra.)
Nobody is twice ashamed. (Accra.)
He is a fool whose sheep run away twice. (Oji.)

With which we may compare our own—

It's a silly fish that's caught twice with the same bait.

Or the German—

An old fox is not caught twice in the same trap.
Who has been bitten by a serpent dreads a slow-worm.

to which both Italy and Holland have exactly similar proverbs.

ON PERSEVERANCE.

By going and coming a bird builds its nest. (Oji.)

with which compare the Dutch—

By slow degrees a bird builds its nest.
The moon does not grow full in a day. (Oji.)

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, ii. 318.

² Captain Burton justly calls attention to the possibility of many Yoruban verbs being relics of the Moslems who, in the tenth century, overran the Soudan.

Perseverance is everything.

Who has patience has all things. (Yoruba.)

With all of which may be compared the Chinese—

A mulberry leaf becomes satin with time.

ON THE FORCE OF HABIT.

The thread follows the needle.

Its shell follows the snail wherever it goes. (Yoruba.)

As is the sword, so is the scabbard. (Oji.)

To which again China supplies a good parallel in

The growth of the mulberry tree follows its early bent.

ON CAUSATION.

If nothing touches the palm-leaves they don't rustle. (Oji.)

Nobody hates another without a cause. (Accra.)

A feather does not stick without gum. (A Pashto proverb.)

Again, the Turkish proverb, that curses, like chickens, home to roost, or the Italian one, that, like processions, the back to their starting point, is well matched by the Yoruba proverb that "Ashes fly back in the face of their thrower." Or, the tendency of travellers to exaggerate or tell lies, impressed as it has been by human experience, is also confirmed by the Oji proverb, that "who travels alone tells lies." And the universal belief in the exposure of falsehood conveyed in such proverbs as the Arabic "The liar is short-lived," the Persian, "Liars have bad men," or the still more expressive Italian saying, that "The liar is caught than a cripple," finds itself corroborated by the Wolof proverb that "Lies, though many, will be caught by Truth as soon as it rises up." Even in Affghanistan, where it is said that no deed attaches to lying *per se*, and lying is called an honest man's fault, while truth can only be spoken by a strong man or a fool, there is also a proverb with the moral that the career of falsehood is short.

That "Hope is the pillar of the world," that "It is the will which carries one to hell or heaven," or that "Preparation is better than after-thought," all experiences of the Kanuri, a Moslem people who think it a personal adornment to cut each side of their heads in twenty places, show that there is no necessary connection between general savagery and an absence of moral culture. A good Arabic proverb warns people not to speak ill of their benefactors, bidding them to call a forest a shrubbery that has once given them shelter. The proverbs already quoted from Yoruba teach the

¹ For a collection of Pashto proverbs see Thorburn's *Affghan Frontier*.

on, nor would it be difficult to add many more, all proving the
tence among savages of a morality identical in its main features
that of the higher group of nations to which we ourselves
ng, interpenetrated as it has been for ages with the philosophies
religions of the civilised East.

A similar testimony to the intellectual powers of savages is afforded
their proverbs, though of course the argument is only a suggestive
from tribes whose language has been well studied to others not
well known. That the Soudan negroes are on a higher level of
eral culture than many savages of other islands or continents is
ved by the fact that all known Africans are acquainted with the
of smelting iron and of converting it into weapons and utensils;
that they may be said to be living in the iron age, and thus,
erially at least, are more advanced than the Botocudos of Brazil,
are still in the age of polished stone implements. From the fact
e that the Yorubas express their contempt for a stupid man by
ng that he cannot count nine times nine, we are enabled at once
lace them far above such Australian or American tribes as have
word for five in their vocabulary. Hence we should not be
ified in expecting to find among Australian or American
rignes proverbs of so high an intellectual order as abound in
ca, of which the following may be selected as samples:—

Were no elephant in the jungle the buffalo would be large ;

The dust of the buffalo is lost in that of the elephant.

A crab does not bring forth a bird.

Two small antelopes beat a big one.

Two crocodiles do not live in one hole.

A child can crush a snail but not a tortoise.

A razor cannot shave itself.

You cannot stop the sun by standing before it.

When a fish is killed its tail is inserted in its own mouth.

(Said of people who reap the reward of their deeds.)

Leaving now the analogy between African and European proverb-
which the uniformity of moral experiences and the observation
milar laws of nature sufficiently account for, let us endeavour to
among civilised nations any proverbs which, by the figures in-
ed in them or their likeness to savage maxims, seem to bear a
net impression of a barbaric coinage. One proverb, a French
may almost certainly be so explained. It is, for instance, well
m that lower races very generally account for eclipses of either
or moon by supposing them to be the victims of the fury or
ity of some ill-disposed animal, whom they try to divert by

people crying out, during eclipses of the moon, to save from bewitchment.¹

Another instructive set of proverbs may be adduced, to show the social philosophy current in savage culture may survive in temporary expressions of modern Europe. In Africa, where generally, a man's wife has no better status in society than attaches to his slave or his cow, and a son has been known to fight against a cow his own aged mother, we cannot be astonished to find in vogue proverbs strongly depreciatory of the worth of the female sex. Thus a wise Kanuri is cautioned, that if a woman speaks to him two words, he shall take one and leave the other; if he give his heart to a woman, if he would live, for a woman brings a man into the right way. Similarly, Pashto proverbs contemptuously, that a woman's wisdom is under her heel, and that she is well only in the house or in the grave. The same feeling is expressed by the Persians, who declare that both women and dragons are to be cast out of the world, and class the former with horses and swine, the by-words of unfaithfulness.

The literatures of all countries are strongly tinged with the same unjust nature. Even the French say, that straw is worth a woman of gold, though their proverb, "Ce qu'il veut, Dieu le veut," is as true as it is a witty variation of the known democratic formula. The Italians have made the same observation, that, whilst with men every mortal sin is venial, with women every venial sin is mortal; but no language has

ment. Like good fortune, a woman is essentially fond of fools, and, like wine, she makes them. Like a glass, she is in hourly danger; and like a priest, she never forgets. Her vengeance is boundless, and her mutability only paralleled in nature by the uncertain skies of April. Her affections change every moment, like luck at cards, the favour of princes, or the leaves of a rose; and though you will never find her wanting in words, there is not a needle-point's difference betwixt her yea and her nay. She only keeps silence of what she is ignorant, and it is as fruitless to try to hold a woman at her word as an eel by its tail. As for her advice, it is like corn sown in summer, which may perhaps turn out well once in seven years; but wherever there is mischief brewing in the world, rest assured that there is a woman and a priest at the bottom of it. Every daughter of Eve would rather be beautiful than good, and she may be caught as surely by gold as a hare by dogs or a gentleman by flattery. Even in the house she should be allowed no power, for where a woman rules the devil is chief servant; whilst two women in the same house will agree together like two cats over a mouse or two dogs over a bone.

Spanish experience on this subject coincides with the Teutonic, but without the expenditure of nearly so much spleen, and with several glimpses of a happier experience. What can be worse than this: "Beware of a bad woman, nor put any trust in a good one;" or sadder than this: "What is marriage, mother? Spinning, childbirth, and crying, daughter?" Yet the Spanish woman, though as hard to know as a melon, as little to be trusted as a magpie, as fickle as the wind or as fortune, as ready to cry as a dog to limp, in danger as constantly as a glass, in labour as patient as a mule, is not so destitute as the German of any redeeming qualities for her failings. The Spaniard is taught to believe, that with a good wife he may bear any adversity, and that he should believe nothing against her unless absolutely proved. It is also in remarkable contrast to the experiences of other countries, that in Spain it has become a proverb, that whilst an unmarried man advocates a daily beating for a wife, as soon as he marries he takes care of his own.

Female talkativeness appears also to be a subject of lament all over the world, from our own island, where a woman's tongue proverbially wags like a lamb's tail, to the Celestial Empire, where it is likened to a sword, never suffered by its owner to rust. Regard not a woman's words, says the Hindoo; and the African also is warned against trusting his secrets to his wife. The Spaniard believes that he has only to tell a woman what he would have published in the market-place; and all languages have sayings to the same effect.

first struck by, and first given us information about, matters directly challenging their notice than phrases in common real knowledge of which the most favourable conditions of longed intimacy are obviously requisite. The large collection of proverbs from West Africa alone, revealing as they do an elevated feeling and a clearness of intelligence which other facts of the life would never have led us to suspect, point at the possibility of such collections elsewhere largely modifying our present view concerning other savage tribes. They at least will teach us to guard against accepting the conclusions which Archbishop Trenchard has drawn from his study of savage languages, when, from the absence of a loss in a dialect of such words as "love" or "gratitude," he has sought to explain, on the hypothesis of degradation, that rude existence which we denote by the word "savage," and which has abundant reasons for supposing was really the primitive condition of which all subsequent civilisation has been unfolded. "We," says, "the savage the primitive man, we should then find the tribes furnished, scantily enough it might be, with the elements of speech, yet, at the same time, with its fruitful beginnings, its vigour and healthful germs. But what does their language on closer examination prove? In every case what they are themselves, the result and ruin of a better and a nobler past. Fearful indeed is the effect of degradation which is stamped on the language of the savage. More fearful perhaps even than that which is stamped upon his body. Yet whatever may be the case with some tribes, who may

A SLAVE HUNT IN BORNEO.

ONCE upon a time I visited Lingga Fort, in Sarawak, a post maintained for no purpose visible unless to show the modest beginnings of Rajah Brooke's sovereignty. His outposts at that time stood a hundred miles further inland. From Lingga I made excursions in search of game, with but small success. There are deer in abundance, of two sorts, not to mention the pretty palandok, which is an antelope miscalled. Other antelopes exist, with wild cats, civets, honey bears, boars, &c. Lingga, too, is a chosen home of the mias, or orang-outan. Nests of this huge ape abound, and several times I came across his sylvan majesty crawling at a giddy height among the branches of a durian.

One morning I set out for a deer-stalking expedition, and remained several days at a ruinous shanty that stood in a maze of flowery pasture, with no bush for acres round higher than one's waist. Little hills rose about it, cleared to their tops on the hither side, but crowned with lofty trees. A charred stump here and there preserved the memory of some forest giant which Dyak ingenuity could not overthrow. But even such black witnesses were royally hunted and diademed. The million seeds which had lain in hopeless shadow, rotting beneath the canopy of leaves in a twilight which the sun could never pierce—each and all of these had sprung to life and run riot in its joy. Delicate orchids shrank and shrivelled in the glare, but sisters less shy and not less beautiful replaced them. Cattans twined like snakes through the springing grass; flowery creepers ran along, climbed every bush in endless convolutions, and first upon its topmost branches in a glory of triumphant blossom. On the moist ground stood tasselled reeds, which gently curved before the breaths of breeze. The long grey grass moved like slow waves advancing. Through hours of intolerable heat I watched the purple shadows moving round the trees; I heard the call and twitter of a thousand birds; I saw the lazy, jaunting butterflies dance sleepily from cup to cup. Then the red sunset streamed into my valley, and faded the flowers, mist rose, the jungle lifted up its voice. And I was conscious of a great enjoyment, though of all the deer that made the musical not one could I approach by day.

of this brute was too much for native rivalry, and they were naturally loth to cut down their fruit trees and thus surro is their trick of catching a mias in the forest. A very pl passed with my visitor, who, I thought, might be clever w yet no better able to find a belling deer than I myself. when he accompanied me on the nightly stalk. At day he departed, but just as I also set out after those deer v cious hope, one of his men came back, asking the loan knife for Harris. This implement was a ponderous, o twelve-inch blade, a sort of Roman gladius, presented sympathising relative many years before, when I was on setting out on my travels.

The village to which Harris was travelling stood : hours further on. He reached it in due course. He officers of government were aware, a rich *nikodah*, o captain, who had found means to perform the holy pilgrim fanatics are a curse to every land, sowers of mischief discontented plotters for schemes impracticable, which conspirator would oppose if he thought there was a success. Hadji Mummin was grievously suspected downright treasonable. For this reason or another he Harris the courtesy of a visit, but bowed to him from of his house. This was much the handsomest residen miles round—a large wooden building, raised on post with hewn-log steps to the verandah instead of the r

those depredations which he had come to avenge, the anger of my friend boiled up. It is no small offence in the Eastern forests for the chief man of a village to ignore the claims of hospitality, and the circumstances of this case made it flat insult. Harris was a wrathful man, therefore. Sending a servant ahead to announce him, he climbed the Hadji's steps almost before his fifteen wives had spread mats of ceremony and his slaves had lighted candles.

Hadji Mummin met him on the verandah, a fat, round, beardless man, whose face turned green under agitation. Standing between two slaves, he spoke a few words of courtesy, smiled, and held out his hand. Harris declined it, walked inside, and sat on the divan. "You have behaved to an officer of the Rajah's government like a boatman, Hadji," he said, brusquely—a boatman with Malays is a type of boorishness, as the cabman with ourselves.

The Hadji's face paled, but he said nothing.

"You send to complain of mischief done to your plantations," Harris continued, "and when I come to assist you, no curtains are spread for me, no food is sent me—I am treated like a slave. How is this, O Hadji?"

"My house is not worthy of your lordship's residence."

"And so you send me into the Dyak huts. Your house is indeed unworthy; for," continued Harris, quoting from the rhythmical code of law and ethics called the *Lontar*, "'the dwelling of the churl is a sty, though it be built of gold and silver.'"

This speech, delivered in a low tone with perfect coolness, struck the Malays with horror. Their rules of conduct demanded that he to whom such words were addressed should run amuck, to kill or be killed. Perhaps the Hadji had learned more sense in his pilgrimage—perhaps the luxury of fifteen wives had sapped his courage. He replied neither by word nor act, whilst Harris, bowing, turned to go. Be sure his eyes were about him, however, and my old knife ready to his hand. The Hadji returned his salute mechanically. As Harris went out he became aware that some members of the harem had heard what passed, for loud and excited whisperings came from a curtain which bellied and twisted with the eager movements of those behind it.

The Malays followed their master back in silence, too much awed to speak. Angry words are rare in the intercourse of that strange people, though angry deeds are common enough. But after Harris had turned in, they whispered the whole night through, keeping watch over him. Nearly ten years of life in Borneo had taught my friend all the risk of speaking as he had, but it had taught him also that there

was little to fear that night. A late comprehension of injured honour might cause the old polygamist to massacre his wives and those about him, but not to seek his foe. Such is the oddest feature of that extraordinary madness called the *meng amok*.

Though, for the sake of his own dignity, Harris would have preferred to leave the mias in tranquil possession of the Hadji's fruit, as the Rajah's officer he was bound to resist a petty feeling. Before dawn he set out, half the Dyak population with him. Tiny warriors, clothed in their innocence alone, ran before him on the dusky path; the mothers of a generation still to be ran as fast and screamed yet louder—these had a foot of brass wire or so for raiment. Such a hulla-baloo did their united voices raise, that Harris sternly dismissed the whole contingent, and went on with his Malays and guides alone. An instinct transmitted by ages of oppression still forbids the Dyak to make clearings round his house. He would hide both himself and the fruitful evidence of his industry. Daylight could not steal through the thick canopy of leaves above the path Harris traversed until all the open ground lay clear in the white radiance of morning. Half an hour's walk brought the party to that low hill where Hadji Mummin and others had an ancestral orchard. Mangos and mangoosteens were there, loquats, huge durians, lancets, rambutans, an endless list of fruit. Here, of course, dwelt the mias, and the party scattered to seek him. Harris kept the path alone, going slowly, that the hunters might keep pace with him in the thick underwood. But scarcely were they lost to sight, when a woman stepped from behind a tree, and salaamed, raising her hands above her head, and touching forehead, mouth, and bosom.

Harris stood surprised. She was dressed like the wife of a rich Malay, in silk and native cloth. The handkerchief thrown across her face revealed one fine eye and a rounded cheek. Harris guessed that he "was in" for an unpleasant scene. Sudden passions for the *tuan putih* are not quite unknown to fair Malays, and their recklessness in avowing the sentiment is apt to cause trouble.

"What is your family, p'rumpuhan?" asked Harris, using the formula of a people who think it insult to demand a name direct.

"I am a Milanau, and I was the slave of Hadji Mummin. He freed me by marriage, and I divorced him six months since, but he will not let me go. Therefore I appeal to the white lord, who is an elephant, a lion," &c.

Here was a situation! In all countries where slavery exists it is the dread of white officials. No act of theirs is regarded with such universal jealousy and rage as the slightest interference with the

"peculiar institution." The civil magistrate has two laws to administer, the English—often impracticable—and the recognised code of ethics. Most difficult, and indeed dangerous, it is to steer a course between these two, for they can never be reconciled, and seldom can either be evaded. Harris tried to escape his difficulty by urging the woman to return. "What will you do if free?" he asked. "You will have to work as a slave."

"I can go to my own people," she said, "or to the missionaries. The Hadji ill-treats me because I will not join El Islâm, for I am a Christian baptised. The Sulus took me as a child, and sold me from hand to hand. I ask your protection, tuan!"

This unexpected statement complicated matters still further. After a moment's thought, Harris called his men about him. The younger of them grinned at sight of his companion, but the elder looked for an explanation. The woman's dress and covered face showed her to be Malay of high position, and, of course, Mussulman.

Harris put the woman in the midst, and started back, very anxious and annoyed. Before they had gone half-way, the noise of an advancing crowd reached their ears. A moment afterwards, Hadji Mummin, with a dozen of his friends, burst into sight, half the Dyak village curiously following them. "There she is!" the Malays cried, and rushed forward. Fortunately the path was so narrow that Harris could bar it with his outstretched rifle. The woman screamed, and turned to run into the bush, but her guardians stopped her.

"The Rajah will know of this!" hissed Hadji Mummin, with difficulty restraining those loud curses which are forbidden utterance to the Malay who respects himself. "Give me my slave, tuan!"

"Lead on to the village," replied Harris firmly. "We are not wild beasts, to dispute in the jungle."

Every gentleman Malay admired the dignity of this remark, which was quite in their own style. They drew the Hadji back, and retired silently. It was a picturesque procession that traversed the village. The friends and servants of Hadji Mummin, in gay head-handkerchief, jacket, tartan petticoat, and waving sash, surrounded the old man, who wore long silk robes and a turban by privilege of his trip to Mecca. Round them surged a crowd of naked Dyaks, with quick, birdlike eyes. In the wild excitement of this disturbance, they shouted, laughed, and shook their arms aloft. The coils of brazen wire, the snowy bracelets of shell, the innumerable ornaments and charms upon their naked limbs, gleamed in the sun, and jingled. Behind the Malays came Harris, very vexed indeed, and his footmen

a hoop, like globes of a rude chandelier. All round ran of logs roughly squared, a seat by day, a bed for the unm at night. On this the party squatted cross-legged, whilst like a European in the place of honour, his men round him slave out of danger at his back. The Orang Kaya, or chief of the village, with his counselling heads of households, took post, as *amici curiæ*.

It is not worth while to reproduce the pleadings, but the main contentions of the plaintiff may be thought interesting. First, that the woman was his slave, bought with his money; that the child born to her, whilst it freed her in a sense, did to an infidel the privilege of divorce enjoyed by a legal wife; that the ill-treatment alleged—itsself a sufficient ground for divorce, whether by native or English law, if proved—was an aggravation; fourth, that the defendant had begun an intrigue, which reduced her to the state of slavery. And in evidence of this fact, he produced that she had left her child behind.

Upon the other side, it was argued with force, though frightened and shamefaced, that the birth of her child made her either a free woman or a wife, by the law of Islâm. If true, she exercised her natural privilege in leaving the Hadji; and the latter, her divorce was valid, by the same code, at a moment's notice, since she owed no dowry nor claimed any. The defendant denied with indignation, asking how it could be believed that she had left her child behind.

interesting. Her loosened hair fell to the ground, and her eyelashes curled to the very cheekbone. Like all Milanaus, she had a skin comparatively fair, and features not too irregular. Harris was still more annoyed, of course, to find that his *protégée* had charms sufficient to set scandalous tongues wagging.

The case was pleaded on both sides, and it lay with him to decide. Plaintiff and spectators, even the defendant herself, after that outbreak, chewed betel-nut assiduously. The only motion was that of their jaws, the only sound their eternal salivation, and the light rustle of the hospitable box pushed from hand to hand along the mats. As Harris, with thoughtful dignity, put his pipe down to deliver judgment, a great paw touched his shoulder. The white-haired Orang Kaya had crept behind unnoticed, as many a time, in old days, he had crept behind an enemy. "My warriors are all armed," he whispered; "give the word, and no Malay shall be alive in ten minutes."

"The Rajah knows your loyalty, Orang Kaya," Harris announced aloud. "We are all his servants, and those who are faithful obey him. To the Rajah I refer this cause, and he will do justice. I shall take the woman to Kuching, and you, Hadji, will follow."

Again the Malays present expected so great a chief to run amok, and again he disappointed them. The Hadji turned green, his eyes rolled a little, but he wore a smile on rising. His friends regarded him with visible contempt, and crowded down the ladder unceremoniously.

There was no more thought of mias hunting. The Hadji might be a coward, but those about him would strike a blow if they saw the opportunity. It is not always the slave-owner who shows himself most enraged at interference with the sacred right. The very portmen were indignant, though discipline restrained them, and their allegiance might be unaffected. Such a force is the institution of slavery for disintegrating all relations social and loyal. Harris knew every expression of his people, and reflected with some anxiety on the task before him.

When he passed the doorway of the Pangaran house, he saw all the Dyak warriors ranged below, stripped and armed for fight. The Malays stood in a little group at bottom of the ladder, afraid to advance, until the Hadji suddenly pressed through them and walked towards his house between the ranks of spearmen. At a word the Orang Kaya dismissed his militia, which scattered in disappointment.

It was but three days' journey to Lingga, but the route lay through a country scarce peopled. No possible reinforcement could

be expected on the track, except my rifle. For his own Harris had no fear, but that the woman would be stolen he entertained doubt as little. A man cannot pass three days and nights watching, and his portmen, true to the death as they would be in defence, could not be relied on to prevent kidnapping. Harris considered and rejected as unworthy the idea of taking a gang of Dyaks; the uncertainty of a messenger prevented him from warning me; and there was no garrison at Lingga to draw on. He resolved to go by water if it was feasible. The Orang Kaya stated that the rapids which made ascent difficult at this year offered no serious obstacle to a canoe descending. Had it been otherwise, Hadji Mummin would never have settled in that spot, for a Malay shut off from water traffic would pine in idleness. When a large canoe had been quietly prepared, and a dozen little Dyaks sat with paddles poised, Harris suddenly announced his intention. If Hadji Mummin had planned mischief, he was now concerted, and the fugitive reached Lingga without meeting a friend.

But the troubles of her guardian were not yet passed, as well. To withdraw as far as Kuching even one of the six who kept formal ward at the fort would have been a grave disability. There was no one else to be depended on in such a case, saving, of course, the missionaries. A messenger to myself was sent to discover me, for I had gone further inland, seeking those deer which made themselves so distinctly audible every night. I had no time to lose. The Orang Kaya informed him, as he returned, that Hadji Mummin had left Sabuyong but a few hours before my departure. Leaving his charge at the fort, Harris paddled on his mission at Banting.

Needless to say that the good folks there were enthusiastically excited about these events. Christian slaves are common everywhere in Sulu and even in Brunei, but they seldom are carried so far from the coast as Sarawak. With fervid courage these kindly gentlemen and ladies offered to brave all Islâm in arms if Harris would take the girl with them; but the rashness of their proposal was discovered when he asked what escort the mission could afford him. For such a purpose, two Chinese youths and a Dyak boy exhausted their resources. None of these had met sights more alarming to an angry clergyman, and Harris concluded that upon the whole it would be safer without their aid. The mission had boats, but no crews thereto belonging—people keep a boat in Sarawak as they keep a carriage in England. Harris accepted a la-

for himself, and a canoe for his charge. He could not travel with her, and he did not like to trust her with Malays. The mission ladies found him a woman to bear her company, and in process of time the chaperone turned up, only twelve hours behind time—which is near enough for a man in the East, much more a woman.

The fugitive was picked up at Lingga Fort. Harris had his own three servants, quite reliable for a row, and two Dyak chiefs of his Residency, on their way to see the capital—these would certainly fight. The Malay crew of the sampan numbered six, of whom he knew nothing, and the missionaries little more. The canoe was attached by a chain; it carried three men, the ex-slave, and her attendant. Harris expected the attack to be made, if such a bold proceeding should be decided, between Lingga and the river mouth. He started, therefore, in broad daylight, and kept the middle of the stream, which is a mile and a half broad. Plenty of boats they passed, as usual, for the Batang Lupar is most frequented and populous of all the fine rivers in Borneo. Nightfall saw him at the delta, with the open sea before, and danger passed. But Harris would run no risks, and he resolved to spend each night ashore, since there was no moon to show an enemy approaching.

A wooded island rises opposite the Batang Lupar, called Trissau. As he passed it next morning Harris observed a large prau lying in the shadow of its trees. There was no one on board, but, glancing back, he saw the crew come out and clamber into her. Nothing suspicious in this, and when Harris saw the vessel hoist her sail, and scud seawards before the wind, he paid no more attention. His own course lay along shore, at just such distance as cleared him from cape to cape. The day passed without adventure, and before sunset he turned at right angles, making for the beach. His crew grumbled a little, for this proceeding entailed a heavy pull, but there was nothing to cause alarm. The night passed quietly, so did the next day and the next, on sea and shore. Many vessels were seen at a distance, and many canoes passed within hail. A straight run of three days will take a sampan from the mouth of the Batang Lupar to that of the Sarawak, but, the way Harris was steering, it could not be done under a week.

On the fourth morning, an examination of the chain showed at the staple holding it was broken. Harris scrutinised suspiciously, at the fracture was quite clean, and the stolidly careless faces of the crew disarmed him. With a malediction on dishonest blacksmiths, Harris replaced the chain with a rattan, and started. It was a very morning. Stimulated by the bright air, the breeze, and whis-

pering ripples of the sea, he stood out for a "longer leg" than usual. Under the same exhilarating influence, he allowed himself a 'nap, after the fatigues and anxieties of night watching. The monotonous lap of the wavelets which rocked him, the slow creak of the sheet, and the drowsy songs of the Malays crouched for'ard, dozed him off again and again. The Dyaks woke him finally, and he sat up in alarm. All the sky to eastward lying low and black upon the sea. Sickly white sunshine glimmered lying the forward path, but the wind had fallen. Both crews were paddling eagerly for shore, which lay, a dark blue line above the water, at considerable distance. Without wasting time in reprimand, Harris ordered the mast to be unshipped. It was scarcely done when the squall descended, burst in a screech of wind, wrested the mast and threw it overboard, heeled the sampan gunwale under. Amid shouts and prayers, Harris cut the fastening of the kajongs, which whizzed headlong over the sea. Though the boat righted, such great waves uprose as threatened to swamp her. They surged up in one simultaneous bound; in a moment's space the ripples swelled to ponderous hills of water. Sheets of rain skimmed along the sea, mist and spray wrapped the boat like a curtain. Thought is scarcely quicker than the change. But as that veil closed round, Harris saw, or believed he saw, a craft emerge from that whirling darkness, and shoot across their trail. He crawled hurriedly to the tow-rope—it came loose to his hand.

For half an hour they ran before the storm. A soaked mattress held by men prostrate in the bows kept the sampan spinning at an awful rate. The Malays had all stripped to swim; through teeth chattering with cold, they commended their souls to Allah, or shouted unmeaningly as inaudibly. Almost as suddenly as it had begun, the hurly-burly ceased. For some moments more the rain fell, then lightened, then gave over—the mist vanished—and from the top of mountainous rollers they saw land at fifty yards' distance; they saw also the canoe beating upset on the sands, and a large prau just making shore beside it.

Harris snatched a paddle and turned his sampan to intercept. Summoned by their master's call, Dyaks and servants seconded him, for the crew sat uncomprehending or unwilling. It was a race not ill-matched. The pursued had more men, but a heavier boat, and both together came as near the sands as it was safe to venture without waiting an opportunity. At that point the other crew suddenly leaped overboard, abandoning their vessel. Harris did not hesitate. Gripping my knife between his teeth, he plunged into the rollers, dived, found footing; blinded, buffeted, he gained the shore.

he pursued were quicker. With a cry of fury and dismay, he watched Harris advancing. He recognised the Hadji, and, with his knife, rushed at him. But Malays are not easily enticed by sea and forest. Some ran to the near jungle, others, the Hadji, dashed again through the surf, gripped their vessel in the rollers, and swung themselves aboard. They caught their saddles, those still in the water shoved, and before justice reached them they had recovered control of their prau. Harris slipped deep into the surf. Swung off his legs, he swam. But it was in vain. The Hadji leaned over and mocked him as the boat pulled off. In the last effort of rage, Harris struck with all his might. Perhaps he injured his enemy—for certain, he made a great notch in the edge of my knife.

"What became of the fugitive?" asked everyone in Sarawak, when this adventure was reported.

"I cannot tell," Harris used to answer. "I half think I saw her lying in the prau, but it may have been fancy." The Malays would care very little whether his slave was recovered or not. If dead. If it was the former case, I pity her, for Malay laws of torture do not apply to runaways. Hadji Mummin was not so long as I stopped in the country, and his fifteen wives died, not disconsolate it was given us to understand, in a state of widowhood.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

ON the pleasant banks of the Tamar, as it winds along for seven miles above Saltash, dividing the two counties of Cornwall and Devon, I doubt if there is a more celebrated spot than Cothele; formerly the chief seat of a branch of the house of Edgcumbe, and now the "dowager house" of Mount Edgcumbe, whose residence on the Cornish shore between Devonport and Plymouth, gives him his title.

But the Edgcumbes of Edgcumbe are of far more antiquity than either the earldom or even the barony, having been seated at Edgcumbe, in the parish of Milton Abbot, near Tavistock, from all events, a very few years¹ after the Norman Conquest. I add, on the authority of Sir Bernard Burke, that this property has remained in the hands of the elder branch of the Edgcumbes, from the first down from sire to son, in unbroken male descent, for more than eight centuries. In 1353 William Edgcumbe, second son of the first Edgcumbe, "of that ilk," as they say in Scotland, contracted the hand and heart of a fair Cornish heiress, Hilaria, daughter of William, or Ralph, de Cothele, the owner of the barony of Cothele. It appears that she was given as a ward into the hands of the Black Prince, who disposed of his guardianship for her "so that she married without disparagement," in other words, to a husband of her own rank. There are reasons for believing that the young lady exercised on this occasion her own free choice.

the summer morning, when she became Mistress Edgcumbe, has stood in its consequences to the present hour, for the house and woods of Cothele have since owned no other lords than the Edgcumbes through well-nigh twenty generations.

Little is known of the personal history of Sir William and the lady Hilaria; but about their great-grandson—who was distinguished in his day as a soldier and a statesman—there is a romantic story, which may not be void of interest to my readers. First, however, I must briefly describe the house itself, which is one of the most curious and striking in the west of England, and like to no other mansion with which I am acquainted, except Ightham Moat, near Sevenoaks, to which it presents a very striking resemblance in many of its details, as well as in its general outline.

The edifice, which is of stone, and built like a college, in the shape of a quadrangle, dates from the reign of Henry VII., a time when the feudal castles of the Wars of the Roses were passing by a silent transition into the manor-houses of the Tudors. The entrance leads us through a stone archway into a small quadrangular court; we pass in beneath a large square tower surmounted with battlements, and on either side are the principal rooms. Access to some of these is gained through the great hall, a lofty, open-roofed apartment, upwards of 50 feet by 30, and which still displays all the characteristic appendages of feudal dignity. In the windows are emblematizations of the arms of the Edgcumbes and their various alliances. Suits of ancient armour, both plate and mail, once worn by the heads and various members of the family, still hang on the walls, much as they must have hung three hundred years ago, surrounded by pikes, halberds, arquebuses, swords, bows and arrows, and other implements of warfare; and at the lower end of the hall stands the figure of an ancient warrior, doubtless an Edgcumbe, armed all *cap-à-pie*. On either side are spoils of the chase, including antelopes' heads, stags' horns, and elephants' tusks, acquired more recently in other lands.

The chief apartments are hung with tapestry, and they are so furnished as to be in keeping with the building, the articles being mostly relics of "the olden time." There is a fine series of old family portraits on the grand staircase; and the bed in the state bedroom is covered with an ancient altar-cloth of rich crimson velvet, embroidered with figures of the twelve Apostles. This altar-cloth formerly adorned the family chapel, which forms part of the quadrangle, and to which it might appropriately be restored. Among the various specimens of antique art which adorn the rooms are

boldly carved ebony chairs, large brazen fire-dogs, exquisitely wrought cabinets, embroidered couches, grotesque drinking vessels of glass and earthenware, old china, curious lace, old books in abundance, and a MS. music book of the reign of Henry VIII. One of the upper rooms at all events could doubtless tell a tale or two if its walls could speak, as it was occupied for several nights by the "Merry Monarch;" and another apartment is pointed out as that in which, in August 1789, George III. and Queen Charlotte, with three of the royal princesses, breakfasted with the Earl and Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, when going to or coming from a review at Plymouth.

The grounds between the house and the river Tamar, which flows below, though scarcely seen on account of the foliage of the woods around them, are beautifully timbered. The Spanish chestnuts here are especially fine, and, spreading out their massive limbs, look as if ready to dispute with the proudest of the oaks for precedence.

Beneath the woods which clothe the steep sides of Cothele, and fringe the western bank of the Tamar, there is a narrow margin of meadow, near the landing-place by which the house is most conveniently approached. In this meadow, not ten yards from the water-side, stands a plain and unpretending little building, which those who sail or row by it might take for a summer-house or boat-house, though once, no doubt, its roof was surmounted by the cross. It is, in fact, a votive chapel, like those which we see on the banks of the Seine; and it was built to commemorate a very romantic incident which befel Sir Richard Edgcumbe, the great-grandson of the Lady Hilaria. It is, however, very highly prized not only by its owners, but also by the neighbouring villagers, all of whom regard it as a sort of Palladium, though few of them would like to enter its walls alone after nightfall. For is it not built in a dell which is tenanted by the pixies and other fairies?—and is not the ghost of its founder, Sir Richard de Edgcumbe, occasionally seen to visit it, seated on a horse whose nostrils breathe out fire? With your readers' permission I will tell the story which this chapel commemorates as nearly as I can in the very words of the present Lord Mount Edgcumbe, in a paper which he read a few months since, before the British Archæological Association, within the walls of Cothele itself.

The Sir Richard Edgcumbe, to whom I refer, was in his day not only the owner of Cothele, but also member for Tavistock; and he appears to have had a rather disagreeable neighbour who lived just across the river, at Beer Ferris; for the Lords of Mount Edgcumbe have among their archives a "plaint," or indictment, preferred by him against one Willoughby for damages done to his property, his servants,

and his goods and chattels, in which every hostile act—such as beating his vassals and carrying off his property—is assessed at a money value. This plaint, however, which bears date 1470, is of some historic value, as it explains why such country gentlemen's houses as Cothele, though they no longer took the form of actual castles, with "keeps" and moats and drawbridges, were built—even when the kingdom was not at war—with narrow doors, and still narrower windows, securely barred on the inside. It is not a little singular that this Willoughby and Sir Richard Edgcumbe—apparently having left off this unneighbourly strife—a few years afterwards held high places together at the Court of Henry VIII.

It is uncertain what part Richard Edgcumbe took in the struggles of the next few months, which ended in the defeat of the Lancastrian party at Tewkesbury, and the retirement, in consequence, of the young Earl of Richmond to Brittany. But it is on record that some twelve years afterwards he joined in the rising against Richard III., which was headed by the Duke of Buckingham, and of which the fair city of Exeter became one of the centres. And now follows the incident which the little votive chapel was built to commemorate.

The union of the insurrectionary forces being prevented by the flooding of the Severn, the Duke of Buckingham was taken and beheaded, and of his followers some were executed and the rest dispersed. It was then that Richard Edgcumbe was pursued into the woods of Cothele by a party headed, according to the local tradition, by Sir Henry Trenoweth, of Bodrigan, and narrowly escaped with his life, by throwing his cap weighted with a stone into the river from the rock where he lay concealed, so that the "hangers," i.e. the executioners, who were fast at his heels, on looking down into the river and seeing his cap floating down the stream, supposed that he had drowned himself in despair of escaping their hands by any other way. Accordingly they gave over their hunt after the fugitive, and withdrew to Saltash or some neighbouring village to drink King Richard's health, thereby leaving Sir Richard at liberty to effect his escape. Such being the case, it is no matter of wonder that he should have given them the slip by taking ship to Brittany, where he rejoined the prince in whose cause he had taken up arms.

In 1485 the Earl of Richmond, as every reader of history well knows, returned in person to England, in order to wrest the crown from the usurper, Richard. On this expedition he was accompanied by Richard Edgcumbe, who, after the battle of Bosworth Field, was made a knight-banneret and appointed comptroller of the king's household. He also received various other honours and offices, and

and powerful man, and one of the first things which he set on foot was to erect the little votive chapel near the spot where he had narrowly escaped with his life. He survived his accession to the throne and property, however, for only three years ; but these years were not unimportant ones. For, in the first place, he was almost immediately sent to France in order to receive the formal allegiance of officers and persons in places of public trust at Calais and a variety of places. The next year, as High Sheriff of Devonshire, he is mentioned as giving substantial aid to the king at the battle of Stoke against the pretender of the impostor, Lambert Simnel. Again, early in 1488, he was sent on an embassy to James III. of Scotland, with whom he succeeded in making a truce for seven years. Soon after, in the same year, he was despatched with 500 men to Ireland, where Lambert Simnel's rebellion had originated, in order to carry the king's pardon to the rebels, administer the oath of allegiance to the nobility, the gentry, and the commonalty of that realm. The diary of this expedition, now in a MS. in the Cottonian Library, is very quaint and interesting, describing how the Irish nobles from day to day attempted to get him off with all sorts of evasions and excuses for not taking the oath, how at last, when they proposed to take it in the afternoon, he refused to consent, but would have them all sworn in the forenoon, his chaplain of his own consecrating the Host upon which they were to be sworn ; how, even then, he could not get them for some days to fulfil their promises of fealty and recognizances without using threats and terrible words " to enforce his demands. He appears

any, who had befriended Henry VII. during his exile, died, after defeat by the French, at St. Aubyn, and Lord Willoughby de Eresborough was placed in command of 6,000 men, who were sent to the assistance of his daughter, the Duchess Anne. Sir Richard, on this occasion, was sent to inspect and to report upon the condition of the castles from Cornwall, and he soon afterwards went over to Brittany, whence, however, he never lived to return, dying at Morlaix in 1489. On setting sail from Penryn he made his will, at the beginning of which he entrusts and commends his soul to St. Thomas à Becket, the effigy of whom appeared on his monumental brass at Morlaix, of which there is a copy in facsimile in his little chapel at Cothele, the original having been destroyed when the church which contained it was plundered and desecrated during the first French Revolution.

But it is time that I proceeded to describe the little chapel itself in detail. We enter—it is happily broad daylight, and the sun shines brightly through the deep foliage on the chequered walls. Our eyes are struck with an inscription on the northern wall to the following effect:—

Richard Edgcumbe was driven to hide himself in those his thicke woods, to overlook the river, what time being suspected of favouring the Earl of Devon's party against King Richard the Third, hee was hotely pursued, and narrowly searched for; which extremity taught him a sudden policy, to put a stone cap, and tumble the same into the water, while these rangers were close upon his heels, who, looking down after the noyse, and seeing his cap swimming in the water, gave over their farther hunting, and left him at liberty to shift away, and to fly into Brittain; for a grateful remembrance of which delivery, hee afterwards builded in the place of his lurking, a chappel.

The chapel walls are adorned with several old paintings; and on the north wall still stands, just as though the Puritans of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had never existed, a gilt crucifix, and a little figure of Richard Edgcumbe's patron saint, St. Thomas à Becket, carved in wood. The east window displays some painted glass representing the Crucifixion, a female saint, St. George with the Dragon, and the arms of the Edgcumbes; while on the south wall is a painted memorial of Richard himself, the founder.

The story of Sir Richard Edgcumbe's escape is thus told by Cyrus Tindal in his "Illustrated Itinerary of Cornwall." Having gained safety upon his pursuers, the thought struck the knight just as he reached the summit of the rock whereon the chapel stands, to put a stone into his cap and fling it into the stream below, while he at the same time slipped down the face of the rock; for, although the rock was of a fearful height, roots, trunks, and branches of trees were hanging out of the chinks, by which it was easy to descend some

portion of the way, so far indeed as not to be seen from the summit. The rock projects over the water, and, therefore, its face is not visible from the same side of the river. Thinking he was drowned, Sir Richard's pursuers gave up the chase. He thus gained time to cross over into Brittany, and upon his return he built the chapel in grateful recollection of his escape. This version, it will be observed, differs but very slightly from the story as told in the monumental inscription given above, and repeated by Carew in his "History of Cornwall."

It was Piers Edgcumbe, the son of this Sir Richard, who was made a Knight of the Bath at the creation of Prince Arthur, having been a trusty supporter of Henry VII., and who, having obtained by marriage the property of West Stonehouse, built in the first year of Queen Mary's reign, the noble mansion of Mount Edgcumbe, on the site of the village which had been utterly destroyed by the French, and of which the very site and name alike have perished.

Another curious story, but one of more recent date, is told about Cothel. It was here that the mother of Richard Edgcumbe, the first Baron so created in 1742, was singularly recovered from death. She had been ill, had apparently expired, and her body had been deposited in the family vault. The interment over, the sexton, who knew that a gold ring was upon her finger, went into the vault, and, opening the coffin, proceeded to dislodge the superfluous ornament, and in so doing pinched the finger, perhaps not very mercifully. All at once he observed the body move; he became terror-struck and fled, leaving his lantern behind him. The lady soon recovered sufficiently to make her escape out of her coffin, and also from the place of her interment. She regained her health and lived to bear a son five years after this singular event. It may, therefore, fairly be supposed, as the question has been sceptically raised, that her husband was glad to have back again

His late espoused saint
Brought to him, like Alcestis, from the dead.

It may be added, for the benefit of tourists and travellers, that the venerable mansion of Cothel is situated only a few miles above Plymouth, between Saltash and Callington, and about three miles to the north of Pentillie Castle, about which, too, a strange tale is told. Cothel is quaintly described by Carew, in his "Survey of Cornwall," as "ancienne, large, strong, and fayre, and appurtenanced with the necessaries of wood, water, fishing, parkes, and milles, with the devotion (in times past) of a riche furnished chapelle, and charitie of alms-houses for certain poor people which the owners used to relieve."

EDWARD WALFORD.

TABLE-TALK.

THE question, What proportion of the dramatic work of the day is likely to rank as literature? scarcely admits of a ready answer. As a compensation, perhaps, for the immediate reward he receives both in pleasure and profit, the successful dramatist has to wait longer than any other literary craftsman before he can know how long the impression he has made upon the age is abiding. On the strength of such assertions as that in the *Retrospective Review*, "while the first edition and sheets of 'Paradise Lost' were struggling through the mists of bigotry and party prejudice for public reputation, the poems of Cleveland were poured forth in innumerable impressions," it has been maintained that an age cannot form a correct estimate of its great men. Fact, however, refutes the theory. The greatness of Dante, of Tasso, and all the Italian poets acknowledged in their own day. Voltaire in France and Goethe in Germany held in their lifetime the position subsequently accorded them. The verdict of the seventeenth century upon Dryden and of the eighteenth upon Pope have not been reversed. We know, too, that the position of such men as M. Victor Hugo, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Tennyson is secure. It would be easy to carry out the illustration, and show that all the active workers in literature may, as a rule, enjoy a foretaste of immortality, except the dramatist. It is, of course, not doubtful that works like "Le Roi sans Pitié" or "The Blot on the Scutcheon" will retain the position in literature already accorded them. The plays of Sheridan Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, Taylor (the author of "Philip van Artevelde"), and Alfred Lytton have established a foothold in letters. How about the writings, however, of living dramatists? Dr. Westland Marston's plays have been collected, as have those of Mr. Gilbert, while Mr. Taylor's historical dramas will shortly be published. Does the fact of their appearing in volumes justify them in claiming to be literature? An American critic mentions with naïve surprise that Gilbert's plays "are very good literature indeed." Has he ever read Dr. Marston's plays? I am disposed to ask. That Mr. Charles de Mowbray's dramas will be included in a collected edition of his works

theatrical effect and correspondingly intolerant of mere diction, will end by effecting a divorce between literature and stage as regards the major portion of modern dramas.

THE love of Art not only ennobles human nature, it endures with equanimity, and even in some cases with the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures. An artist was with me the other day how he had had the misfortune to empty a cup over the pink satin dress of the lady who sat next him at dinner. "You cannot imagine," said he, "a more exquisite contrast of hues. After two or three more experiments, the opportunity which does not, unfortunately, occur every day, I hope to be able to produce the lovely contrast of colour upon canvas." The same friend whose family is consumptive; there is no house in London, I believe, to which he does not make a visit, and which affords his artistic eye so exquisite a pleasure. "The delicacy of tint of those sweet children is beyond

AUSTRALIAN Universities seem likely to avoid the mistake that has often been levelled against Oxford and Cambridge, of leaving out of the curriculum the writings of English authors, and of sacrificing to the dead languages of Greece and Rome the English tongue which all men of English descent have so much reason to honour. A Shakespearian prize offered by Sir Hercules Ross, the Governor of New South Wales, has just been awarded to a student of the University of Sydney to Mr. J. Oliver, B.A. A stiff

indeed is it to winnow a handful of grain from the "vacant chaff" of our self-styled Shakespearian critics. Difficulties, it must be confessed, there are in the way of the student who seeks to understand every word that Shakespeare wrote. The general reader, however, who accepts the text of Dyce, or of Clarke and Wright, finds few passages the sense of which he cannot gather, and will do well to avoid the nebulous and perplexing alterations of those who supply fog and call it sunshine. To return, however, to my text, the precedent that is set in Sydney might with advantage be followed in England.

ANOTHER example not less worthy of imitation is furnished by the Government of New South Wales, which has given a commission to Mr. Woolner, R.A. for a bronze statue of Captain Cook, to be placed in a commanding position near Hyde Park, Sydney. The figure, undraped as yet, is in the studio of the artist. It is 13 feet in height, and will stand upon a pedestal of 22 feet. One hand of the navigator grasps his telescope, the other is extended in salutation to the land of which he is the discoverer. His face is lighted up like that of

Stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific.

With the rapture of the gaze is, however, blended a tenderness almost fearful. So noble is the work, so far as it has progressed, I am half inclined to grudge it to its future possessors. No site, however, can be more appropriate to it than the place on which the eye of the navigator first rested. There will be this further advantage, moreover, that if ever Red-Spinner extends his travels, and enlarges his notes, he may furnish readers of the *Gentleman's* with a description of this commanding figure, accompanied by the reflections it is likely to suggest.

WITH regard to these Gentlemen Helps," said a respectable maiden lady to a very witty matron (with daughters), whose acquaintance I am proud to boast of, "you may depend upon it that they will never stoop to low menial work."

"My dear Madam," was the reply, "it is the Hymeneal work that I am afraid of their rising to."

FROM the very earliest date at which we hear in English literature of the Turk, which is not very long after his first appearance in Europe, we find his name associated with all that is most fierce and savage. Shakespeare mentions the nose of Turk as

an ingredient in the Witches' caldron, classes always together Turk infidels, and Pagans, and talks of "a malignant and turbaned Turk." Goffe, who wrote two tragedies concerning Bajazet and Amurath, speaks of one as the courageous and the other the raging Turk. Gradually the name has passed into a species of by-word by which to denote a character of more than ordinary truculence. Whatever fitness there may have been in such applications of the term as were made when the Ottoman had seized on Greece, Servia, and Hungary, had established a foothold in Italy, and was constantly knocking at the gates of Vienna, is now lost, and it is well to ask, with a view to disabuse the minds of our politicians of the species of madness the mention of the word seems to excite, whether we may not with advantage substitute for it another term, Osmanli, a descendant of Othman, which the people themselves have selected. An inhabitant of Turkey in Europe does not speak of himself as a Turk, nor is he flattered when he is addressed as such. The term Osmanli is better in all respects, and its adoption might, perhaps, have some influence upon the future of politics. Othman himself was the head of a wandering tribe which took service under the Sultan of the Seljuk Turks. His son, Orchan, was the first to establish Mohammedan power in Europe. Amurath or Murad first fixed the Ottoman capital in Hadrianople. Bajazet was the first of his race to take the name of Sultan.

A LITERARY friend of mine, resident in Edinburgh, but who (probably from fear of the natives) has never, I believe, put his experiences in print, gave me some very curious information with respect to the general absence of humour in the North; he said that a professional beggar had stood on the North Bridge in the Scottish capital for years, with a placard on his breast, "Blind from my birth; I have seen better days," without a single individual having observed the contradiction in terms involved in that statement, until he pointed it out; when the man was deported from the town as an impostor.

In Princes Street there was a fountain, both for man and beast, around which was sculptured, "Water is not for man alone," and not a Scotchman in the place perceived (until he called their attention to it) that it was an encouragement to spirit-drinking.

Lastly, of the seriousness to which the good folks of all classes are prone, he used to relate that, wishing to learn how to play at Golf, he applied for some hand-book of the game at a well-known bookseller's; and this is what he got: "The Hand of Providence exemplified in the life of John B. Gough," the teetotal orator.

things are not funny I am labouring under a delusion as is.

the entire disruption of what is known as the "Long Firm" seems to be a gratifying result of the success of the late trial. Talented men expend in the attempt to obtain what does not to them is known only to those who have anything to sell all give as a proof of the risk that is run in ordinary commerce one experience, which I may almost call personal, since it is under my own observation. A London merchant came from the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, made some small purchases, gave fairly respectable references. He was trusted for two years, when suddenly he became insolvent. A meeting of creditors was held, and a composition of ten shillings in the pound was agreed upon. With many tears the merchant explained to the creditors how his losses were attributable to a scapegrace who had absconded with his father's property. He told, moreover, that he had met with little faith, to the effect that he was likely shortly to lose possession of considerable property, when his creditors paid him in full. A year or two later, to the astonishment of the insolvent was as good as his word. His debts were paid with interest, and a valuable service of plate was given to the worthy man for his punctiliousness and honesty. Fortified in credit no doubt by the result of these proceedings, he re-entered the manufacturing districts, and he was now ten-fold more largely than before, converted at once the goods into cash, and started to America to join the son who was one to prepare a home for him. Here, then, is a system of execution of which occupies years. It will be well if those who have at length obtained wholesale convictions against the "Long Firm," will now direct their attention to the robberies of which of late have become startlingly frequent. Such as those at the Duke of Cleveland's and elsewhere suggest more than the pitiful surroundings of an ordinary burglary. The hint of romance about them which would have inspired me to write a new sketch for the *Histoire des Treize*.

we remain in doubt as to the real nature of a Telephone. But if it is an instrument by aid of which messages can be conveyed orally over a large distance we learn. Speech and song travel along its wires or down its tubes, and the delighted people of Salem, Massachusetts, have been able to hear the grand and inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle" played in Boston.

eighteen miles off. If this invention is carried further it is hard to say what advance may not be anticipated. We may have music turned on like gas and water. A large hall, like the Albert Hall, for instance, can be filled wholly if we please with orchestra, and the audience can be seated comfortably at their residences at Surbiton or Croydon, or even it may be supposed at places still more remote. The student might hope for a serious gain if the barrel-organs, which are a source of such unmixed delight to the occupants of our areas, could then be kept in some central place instead of being carried round by the peripatetic minstrels with whom our streets are infested, and if those who are bountiful enough to supply their kitchens with the coveted enjoyment would have the requisite wires or tubes laid down.

IT is impossible to over-estimate the value of the discovery with which Professor Barff is now credited. According to the statements that have recently appeared, he has discovered a means of treating iron so as to save it from all danger of rust. By coating it under certain conditions with the magnetic oxide of iron, an exterior is obtained harder than iron, not to be separated from it, and wholly incapable of rust. That the time is ripe for the discovery will be granted, and the man who makes it, supposing all promises to be fulfilled, is entitled to the civic crown we are so chary in bestowing.

APROPOS of my recent observations upon the frequency of fires in theatres, the destruction of the Chesnut-Street Theatre in Philadelphia supplies a striking proof how terrible are the risks incurred by buildings of this class. It was long of course before a theatre was tolerated in the Quaker city. It is not accordingly until 1798, when what was known as Sailson's Amphitheatre was destroyed, that we hear of a calamity of this description. Between this date and the present year, however, no less than a score theatres and concert-rooms in Philadelphia have succumbed to fire. One of these should in justice be excluded from the reckoning, since its destruction was attributable not to accident, but to the direct action of a mob, the Puritan part of which its title—Vauxhall Gardens—may be supposed to have provoked.

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MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MAN OF THE TIME.

SEVERAL days passed away, and Minola heard no more from Mr. Sheppard. She continued in a state of much agitation ; her nerves, highly strung, were sharply jarred by the news of the approaching death of Mrs. Saulsbury. It was almost like watching outside a door, and counting the slow, painful hours of some lingering life within, while yet one may not enter and look upon the pale face, and mingle with the friends or the mourners, but is shut out and left to ask and wait ; it was like this, the time of suspense which Minola passed, not knowing whether the wife of her father was alive or dead. As is the way of all generous natures, it was now Minola's impulse to accuse and blame herself because there had been so little of mutual forbearance in her old home at Keeton. She kept wondering whether things might not have gone better, if she had said and done this or that ; or, if she had not said and done something else. Full of this feeling, she wrote a long emotional letter to Mr. Saulsbury, which she begged of him to read to his wife, if she were in a condition to hear it. The letter was suffused with generous penitence and self-humiliation. It was a letter which perhaps no impartial person could have read without becoming convinced that its writer must have been in the right in most of the controversies of the past.

The letter did not reach the eyes or ears for which it was particularly intended. Minola received a coldly forgiving answer from Mr. Saulsbury—forgiving her upon his own account, which was

more than Minola had sought—but adding, that he had not thought it desirable to withdraw, for a moment, by the memory of earthly controversies, the mind of his wife from the contemplation of that well-merited heaven which was opening upon her. Great goodness has one other advantage in addition to all the rest over unconverted error ; it can, out of its own beatification, find a means of rebuking those with whom it is not on terms of friendship. The expected ascent of Mrs. Saulsbury into heaven became another means of showing poor Minola her own unworthiness. Mr. Saulsbury closed by saying that Mrs. Saulsbury might linger yet a little, but that her apotheosis (this, however, was not his word) was only a question of days.

There was nothing left for Minola but to wait, and now accuse and now try to justify herself. Many a time there came back to her mind the three faces on the mausoleum in Keeton, the symbols of Life, Death, and Eternity ; and she could not help wondering whether the mere passing through the portal of death could all at once transfigure a cold, narrow-minded, peevish, egotistical human creature into the soul of lofty calmness and ineffable sweetness, all peace and love, which the sculptor had set out in his illustration of humanity's closing state.

Meantime, she kept generally at home, except for her familiar walks in the Park, and her now less frequent visits to the British Museum and to South Kensington. Lucy Money, surprised at her absence, hunted her up, to use Lucy's own expression, and declared that she was looking pale and wretched, and that she must come over to Victoria Street, and pass a day or two there, for companionship and change. Mary Blanchet, too, pressed Minola to go ; and at last she consented, not unwilling to be taken forcibly out of her self-inquisition and her anxieties for the moment. She had made no other acquaintances, and seemed resolute not to make any ; but there was always something peculiarly friendly and genial to her in the atmosphere of the Moneys' home. The whole family had been singularly kind to her, and their kindness was absolutely disinterested. Minola could not but love Mrs. Money, and could not but be a little amused by her ; and there was something very pleasing to her in Mr. Money's strong common sense and blunt originality. Minola liked, too, the curious little peeps at odd groupings of human life which she could obtain by sitting for a few hours in Mrs. Money's drawing-room. All the *Schwärmeret* of letters, politics, art, and social life seemed to illustrate itself "in little" there.

Minola, when she accompanied Lucy to her home, was taken by the girl up and down to this room and that to see various new things

that had been bought, and the two young women entered Mrs. Money's drawing-room a little after the hour when she usually began to receive visitors. A large lady, who spoke with a very deep voice, was seated in earnest conversation with Mrs. Money.

"This is my darling, sweet Lucy, I perceive," the lady said in tones of soft rolling thunder as the young women came in.

"Oh! Lady Limpenny!"

"Come here, child, and embrace me! But this is not your sister? My sight begins to fail me so terribly; we must expect it, Mrs. Money, at our time of life."

Lucy tossed her head at this, and could hardly be civil. She was always putting in little protests, more or less distinctly expressed, against Lady Limpenny's classification of Mrs. Money and herself as on the same platform in the matter of age, and talking so openly of "their time of life." In truth, Mrs. Money was still quite a young-looking woman, while Lady Limpenny herself was a remarkably well-preserved and even handsome matron, a little perhaps too full-blown, and who might at the worst have sat fairly enough for a portrait of Hamlet's mother, according to the popular dramatic rendering of Queen Gertrude.

"No; this young lady is taller than Theresa. I can see that, although I have forgotten my glass. I always forget or mislay my glass."

"This is Miss Grey—Miss Minola Grey," said Mrs. Money. Lady Limpenny, allow me to introduce my dear young friend, Miss Minola Grey."

"Dear child, what a sweet pretty name! Now tell me, dearest, where did your people find out that name? I should so like to know."

"I think it was found in Shakespeare," Minola answered; "it was my mother's choice, I believe."

"A name in the family, no doubt. Some names run in families. I dare say you have had a—what is it?—Minola—in your family in every generation. One cannot tell the origin of these things—I have often thought of making a study of family names. Now, my name—Laura—there never was a generation of our family; we are the Tomleys—there never was a generation of the Atomleys without Laura. Now, how curious, in my husband's family—Sir James Limpenny—in every generation one of the girls was always called by the pet name of 'Chat.' Up to the days of the Conquest, I do believe—or is it the Confessor, perhaps?—you would find a Chat Limpenny."

"There is a *Chin Moss* somewhere near Manchester," said Lucy smiling, still not improving the remark about the time of life. "We crossed it once in a railway."

"Oh, but that has nothing to do with it, Lucy darling—nothing at all. I am speaking of girls, you know—girls called by a pet name. I have said that name was in my husband's family—oh, long before the place you speak of was ever discovered. But now, Miss Grey, do just excuse me again—such a very charming name—Minola! But just do excuse me, may I ask is that hair all your own? One is curious, you know, when one sees such wonderful hair."

"Yes, Lady Limpenny," Minola said imperturbably; "my hair is all my own."

"I should think Nola's hair was all her own, indeed," Lucy struck in. "I have seen her doing it a dozen times; not likely that she would put on false hair."

"But my sweet child, I do assure you that's nothing now," the magnanimous Lady Limpenny went on. "Almost everybody wears it now—it's hardly any pretence any more. That's why I asked Miss Grey—because I thought she perhaps wouldn't mind, seeing that we are all women, we here. And it is such wonderful hair—and it is all her own."

"Yes," murmured Lucy, "all her own; and her teeth are her own too, and even her eyes."

"She has beautiful eyes indeed—you have, my dear," the good-natured Lady Limpenny went on, having only caught the last part of Lucy's interrupted sentence. "But that does not surprise one; at least I mean, when we see lovely eyes, we don't fancy that the wearer of them has bought them in a shop—but hair is very different,—and that is why I took the liberty of asking this young lady. But now, my young Thomas Money, may I ask again about your husband? Do you know that I was to see him particularly I came to-day—not you, yes indeed. But you are not angry with me—I know you don't care. I don't want to have his advice on this very, very important matter."

"Oh, dear, will you ask your papa if he will come down for a few moments—I know he will—to see Lady Limpenny."

Mr. Money's ways were well known to Lady Limpenny. He was usually if disturbed by a servant, unless there was the most extraordinary and sufficient reason, but he would put up with a great deal of intrusion from Lucetta. The very worst that could happen

Lucetta was to have one of her pretty ears gently pulled. So when he was to disturb him unabashed, although she knew he was disposed to chaff Lady Limpenny.

"But you really don't mean to say that you are going to part with all your china—with your uncle's wonderful china?" Mrs. Money asked with eyes of almost tearful sympathy, resuming the talk which Minola's entrance had disturbed.

"My darling, yes! I must do it! It is unavoidable."

Minola assumed that this was some story of sudden impoverishment, and she could not help looking up at the lady with wondering and regretful eyes, although not knowing whether she ought to have heard the remark, or whether she was not a little in the way.

Lady Limpenny caught the look.

"This dear young lady is sympathetic, I know, and I am sure she loves china, and can appreciate my sacrifice. But it ought not to be a sacrifice: it is a duty—a sacred duty."

"But is it?" Mrs. Money pleaded.

"Dearest, yes! My soul was in danger. I was in danger every hour of breaking the first Commandment! My china was becoming my idolatry! There was a blue set which was coming between me and Heaven. I was in danger of going on my knees to it every day. I found that my whole heart was becoming absorbed in it! One day it was borne in upon me; it came on me like a flash. It was the day I had been to hear Christie and Manson——"

"To hear what?" Mrs. Money asked in utter amazement.

"Oh, what have I been saying? Christie and Manson! My dear, that only shows you the turn one's wandering, sinful thoughts will take! I mean, of course, Moody and Sankey;—what a shame to confuse such names."

"Oh, Moody and Sankey," Mrs. Money said again, becoming clear in her mind.

"Well, it flashed upon me there that I was in danger; and I saw where the danger lay. Darling, I made up my mind that moment! When I came home, I rushed—positively rushed—into Sir James's study. 'James,' I said, 'don't remonstrate, pray don't; my mind is made up—I'll part with all my china.'"

"Dear me!" Mrs. Money gently observed. "And Sir James—what did he say?"

"Well," Lady Limpenny went on, with an air of disappointment, he only said 'All right,' or something of that kind. He was writing, and he hardly looked up. He doesn't care." And she sighed.

"But how good he is not to make any objection!"

"Yes, oh yes; he is the best of men. But he thinks I won't do it, after all."

Mrs. Money smiled.

"Now, Theresa Money, I wonder at you! I do really. Of course I know what you are smiling at—you, too, believe I won't do it. Do you think I would sacrifice my soul—deliberately sacrifice my soul—even for china? You, dearest, might have known me better."

"But would one sacrifice one's soul?"

"Darling, with my temperament, yes! Alas, yes! I know it; and, therefore, I am resolved. Oh, here is Mr. Money. But not alone!"

Mr. Money entered the room, but not alone, indeed, for there came with him a very tall man, whom Minola did not know; and then, a little behind them, Lucy Money and Victor Heron. Mr. Money spoke to Lady Limpenny, and then, with his usual friendly warmth, to Minola; and then he presented the new-comer, Mr. St. Paul, to his wife.

Mr. St. Paul attracted Minola's attention from the first. He was very tall, as has been said, but somewhat stooped in the shoulders. He had a perfectly bloodless face, with keen, bold blue eyes; his square, rather receding forehead showed deep horizontal lines when he talked, as if he were an old man; and he was nearly bald. His square chin and his full firm lips were bare of beard or moustache. He might at times have seemed an elderly man, and yet one soon came to the conclusion that he was a young man looking prematurely old. There was a curious hardihood about him, which was not swagger, and which had little of carelessness, or, at all events, of joyousness, about it. He was evidently what would be called a gentleman, but the gentleman seemed somehow to have got mixed up with the rowdy. Minola promptly decided that she did not like him. She could hear Mr. St. Paul talking in a loud, rapid, and strident voice to Mrs. Money, apparently telling her, off-hand, of travel and adventure.

Lady Limpenny had seized possession of Mr. Money, and was endeavouring to get his advice about the sale of her china, and impress him with a sense of the importance of saving her soul. Minola was near Mrs. Money, and had just bowed to Victor Heron, when Mr. St. Paul turned his blue eyes upon her.

"This is your elder daughter, I presume," he said; "may I be introduced, Mrs. Money? Your husband told me she was not so handsome as her sister, but I really can't admit that."

Mrs. Money was not certain for a moment whether her daughter Theresa might not have come into the room, but when she saw that he was looking at Miss Grey, she said, in her deep tone of melancholy kindness,

"No, this is not my daughter, Mr. St. Paul ; and even with all a mother's partiality, I have to own that Theresa is not nearly so handsome as this young lady. Miss Grey, may I introduce Mr. St. Paul? Miss Grey comes from Duke's-Keeton. Mr. St. Paul and you ought to be acquaintances."

"Oh, you come from Duke's-Keeton, Miss Grey!" and he dropped Mrs. Money, and drew himself a chair next to Minola. "So do I—I believe I was born there. Do you like the old place?"

"No ; I don't think I like it."

"Nor I ; in fact, I hate it. Do you live there now?"

She explained that she had now left Keeton for good, and was living in London. He laughed.

"I left it for good long ago, or for bad. I have been about the world for ever so many years ; I've only just got back to town. I've been hunting in Texas, and rearing cattle in Kansas—that sort of thing. I left Keeton because I didn't get on with my people."

Minola could not help smiling at what seemed the odd similarity in their history.

"You smile because you think it was no wonder they didn't get on with me, I suppose? I left long ago—cut and run long before you were born. My brother and I don't get on ; never shall, I dare say. I am generally considered to have disgraced the family. He's gone back to Keeton, where he hasn't been for years ; and so am I, for a while. He's been travelling in the East, and living in Italy, and all that sort of thing, while I've been hunting buffaloes and driving cattle out West."

"Are you going to settle in Keeton now?" Miss Grey asked, for lack of anything else to say.

"Not I ; oh, no ! I don't suppose I could settle anywhere now. You can't, I think, when you've got into the way of knocking about the world. I don't know a soul down there now, I suppose. I'm going to Keeton now chiefly to annoy my brother." And he laughed a laugh of half-cynical good humour, and thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"A Christian purpose," Miss Grey said.

"Yes, isn't it? We were always like that, I assure you ; the elders and the youngers never could hit off—always quarrelling. I'm one of the youngers, though you wouldn't think so to look at me, Miss Grey? Do look at me."

Miss Grey looked at him very composedly. He gazed into her bright eyes with undisguised admiration.

"Well, I'm going to thwart my good brother in Keeton. He's

man."

"Deuce he is ! but not a lively sort of man, I should

"No ; not exactly lively."

"No ; he wouldn't suit my brother if he was. He is a friend of yours ? Well, we're going to oppose him for something. How very glad my brother will be to see me. I pass for a regular scamp in the memories of you know. You must have heard of me, Miss Grey. No ? Before I suppose. Besides, I didn't call myself St. Paul then ; it's my name in America ; it's my mother's family name ;—they wouldn't remember about me, even if you had heard of the mausoleum in the park, I dare say ?"

"Very well indeed. It used to be a favourite place

"Ah, yes, my last offence was shooting off pistols at the heads over the entrance, you know. One of them was my mark to his last day, I believe."

"Yes ; I remember noticing that the face of Death looked out of it—a small hole."

He laughed again.

"Just so. That's my mark. Poor father ! It was the end of his life to build that confounded thing, and he didn't live all. My brother, I am told, proposes to occupy part of the time. They won't put me there, you may be sure."

"Your brother is the Duke ?" Minola said, a faint memory came to her about a wild youth of the family who had had

Mr. St. Paul evidently delighted to hear himself talk.

"It must be a very dangerous place to live in," Minola said, wishing he would talk to somebody else.

"Well, there's the chance of getting your hair raised by the Indians. Do you know what that means—having your hair raised?"

"I suppose being scalped."

"Exactly. Well, that's a danger. But it isn't so much a danger if you don't go about in gangs. That's the mistake fellows make; they think it's the safe thing to do, but it isn't. Go about in parties of two, and the Indians never will see you—never will notice you."

Minola's eyes happened at this moment to meet those of Heron.

"You know Heron?"

"Oh, yes; very well."

"A good fellow—very good fellow, though he has such odd philanthropic fads about niggers and man and a brother, and all that sort of thing. Got into a nice mess out there in St. Xavier's, didn't he?"

"I heard that his conduct did him great honour," Minola said warmly.

"Yes, yes—of course, yes; if you look at it in that sort of way. But these black fellows, you know, it really isn't worth a man's while bothering about them. They're just as well off in slavery as not—deuced deal better, I think; I dare say some of their kings and chiefs think they have a right to sell them if they like. I told Heron at the time I wouldn't bother if I were he. Where's the use, you know?"

"Were you there at the time?" Minola asked, with some curiosity.

"Yes, I was there. I'd been in the Oregon country, and I met with an accident, and got a fever, and all that; and I wanted a little rest and a mild climate, you know; and I made for San Francisco, and some fellows there told me to go to these Settlements of ours in the Pacific, and I went. I saw a good deal of Heron—he was very hospitable and that, and then this row came on. He behaved like a deuced young fool, and that's a fact."

"He was not understood," said Minola, "and he has been treated very badly by the Government."

"Of course he has. I told him they would treat him badly. They wouldn't understand all his concern about black fellows—how could they understand it? Why didn't he let it alone? The fellow who's out there now, you won't find him bothering about such things, you bet—as we say out West, if you will excuse such a rough expression, Miss Grey. But of course Heron has been treated very badly, and we are going to run him for Duke's-Keeton."

Several visitors had now come in, and Mr. Heron contrived to change his position and cross over to the part of the room where Minola was.

"Look here, Heron," Mr. St. Paul said, "you have got a staunch ally here already. Miss Grey means to wear your colours, I dare say—do they wear colours at elections now in England?—I don't know—and you had better canvass her for her influence in Keeton. If I were an elector of Keeton, I'd vote for the Pope or the Sultan if Miss Grey asked me."

Meanwhile, Lady Limpenny was pleading her cause with Mr. Money. It may be said that Lady Limpenny was the wife of a physician who had been knighted, and who had no children. Her husband was wholly absorbed in his professional occupations, and never even thought of going anywhere with his wife, or concerning himself about what she did. He knew the Money women professionally, and except professionally he could not be said to know anybody. Lady Limpenny, therefore, indulged all her whims freely. Her most abiding or most often recurring whim was an anxiety for the salvation of her soul, but she had passionate flirtations meanwhile with china, poetry, flowers, private theatricals, lady-helps, and other pastimes and questions of the hour.

"You'll never part with that china," Mr. Money said; "you know you can't."

"Oh, but my dear Money, you don't understand my feelings. You are not, you know—an old friend may say so—you are not a religious man. You have not been penetrated by what I call religion—not yet, I mean."

"Not yet, certainly. Well, why don't you send to Christie and Manson's at once?"

"But, my dear Money, to part with my china in *that* way, to have it sent all about the world perhaps. Oh, no! I want to part with it to some friend who will let me come and see it now and again."

"Have you thought of this, Lady Limpenny? Suppose, when you have sold it, you go to see it now and then, and covet it—covet your neighbour's goods, perhaps long even to steal it. Where is the spiritual improvement then?"

"Money! You shock me! You horrify me! Could that be possible? Is there such weakness in human nature?"

"Quite possible, I assure you. You have been yourself describing the influence of these unregulated likings. How do you know that they may not get the better of you in another way? Take my advice, and keep your china. It will do you less harm in your own possession than in that of anybody else."

"If I could think so, my dear Money!"

"Think it over, my dear Lady Limpenny; look at it from this point of view, and let me know your decision—then we can talk about it again."

Lady Limpenny relapsed for a while into reflection, with a doubtful and melancholy expression upon her face. Money, however, had gained his point, or, as he would himself have expressed it, "choked her off" for the moment.

"I don't like your new friend," said Minola to Victor.

"My new friend? Who's he?"

"Your friend Mr. St. Paul."

"Oh, he isn't a new friend, or a friend at all. He is rather an old acquaintance, if anything."

"Well, I don't like him."

"Nor I. Don't let yourself be drawn into much talk with him."

"No? Then there *is* somebody you don't like, Mr. Heron. That's a healthy sign. I really thought you liked all men and all women, without exception."

"Well, I am not good at disliking people, but I don't like *him*, and I didn't like to see him talking to you."

"Indeed? Yet he is a political ally of yours and of Mr. Money now."

"That's a different thing; and I don't know anything very bad of him, only I had rather you didn't have too much to say to him. He's a rowdy, that's all. If I had a sister, I shouldn't care to have him for an acquaintance of hers."

"Is it a vice to know him?"

"Almost, for women," Heron said abruptly; and presently, having left Minola, interposed, as if without thinking of it, between Lucy Money and St. Paul, who was engaging her in conversation.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MIDNIGHT CONFIDENCE.

MR. ST. PAUL stayed to dinner that day, being invited by Money without ceremony, and accepting the invitation in the easiest way. Victor Heron declined to remain. The family and Minola, with Mr. St. Paul, made up the party. St. Paul was very attentive to Mrs. Money, who appeared to be delighted with him. He talked all through the dinner—he hardly ever stopped; he had an adventure in

Texas, or in Mexico, or in the South Sea Islands, *à propos* of everything ; he seemed equally pleased whether his listeners believed or disbelieved his stories, and he talked of his own affairs with a cool frankness, as if he was satisfied that all the world must know everything about him, and that he might as well speak bluntly out. He could not be called cynical in manner, for cynicism presupposes a sort of affectation, a defiance, or a deliberate *pose* of some kind, and St. Paul seemed absolutely without affectation—completely self-satisfied and easy. Victor had spoken of him as “a rowdy, that’s all.” But that was not all. He was—if such a phrase could be tolerated—a “gentleman rowdy.” His morals and his code of honour seemed to be those of a Mexican horse-stealer, and yet anybody must have known that he was by birth and early education an English gentleman.

“I don’t think I know a soul about town,” he said. “I looked in at the club once or twice—always kept up my subscription there during my worst of times—and I didn’t see a creature I could recollect. I dare say the people who know my brother won’t care to know me. I did leave such a deuce of a reputation behind me ; and they’ll all be sure to think I haven’t got a red cent—a penny, I mean. There they are mistaken. Somehow, the money-making gift grows on you out West.”

“Why don’t you settle down ?” Money asked. “Get into Parliament, marry, range yourself, and all that—make up with your brother, and be all right. You have plenty of time before you yet.”

“My good fellow, what do you call plenty of time ? Look at me—I’m as bald as if I were a judge.”

“Oh, bald ! that’s nothing. Everybody is bald nowadays.”

“But I’m thirty-five ! Thirty-five—think of that, young ladies ! a grizzled, grim old fogey—what is it Thackeray says ?—all girls know Thackeray. Who on earth would marry me ? My brother and his wife have given me such a shockingly bad character. Some of it I deserved, perhaps ; some of it, I didn’t. They think I have disgraced the family name, I dare say. What did the family name do for me, I should like to know ? Out in Texas we didn’t care much about family names.”

“I entirely agree with your view of things, Mr. St. Paul,” Mrs. Money said, in her soft melancholy tone. “England is destroyed by caste and class. I honour a man of family who has the spirit to put away such ideas.”

“Oh, it would be all well enough if one were the eldest brother, and had the money, and all that. I should like to be the Duke, I dare say, well enough. But I can’t be that, and I’ve been very happy

hunting buffaloes for months together, and no one but an old Indian to speak to. I don't disgrace the Duke's family name, for I've dropped, nor any courtesy title, for I don't use any. I believe they have forgotten me altogether in Keeton. Miss Grey tells me so."

"Excuse me," Minola said, "I didn't say that, for I didn't know. I only said I didn't remember hearing of you by your present name; but I didn't know any of the family at the Castle. We belonged to the towns-people, and were not likely to have much acquaintance with the Castle."

"Except at election time—I know," St. Paul said, with a laugh. "Well, I'm worse off now, for they won't know *me* even at election time."

Then the talk went off again under St. Paul's leadership, and most by his sole effort, to his adventurous life, and he told many stories of fights with Indians, of vigilance committees, of men hanged for horse-stealing, and of broken-down English scamps, who either got killed or made their fortune out West. A cool contempt for human life was made specially evident. "I like a place," the narrator more than once observed, "where you can kill a man if you want to and no bother about it." Perhaps still more evident was the contempt for every principle but that of comradeship.

After dinner Mr. St. Paul only showed himself in the drawing-room for a moment or two, and then took his leave.

"Papa," Lucy said instantly, "do tell us all about Mr. St. Paul."

"Are you curious to know something about him, Miss Grey?" Money asked.

"Well, he certainly seems to be an odd sort of person. He is so unlike what I should imagine a pirate of romance."

"Not a bad hit. He is a sort of pirate out of date. But he represents, with a little exaggeration, a certain tendency among younger sons to-day. Some younger sons, you know, are going into trade; some are working at the bar, or becoming professional journalists; some are rearing sheep in Australia, and cattle in Kansas and Texas. It's a phase of civilisation worth observing, Miss Grey, to you who go in for being a sort of little philosopher."

"Dear papa, how can you say so? Nola does not go in for being anything so dry and dreadful."

"The tendencies of an aristocracy must always interest a thoughtful mind like Miss Grey's, Lucy," Mrs. Money said gravely. "There is at least something hopeful in the mingling of classes."

"In young swells becoming drovers and rowdies?" Money observed. "Hum! well, as to that—" and he stopped.

"I think I am a little interested in him," Minola said ; "but only personally, not philosophically."

"Well, that's nearly all about him. He was a scamp, and he knocked about the world, and settled, if that can be called settling, out West for a while ; and he has made money, and I hope he has sown his wild oats ; and he has come home for variety, and, I think, to annoy his brother. I met him in Egypt, and I knew him in England too ; and so he came to see me, and he found a sort of old acquaintance in Heron. That's all. He's a clever fellow, and not a bad fellow in his way. I dare say he would have made a very decent follower of Drake or of Raleigh if he had been born at the right time."

Minola's attention was drawn away somewhat from the character, adventures, and philosophical interest of Mr. St. Paul to observe some peculiarity in the manner of Lucy Money. Although Lucy had set out by declaring herself wildly eager to know something about St. Paul, she very soon dropped out of the conversation, and drew listlessly away. After a while she sat at the piano, and began slowly playing some soft and melancholy chords. Minola had been observing something of a change in Lucy this present visit, something that she had not seen before. Mr. Money presently went to his study ; the women all dispersed, and Minola sat in her bedroom, and wondered within herself whether anything was disturbing Lucy's bright little mind.

It was curious to note how Lucy Money's soft ways had won upon Minola. Lucy twined herself round the affections of the stronger girl, and clung to her. Mrs. Money was pleased, amused, and touched by the sight. The calm Theresa was a little annoyed, considering Lucy to show thereby a lack of the composure and dignity befitting a woman ; and Mary Blanchet was sometimes disposed to be jealous. Minola herself was filled with affectionate kindness for the overgrown child, not untempered with a dash of pity and wonder. She was sometimes inclined to address the girl in certain lines from Joanna Baillie, forgotten now even of most readers of poetry, and ask her, "Thou sweetest thing that e'er didst fix its lightly-fibred spray on the rude rock, ah ! would'st thou cling to *me* ?" For whatever the outer world and its lookers-on may have thought of her, it is certain that Minola did still believe herself to be cold, unloving, hard to warm towards her fellow-beings. The unrestrained, unaffected love of Lucy filled her at once with surprise and a sweeter, softer feeling.

So when she heard the patter of feet at her door she hardly had to wait for the familiar tap and the familiar voice to know that





"There, that is perfectly beautiful!"

Lucelet was there. Minola opened the door, and Lucelet came in with her hair all loosely around her, and her eyes sparkling.

"May I sit a little and talk?" and, without waiting for an answer, she coiled herself on the hearthrug near the chair on which Minola had been sitting. "You sit there again, Nola. Are you glad to see me?"

"Very, very glad, Lucy dear."

"Do you love me, master?—no?" For Minola had, among other things, been teaching Lucy to read Shakespeare, and Lucy had just become enamoured of Ariel's tender question, and was delighted to turn it to her own account.

"Dearly, my delicate Ariel," said Minola, carrying on the quotation; and Lucy positively crimsoned with a double delight, having her quotation understood and answered, and an assurance of affection given.

"Why don't you let down your hair, Nola? Do let me see it now completely down. I'll do it—allow me." And she sprang up, came behind Minola, and "undid" all her hair, so that it fell around her back and shoulders. Minola could hardly keep from blushing to be thus made a picture of and openly admired. "There, that is perfectly beautiful! You look like Lady Godiva, or like the Fair One with the Golden Locks, if you prefer that. Did you ever read the story of 'The Fair One with the Golden Locks,' when you were a little girl? Oh, please leave your hair just as it is, and let me look at it for a while. Do you remember Laç, impenny's nonsense to-day?"

Minola allowed her to please herself, and they began to talk; but after the first joy of coming in, Lucy seemed a little *distracte*, and not quite like herself. She fell into little moments of silence every now and then, and sometimes looked up into Minola's face as if she were going to say something, and then stopped.

Minola saw that her friend had something on her mind; but thought it best not to ask her any questions, feeling sure that if Lucy had anything she wished to say, Lucy would not keep it long unsaid.

After a moment's pause, "Nola!"

"Yes, dear."

"You don't much like men in general?"

"Well, Lucy dear, I don't know that anybody much likes men in general, or women either. Good Christians say that they love all their brothers and sisters, but I don't suppose it's with a very ardent love."

"But you rather go in for not liking men as a rule, don't you?"

Minola was a little amused by the words "go in for not liking men." They seemed to be what she knew Lucy never meant them for—a sort of rebuke to the affectation which would formally pose itself as misanthropic. Minola had of late begun to entertain doubts as to whether a certain amount of half-conscious egotism and affectation did not mingle in her old-time proclamations of a dislike to men.

"I think I rather did go in for not liking men, Lucy; but I think I am beginning to be a little penitent. Perhaps I was rather general in my ideas; perhaps the men I knew best were not very fair specimens of the human race; perhaps men in general don't very much care what I think of them."

"Any man would care if he knew you, especially if he saw you with your hair down like that. But, anyhow, you don't dislike *all* men?"

"Oh, no, dear. How could I dislike your father, Lucelet?"

"No," Lucy said, looking round with earnest eyes; "who could dislike him, Nola? I am so fond of him; I could say almost anything to him. If you knew what I have lately been talking to him about, you would wonder. Well, but he is not the only man you don't dislike; I am sure you don't dislike Mr. Heron." Her eyes grew more enquiring and eager than before.

"No, indeed, Lucy; I don't think anyone could dislike him, either."

"I am delighted to hear you say so; but I want you to say *some* more. Tell me what you think of Mr. Heron; I am curious to know. You are so much more clever than I, and you can understand people and see into them. Tell me exactly what you see in Mr. Heron."

"Why do you want to know all this, Lucy?"

"Because I want to hear your opinion very particularly, for you are not a hero-worshipper, and you don't admire men in general. Some girls are such enthusiastic fools that they make a hero out of every good-looking young man they meet. But you are not like that, Nola."

"Oh, no! I am not like that," Nola echoed, not without a thought that now, perhaps, there were moments when she almost wished she were.

"Well, then, tell me. First, do you think Mr. Heron handsome?"

"Yes, Lucy; I think he is handsome."

"Then, do you like him? Do tell me what you think of him."

"In the name of heaven," Minola asked herself, "why should I not speak the truth in answer to so plain and innocent a question?" She answered quietly, and looking straight forward at the fire,

like Mr. Heron very much, Lucy. I don't know many young men especially,—but I like him better than any young man I have met as yet."

"Yes, yes ; I am glad to hear you say that," Lucy said, smiling eyes, and growing good-humouredly saucy in her very

"As yet ! Yes, you put that in well, Nola."

"Now so, dear ?"

"Yes, you know. Because of the one yet to present himself ; the possible He—nearly impossible, though—who is to be fit for him. I tell you I shall scrutinise him before I allow his pretensions to pass. Well, now, about Mr. Heron ?"

"I think him a very brave, generous, and noble-hearted young man. I think he has not a selfish thought or a mean purpose about him. I think he has spirit and talent ; and I hope one day to see that he has made himself an honourable name."

She turned now to Minola a pair of eyes that were moist with

"Tell me, Nola,"—and her voice grew a little tremulous—"don't think he is a man a woman might fall in love with ?"

There was a moment's silence, and Lucy leaned upon Nola's shoulder eagerly looking into her face. Then Nola answered, in a measured undertone,

"Yes, Lucy ; I do indeed. I think he is a man a woman might fall in love with."

"Thank you, Nola ; that is all I wanted to ask you."

There was another pause.

"Nola !"

"Yes, Lucy."

"You don't ask me anything."

"Perhaps, dear, because there is nothing I want to know."

"Then you *do* guess ?"

"Yes, dear, I do guess."

"Well—but what ?"

"I suppose—that you are—engaged to Mr. Heron."

She started up with her face all on fire.

"No, Nola, dear darling ! you have guessed too much. I have told you, and not asked you to guess at all. We're not engaged. Oh, no. It's only—well, it's only—it's only that I am in love with him, Nola. Oh, yes, so much in love with him that I don't like to live if he didn't care about me—no, not one day !" Lucy hid her head in Minola's lap and sobbed like a little

Perhaps the breakdown was of service to both the girls. It allowed poor Lucy to relieve her long pent-up feelings, and it gave Minola time to consider the meaning of the revelation as composedly as she could, and to think of what she ought to say and do.

Lucy presently looked up with a gleam of April brightness in her eyes.

"Do you think me foolish, Nola, for telling you this?"

"Well, dear, I don't know whether you ought to have told it to me."

"I couldn't do without telling it to somebody, Nola. I think I must be like that king I read about somewhere—I forget his name; no, I believe it was not the king, but his servant—who had to tell the secret to some listener, and so told it to the reeds on the sea-shore. If I had not told this to somebody, I must have told it to the reeds."

Minola almost wished she had told it to the reeds. There were reeds enough beneath the little bridge which Nola loved in Regent's Park, and had they been possessed of the secret, she might have looked over the bridge for ever, and dreamed dreams as the lazy water flowed on beneath, and even noted and admired the whispering reeds, and they would never have whispered that secret to her.

"I think papa guesses it," Lucy said. "I am sure he does, because he talked to me of—oh, well, of a different person, and asked me if I cared about him, and I told him that I didn't. He said he was glad, for he didn't much like him; but that I should marry anyone I liked—always provided, Nola, that he happened to like me, which doesn't at all follow. I know papa likes Mr. Heron."

"Then, Lucy, would it not be better to tell Mr. Money?"

"Oh, Nola! I couldn't tell him that—I could tell him almost anything, but I couldn't tell him that. Are you not sorry for me, Nola? Oh, say you are sorry for me! The other day—it only seems the other day—I was just as happy as a bird. Do say you are sorry for me."

"But, my dear, I don't know why there should be any sorrow about it. Why should not everything prove to be perfectly happy?"

"Do you think so, Nola?"

She looked up to Nola with an expression of childlike anxiety.

"Why should it not be so, Lucy? If I were a man, I should be very much in love with you, dear. You are the girl that men ought to be in love with."

There was a certain tone of coldness or constraint in Minola's voice which could not escape even Lucy's observation.

"You think me weak and foolish, I know very well, Nola, because have made such a confession as this. For all your kindness and our good heart, I know that you despise any girl who allows herself to fall in love with a man. You don't care about men, and you think we ought to have more dignity, and not to prostrate ourselves before them; and you are quite right. Only some of us can't help it."

"No," said Minola sadly; "I suppose not."

"There! You look all manner of contempt at me. I should like to have you painted as the Queen of the Amazons—you would look splendid. But I may trust to your friendly heart and your sympathy all the same, I know. You will pity us weaker girls, and you won't be too hard on us. I want you to help me."

"Can I help you, Lucy? Shall I ask Mr. Heron if he is in love with you? I will, if you like."

"Oh, Nola, what nonsense! That only shows how ridiculous you think me. No, I only mean that you should give me your sympathy, and let me talk to you. And—you observe things so well—just to use your eyes for my sake. Oh, there is so much a friend may do! And he thinks so much of you, and always talks to you so freely."

Yes, Minola thought to herself; he always talks to me very freely—we are good friends. If he were in love with Lucy, I dare say he would tell me. Why should he not? She tells me that she is in love with him—that is a proof of her friendship.

We can think in irony as well as speak in it, and Minola was disposed at present to be a little sarcastic. She did not love such disclosures as Lucy had been making. There seemed to be a lack of that instinctive delicacy in them, which, as she fancied, might be the possession of a girl were she brought up naked in a South-Sea islet. Fresh and innocent as Lucy was, yet this revelation seemed wanting in pure self-respect. Perhaps, too, it was in keeping with Minola's old creed to believe that this was just the sort of girl whom most men would be sure to love. At any rate, she was for the moment in a somewhat bitter mood. Something of this must have shown itself in her expression, for Lucy said, in a tone of frightened remonstrance,

"Now, Nola, I have told you all. I have betrayed myself to you, and if you only despise me and feel angry with me, oh, what shall I do? Isn't it strange—you both came the same day here—you and he, for the first time—I mean the first time since I saw you at school. Am I to lose you too?"

There was something so simple and helpless in this piteous appeal, with its implied dread of a love proving hopeless, that no irony

or anger could have prevailed against it in Minola's breast, she threw her arm round the child's neck, and petted and soothed her.

"Why should you lose both—why should you lose one?" Minola said. "I can promise you for one, Lucy dear; and I could promise you for the other too, you might be sure of him. He must be a very insensible person, Lucy, who fails to appreciate a woman. Only don't make it too plain, dear, to anyone but me. That is what men like to do the love-making for themselves—and you must not the slightest need to go out of your way. Tell me—does he care anything of this?"

"Oh, no, Nola."

"Nor guess anything at all?"

"Oh, no,—I am sure not—I don't think so. You didn't tell me anything—now, did you?—and how could he?"

Minola felt a little glad to hear of this—for the dignity of womanhood, she said to herself. But she did not know how long it would last, for Lucy was not a person likely to accomplish great ends without self-control for the mere sake of the abstract dignity of woman. For the moment, all Minola could do was to express full sympathy with her friend, and at the same time to counsel her gently and to betray her secret. Lucy went to her bedroom at last, much exhausted and quivering, but also relieved and encouraged, and fell asleep, for all her love-pains, long before Minola did.

"She will be very happy," Minola sat thinking, when she was alone. "She has a great deal already. A loving father and a loving sister; a happy home, where she is sheltered against every wind; a future all full of brightness. He will love her—I suppose. He is very pretty, and sweet, and obliging; and he is simple and kind, and would be drawn by her pure, winning ways; and men like him are fond of women who don't profess to be strong. Well, I will help her, I will do so—it will be something to see her come to be happy, and him too."

Whereupon, for no apparent reason, the tears sprang into Minola's eyes, and she found a vain wish arising in her heart that she had never renewed her acquaintance with Lucy Money, never been persuaded by Mary Blanchet to visit her, never stood upon her threshold and met Victor Heron there.

"Why not wish at once that I had never been born?" she thought, half tearful, half scornful of her tears. "One thing is as easy as the other, and as useful, and not to have been born would have saved many idle hours and much heartache."

CHAPTER XV.

A MORNING CONFIDENCE.

LUCY rose next morning with a bewildering and oppressed disappointment and defeat. The whole of her scheme of broken down. Her little bubble-world had burst. All her old independence and of contented life, of isolation from men, and freedom from woman's weaknesses, had broken. She had always thought scorn of those who said that women could feel friendship for men without danger of feeling love—what was she but a cruel mocking evidence of the folly of independence? Alas, no romantic school-girl could have fallen more suddenly into love than Minola had done. There was but one man she had ever seen with whom she had coveted a friendship, and now she knew, only too well, that in her breast the friendship had already caught fire, and blazed into love. Where was Alceste but the Alceste standard by which she had proposed to test all women, well convinced beforehand that she would find nothing? She could not even flatter herself that she had been true to her faith, and that if she had succumbed at the very outset it was because the first-comer actually proved to be an Alceste. No, she would not cram this complacent conviction into her mind. Victor was a generous and noble-hearted young man, she felt assured; she had not fallen in love with him because of any assurance as like the hero of her girlhood. She made no attempt to excuse herself in this way. In her proud resentment of her weakness, even trampled upon it with undeserved scorn. "I fell in love with him," she said to herself, "just as the silliest girl falls in love because he was there, and I couldn't help it."

It was not merely Lucy's revelation which had forced upon her the knowledge of her own feelings. This had perhaps so shaken her conviction home as to render illusion or self-deception impossible any longer, but it was not that which first told her of her love. That had long been more and more making itself known to her. It was plain to her now that since the first day when she met him on the bridge with him in the Park, and looked into the eyes of the man who had loved him. "Oh, why did I not know it then?" she asked herself, of herself. "I could have avoided him—have never met him again—and it might so have come to nothing, and at least I should not have to meet."

And all her pain of the night and the morning, one question

was ever repeating itself, "Will this] last?" That the fever which burned her was love—genuine love—the regular old love of the romances and the poets—she could not doubt. She knew it because it was so new a feeling. Had she walked among [a fever-stricken population, refusing to believe in the danger of infection, and satisfied that the fearless and the wise were safe, and had she suddenly felt the strange pains and unfamiliar heats, and found the senses beginning to wander, she would have known that this was fever. The pangs of death are new to all alike when they come, but those who are about to die are conscious—even in their last moments of consciousness—that this new summons has the one awful meaning. So did Minola know only too well what the meaning was of this new pain. "Will it last?" was her cry to herself. "Shall I have to go through life with this torture always to bear? Is it true that women have to bear this for years and years—that some of them never get over it?"

"Oh, I shall never get over it—never, never!" she cried out in bitterness. She was very bitter now against herself and fate. She did not feel that it is better to love vainly than not at all. Indeed, such consoling conviction belongs to the poet who philosophises on love, or to the disappointed lover who is already beginning to be consoled. It does not do much good to anyone in the actual hour of pain. Minola cordially and passionately wished that she had not loved, or seen anyone whom she could love. She was full of wrath and scorn for herself, and believed herself humbled and shamed. Her whole life was crossed; her quiet was all gone; she was now doomed to an existence of perpetual self-constraint and renunciation, and even deception. She had a secret which she must conceal from the world as if it was a murder. She must watch her words, her movements, her very glances, lest any sudden utterance, or gesture, or blush, should betray her. She would wake in the night in terror, lest in some dream she might have called out some word or name which had roused Mary Blanchet in the next room, and betrayed her. She must meet Victor Heron, Heaven knows how often, and talk with him as a friend, and never let one gleam of the truth appear. She must hear Lucy Money tell of her love, and be the confidante of her childlike emotions. Not often, perhaps, has a proud and sensitive girl been tried so strangely. "I thought I hated men before," she kept saying to herself. "I *do* hate them now; and women and all. I hate him most of all, because I know that I so love him."

All this poor Minola kept saying or thinking to herself that morning as she listlessly dressed. It is not too much to say that the

ry air seemed changed for her. She had only one resolve to sustain her, but that was at least as strong as her love, or as death—the resolve that, come what would, she must keep her secret. Victor Iron believed himself her friend, and desired to be nothing more. A human soul but her own must know that her feeling to him was the same. She would have known the need of that resolve even if he had never been entrusted with poor dear little Lucy's secret. The more calmly she thought over that little story, the more she thought it likely that Lucy's dream might come to be fulfilled.

The world—that is to say, the breakfast-room and the Money family—had to be faced. The family were as pleasant as ever, except Lucy, who looked pale and troubled, and at whom her father looked once or twice keenly, but without making any remark.

"I have had a letter from Lady Limpenny already this morning," Mr. Money observed.

All professed an interest in the contents of the letter, even Theresa.

Mr. Money began to read:

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear Money——"

"We are very friendly, you see, Miss Grey," he said, breaking off. "But it's not any peculiar friendship for me. She always calls men by their names after the first interview."

"She generally addresses papa as 'my dear,' without any proper name appended," said Lucy, who did not much like Lady Limpenny. "She always likes the men of a family, and always hates the women."

"Lucy, my dear," her mother pleaded, "how can you say so! Lady Limpenny and I are true friends."

"She is giving us good help with our schools and our church," Theresa Money said; "and Reginald" (Theresa's engaged lover) "thinks very highly of her."

"She always praises men, and they all think highly of her," Lucy insisted; "and it is something to be Lady Anything."

"I assure you, Miss Grey," Mrs. Money said, "that Lady Limpenny is the most sincere and unpretending creature. She is not an aristocrat—she has nothing to do with aristocracy; if she had, there would be little sympathy, as you may well believe, between her and me for you know my convictions. The aristocracy of this country is its ruin! When England falls—and the hour of her fall is near—it will not be due to beings like Laura Limpenny."

"There I agree with you, dear," Mr. Money gravely said. "Shall I go on?"

He went on.

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear Money, for your wise and Christianlike advice. I will keep my china. I am convinced now that my ideas of yesterday were wrong, and even sinful. I had a charming talk with a dear æsthetic man last evening, after I saw you, and he assures me that my china is a collection absolutely unique; and that, if I were to part with it, Mrs. De Vallancey would manage, at any cost, or by any contrivance, to get hold of it; and your darling wife knows how I hate Mrs. De Vallancey. I now feel that it is my duty to keep the china, and that a love for the treasures of art is in itself an act of homage to the Great Creator of all.

"My sweetest love to your darling wife and angel-girls. Kind regards to the young lady with the hair; and when you see our dear friend Heron, do tell him that I expect him to call on me *very soon*.

"Ever yours,

"LAURA LIMPENNY."

"Our dear friend Heron!" exclaimed Lucy, in surprise and anger. "Does she know Mr. Heron so well as that?"

"She met him here, yesterday, for the first time," Mr. Money said; "but that's quite enough for Lady Limpenny. She has taken a violent liking to him already, and enrolls him among her dear friends. Seriously, she would be rather a useful person for Heron to know. She knows everyone, and will do anything. Her husband attends all the old women of quality, and a good many of the young women too. I shouldn't be surprised if Sir James Limpenny—or his wife—could get Heron a hearing from some great personage."

"I am sure he won't do that," said Lucy warmly. "I don't believe Mr. Heron would condescend to be helped on in that sort of way."

"Why not?" Minola asked. "I think Lady Limpenny is a more creditable ally than a person like Mr. St. Paul. If a man wants to succeed in life, I suppose he must try all the usual arts."

"I didn't think you would have said that of Mr. Heron, Nola," said Lucy, hurt and wondering.

Nola did not think she would have said it herself twelve hours ago. Why she said it now she could not tell. Perhaps she was womanish enough to feel annoyed at the manner in which Lucy seemed to appropriate Victor Heron's cause, and womanish enough, too, to relieve her mind by saying disparaging things of him.

Mr. Money's eyes twinkled with an amused smile.

"See how you wrong a man sometimes, you ladies—even the most reasonable among you. Heron is more Quixotic than you think,

Miss Grey. I have had a letter from him this very morning about St. Paul. I'll read it if you like—it need not be kept secret from anybody here."

Mrs. Money and Lucy earnestly asked to have the letter read, and Mr. Money read it accordingly:—

"My dear Money,—I don't like St. Paul, and I won't march through Coventry with him. I think he is unprincipled and discreditable, and if I can't get in for Keeton without his helping-hand, I'll stay out of Keeton, and that's all about *that*. I know you will agree with me when you think this over. Excuse haste and abruptness. I want to make my position clear to you without any loss of time,

"Yours faithfully,

"VICTOR HERON."

"Now, Nola, you see you were wrong," the triumphant Lucy exclaimed.

"I do not like Mr. St. Paul," the quiet Theresa observed. "He seems to me godless and demoralised. He spoke in the lightest and most scoffing way of the labours of the Church among the heathen populations."

"I liked him," Mrs. Money sighed. "I liked him because he had the spirit to resign his rank and fling away his title."

"I think his rank rather resigned him," Mr. Money observed. "Anyhow, one must in the ordinary world consent to take up with a scamp now and then. Heron says he won't have anything to do with St. Paul, and Lucy undertakes to say for him that he won't be patronised by Lady Limpenny. I ask you all calmly, as civilised and Christian beings, how is a young fellow to get on in London who won't consent to be helped by scamps and old women?"

"Mr. Heron represents a political cause," the eager Lucy began.

Her father looked quietly round at her.

"Why, Lucelet, my dear, when did you come to know anything about political causes, or to care about them? I thought you only cared for the renascence of art—isn't it renascence you call it? I understood that politics were entirely beneath the notice of all your school. Pray tell me, Mistress Politician, to which side of politics your father belongs?"

"Oh, papa, for shame! What nonsense! As if I didn't know. Of course you are a Liberal—an advanced Liberal."

"Good; and our friend Heron?"

"An advanced Liberal too. Of course I know that you are on his side."

"That I am on his side? That he is on my side wouldn't do, I suppose, although I am somewhat the elder, and am in Parliament while he is not in, and is not particularly likely to be if he continues to be so squeamish. What are the political views of our young friend the artist, the poet, the bard, or whatever you please to call him?"

"Mr. Blanchet?"—Lucy slightly coloured.

"Mr. Blanchet, yes. Am I on his side?"

"Oh, he has no side. He knows nothing of politics," Lucy said, contemptuously.

"Stupid of him, isn't it?"

"Very stupid. At least, I suppose so: I don't know. Oh, yes; I think every man ought to understand politics."

Mr. Money smiled, and let the subject drop.

When breakfast was over, Mr. Money suddenly said,

"Miss Grey, you always profess to know something about politics. Anyhow, you know something about Keeton folks, and you can give me some useful hints about their ways with which I can instruct our dear friend Heron, as Lady Limpenny calls him. Would you mind coming to my study for a quarter of an hour, away from all this womankind, and answering me a few questions?"

Minola was a little surprised, but showed no surprise, and only said that she would be delighted, of course. Mr. Money offered her his arm with a somewhat old-fashioned courtesy which contrasted not unbecomingly with his usual cheery bluntness of manner to women and men alike.

"Not many ladies come here, Miss Grey," Money said, offering her a chair when they were in the study. "Lucelet looks in very often, to be sure, but only as a messenger; she doesn't come into council."

"Do I come into council?" Minola asked, with a smile and a little of heightened colour. "I shall feel myself of great importance."

"Well, yes, into council. First about yourself. I have been looking into your affairs a little, Miss Grey—don't be angry; we are all fond of you in this house, and you don't seem to have anyone in particular to look after your interests."

"It was very kind and good of you. I have not many friends, Mr. Money; but I am afraid the word 'interests' is rather too large for any affairs of mine. Have I any interests? Mary Blanchet understands all my affairs much better than I do."

"Yes, they may be called interests, I think. You know that

anybody who likes can find out everything about people's wills, and all that. Do you know anything about your father's will?"

"No," Minola said, with a start, and feeling the tears coming to her eyes. "I don't, Mr. Money. At least, not much. I know that he left me some money—so much every year; not much—it would not be much for Lucy—but enough for me and Mary Blanchet. Mary Blanchet manages it for me, and makes it go twice as far as I could. We never spend it all—I mean, we haven't spent it all this year. I should never be able to manage or to get on at all only for her."

Minola spoke with eagerness now, for she was afraid that she was about to receive some of the advice which worldly people call wise, and to be admonished of the improvidence of sharing her little purse with Mary Blanchet.

"And, indeed, I ought to do something for her—something particular," she hastened to add, for she was seized with a sudden fear that Mr. Money might have heard somewhere of her resolve to have Mr. Blanchet's poems printed at her own expense, and might proceed to remonstrate with her.

Mr. Money smiled, seeing completely through her, and only thinking to himself that she was a remarkably good girl, and that he much wished he had a son to marry her.

"Do you know what I was thinking of?" he asked bluntly.

"I am sure you were thinking about me, for you laughed—at my ignorance of business ways, I suppose?"

"Not at all; I was thinking that I should like to have a son, and that I should like you to marry him."

Minola laughed and coloured, but took his words as they were meant, in all good humour and kindness.

"If you had a son, Mr. Money, I am sure I would marry him if you asked me, and he——"

"Thank you. Well, I am only sorry I can't take you at your word. But that wasn't exactly what I brought you here to tell you. What I want to tell you is this. You are likely to have a good deal of property of one kind and another, Miss Grey. Your father, I find, made a good deal of money in his time, and saved it; bought houses and built houses; bought up annuities, insurances, shares in companies—all manner of things. He only left his property to his present wife for her use of what it brings every year during her life. At her death it all comes to you, and I'm told she can't live long."

"Oh, but she may. I hope and pray that she may," Minola exclaimed. "It seems shocking to watch for a woman's death,

especially when we were not very friendly to each other. I don't want the money; I have enough, quite enough. I shouldn't know what to do with it. I don't care much about new dresses, and bonnets, and the fashions, and all that; and what could I do with money, living alone in my quiet way? I think a girl of my age, living all to herself, and having much money, would be perfectly ridiculous. Why could not her husband get it, if the poor creature dies? That would be only right. I am sure he may have it for me."

"He mayn't have it for me, though," Mr. Money said. "You have no one, it seems to me, to look after your interests, and I'll take the liberty to do so, for lack of a better, whether you like it or not. However, we can talk about that when the time comes."

Minola gave a sort of shudder.

"When the time comes! That seems so dreadful; as if we were only waiting for the poor woman to be dead to snatch at whatever she left behind her. Mr. Money, is there really no other way?—must I have this property?"

"If she dies before you, yes—it will come to you. Of course you know that it isn't great wealth in the London sense. It won't constitute you an heiress in the Berkeley Square sense, but it will give you a good deal of miscellaneous property for a young woman. Well, as to that, I'll see that you get your rights; and the only thing I have to ask is just that you will not do anything decided, or anything at all, in this business without consulting me."

"Oh, indeed, I can faithfully promise you that. I have no other friend whom I could possibly consult, or who would take any interest in me."

"Come, now, I can't believe that. If you wish, you can be like the young lady in Sheridan's song—friends in all the aged you'll meet, and lovers in the young."

"I don't want to be like her in that."

"In having friends in all the aged?"

"Oh, I don't know; in anything. I am well content with the friends I have."

"Well, some of them, at least, are well content with you. Now, Miss Grey, I want to speak to you of something that concerns me. You and my daughter Lucy are great friends?"

Minola almost started.

"I am very fond of Lucy."

"And she is very fond of you. We all are, for that matter. Did you ever hear of an old Scottish saying about a person having a face

a fiddle—not in shape, you know, but in power of attracting
le, and rousing sympathy?"

"Yes. I think I remember it in some of Scott's novels."

"Very well. I think you have a face like a fiddle; all our sym-
ies are drawn to you. Now, that is why I speak to you of some-
g which I wouldn't talk about to any other woman of your age—
even to my own daughter Theresa, an excellent creature, but not
sympathetic. I am very fond of my Lucelet. She isn't strong;
hasn't great intelligence. I know my little goose is not a swan,
she is very sweet, and sensitive, and loving; the most affectionate
creature that ever was made happy or unhappy by a man. I
morbidly anxious about her happiness. Now, you are her friend,
a thousand times cleverer and stronger than she, and she looks
o you. She would tell you anything. *Has* she told you anything
y?"

Minola hesitated.

"Oh, you needn't hesitate, or think of any breach of confidence.
may tell me. I could get it all from herself in a moment. It
about that I want to ask you. Well, I'll save you all trouble.
has told you something."

"She has."

"She is in love!"

Minola assented.

Mr. Money ran his hand through his hair, got up, and walked a
or two up and down the study.

"The other day she was a child, and cared for nobody in the
d but her mother and me. Now a young fellow comes along,
like the Earl of Lowgave's lassie in the old song, she does not
her mammy nor she does not love her daddy."

"Oh, but I don't think that at all," Miss Grey said earnestly.
"A girl could be fonder of her father and mother."

Mr. Money smiled good-humouredly, but with a look of pity, as
who corrects an odd mistake.

"I know that very well, Miss Grey, and I was not speaking
usly, or grumbling at my little lassie. But it does astonish us
ly parents, when we find out all of a sudden that there are other
ons more important than we in the eyes of our little maidens,
we may as well relieve our minds by putting the feeling into
ls. Well, you know the hero of this little romance?"

Minola was looking steadily at the fire, and away from Mr. Money.
did not answer at once, and there was a pause. The suddenness
he silence aroused her.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Money. I know who he is," she said, with a look round.

"Very well. Now comes the delicate part of my question. Of course you can't be expected to read the secrets of other people's hearts, and I suppose you are not in *his* confidence."

"No, indeed," she said very quietly.

"No—you couldn't tell how he feels towards my Lucelet?"

Minola shook her head.

"If I were a man, I am sure I should be in love with her," she said.

"You think so? Yes, perhaps so; but in this case, somehow. Well, Miss Grey, another question, and then I'll release you: and say to me frankly, like a true girl to a plain man, who treats her as such. Is there any woman, as far as you know, who is more to him than Lucelet?"

Mr. Money had now come near to where Minola was sitting. He stood leaning against the chimney-piece, and looking fixedly into her face. At first she did not even understand the meaning of his question. Then suddenly she felt that her cheeks began to burn and her heart to beat. She looked up in wonder and pain, but she saw so much earnestness and anxiety in Mr. Money's face that it would have been impossible not to understand and respect his purpose. In his anxiety for his daughter's happiness his whole soul was absorbed. Minola's heart forgot its own pain for the moment. Her memory of a father was not of one thus unselfishly absorbed. She answered without hesitation and with quiet self-possession,

"Oh, no, Mr. Money. I know of no such woman. So far as I can guess, none such exists."

Mr. Money drew a deep breath, and his eyes brightened.

"Miss Grey," he said, "I think any other woman in the world would have told me she wasn't in Mr. —, in *his* secrets, or given me some evasive or petulant answer. I thank you a thousand times. You may then—I may—pursue without compunction my matchmaking schemes. They are not very selfish; they are only for Lucelet's happiness. I would ask one of my office clerks to marry her if she loved him and he was likely to make her happy; and I would put them up in life. You may guess, then, whether this idea pleases me. But I confess I didn't think—well, of course, your assurance is enough, but I began to think of something different."

Minola rose to go away.

"One word, Miss Grey. Pray don't say anything to my wife about this. She is the truest and kindest of women, as you know, but

understand keeping anything a secret, and she always begs of leave her out of the smallest plot of the most innocent kind, so she must let it all out prematurely. Now I'll release you, and save, at all events, one friend in life to be going on with—friend of the aged I mean : the rest will come fast enough."

With a bewildered head and a bursting heart, Minola found her own room.

(To be continued.)

SLEEP ON : A DIRGE.

(Based on the French.)

I

THE daisies prank thy grassy grave ;
Above, the dark pine-branches wave :
Sleep on.
Below, the merry runnel sings,
And swallows sweep with glancing wings :
Sleep on, Marie, sleep on.

II

Some whisper words of doubt and shame,
Or, lightly laughing, breathe thy name :
Sleep on.
Slander may never harm thee now,
God's gentle hand upon thy brow :
Sleep on, Marie, sleep on.

III

Calm as a summer sea at rest,
Thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
Sleep on ;
Hushed into stillness life's sharp pain,
Nought but the pattering of the rain :
Sleep on, Marie, sleep on.

JOHN H. DAVIES.

IN August 1719 a ruddy star, far brighter than any of which persons then living remembered to have seen, shining towards the south at midnight. Astronomers knew the planet Mars, but Mars had not shone so resplendently nor was the planet again to shine so brightly for 79 years to sons who were ignorant or who knew but little of astronomy that some new star had made its appearance. Baron de *Correspondance Astronomique*, states that considerable alarm was experienced on this account. In 1798 the idea was again entertained by many that a new star was shining in the heavens, though it appears to have been much alarmed in consequence. In the present year the planet Mars will present a similar appearance of unusual splendour, and as he will not be seen under favourable conditions again during the present century, or indeed the lifetime of any of the astronomers now living, considerable interest is attached to the circumstance, and preparations are being made at several observatories for the careful study of the planet's position at the time of his appearance.

It may be interesting, before proceeding to describe the circumstances of interest which this planet presents, and especially the circumstances which render astronomers anxious to observe him with exceptional care during his approaching visit, to explain that the planet is much more favourably placed for observation

he sun and the moon. How easily such matters may escape attention is shown also by the fact that in a little primer of astronomy, prepared by one who has observed the celestial bodies with the telescope, the strange mistake is made of describing the stars which pass overhead in London as rising and setting on a slant, whereas in point of fact *those* stars never rise and set at all, or come within two dozen moon-breadths of the horizon. But it is less surprising that the motions of the planets should be unfamiliar to many, for these motions, though really simple enough, are, in appearance, very complicated. Nor can they be recognised or thoroughly understood in a few nights, or even in many years, from actual unassisted observation of the heavens. If the planet Mars, for example, were simply watched as he traversed the star sphere, and his place mapped down night after night when he could be seen (the parts of his track where he could not be seen being filled in by inference), he would be found to move in the following strange way. After travelling awhile as the sun does in his yearly course (forwards let us call this motion) he stops, goes a goodly distance back, and then advances again, his track thus making an irregular loop. Then he advances again, going more than round the star sphere again, and makes another backward loop, about a seventh of a circuit in advance of his former loop. Again he goes more than once round advancingly, and then makes another backward loop; and so on continually, each loop lying rather less than a seventh of a circuit of the heavens in front of the preceding loop. Thus rather more than seven of these advances, each with its corresponding backward loop, carry the loops once round the heavens; so that if the track, for instance, had been marked down on a globe, there would be a crown of loops, so to speak, round the globe, besides seven circlings. Or, to use a strange but, I think, effective illustration—suppose a person's head to represent the star sphere; imagine a cord passed once round the head, passing from right ear over forehead to left ear, and a loop made on the forehead, the cord carried again round the head and a loop made over the left temple, the cord carried again round and a loop made a little back of the left ear, and so on until a set of seven loops had been made, the cord making rather more than a complete circuit between each. Then, roughly, the set of circuits and loops would represent the apparent circuits and loopings of the track of Mars during an interval comprising seven of his returns to our night skies.

Now it is when in the middle of one of his backward loops that Mars is at his nearest for that visit, and most favourably placed for observation, because shining highest above the horizon at midnight.

The average interval between these occasions amounts to about years and 50 days ; so that one may say that Mars is well placed for observation at intervals of about this length. But although this is in a general sense true, there is a great difference between the circumstances under which he is seen at different returns of this kind. His path and the earth's path round the sun may be compared to the track followed by the extremities of the minute hand and hour hand of an ordinary clock, the earth having the inside (or hour hand) track. The rates of motion, however, are not like those of the clock hands. The earth on the inside track goes round once in a year ; Mars on the outside track once in 687 days, or about 6 weeks short of 2 years. The two hands of the mighty clock come together—that is, the earth and Mars come to be placed like the ends of the hour hand and minute hand of a clock at noon, or at any other time when the hands are together—once in about 2 years and 50 days. Then the earth is at its nearest to Mars ; Mars also, being on the side of the earth remote from the sun—the centre of our imagined clock-face—is highest above the horizon when the sun is lowest below the horizon, or at midnight. Moreover, Mars turning the same face towards both the earth and the sun, we see him fully and fairly illuminated. If my dial illustration were perfect, all these occasions would be alike, each equally favourable for the study of the planet. But Mars does not travel in a circle round the sun as centre in the same way that the end of a minute hand travels in a circle round the common axis of hour and minute hand. To make the illustration exact, or rather more exact, the hour hand alone must be supposed to turn round an axis at the centre of the clock-face, while the minute hand turns round an axis somewhat eccentrically placed. Say the minute hand and hour hand are respectively about 10 inches and $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, then the minute hand must turn round an axis very nearly an inch from the centre. It is easily seen that when the two hands come together, the distance between their ends will vary considerably according to the place where the conjunction happens. If it is on the side where the eccentric axis lies, the distance will be nearly an inch more than the mean distance ; or, this last being $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the distance between the ends of the hands will be nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. On the opposite side the distance will be correspondingly reduced, and will be little more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Thus the distances between the two hands will vary between these very different values— $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Such is the case with the orbit of Mars. He has a mean distance from the sun of about 140 millions of miles, the earth's mean distance

ing about 92 millions, according to the results obtained from the cent transit of Venus. Thus, the average distance separating the two planets when Mars is at one of his near approaches already described, or in opposition, as it is called, amounts to about 48 millions of miles. But the centre of his path, which in *shape* is very nearly circular, is separated by more than 13 millions of miles from the sun; so that his distance from us on these occasions, instead of being always about 48 millions of miles, ranges from about 61 millions to about 35 millions. Here I have taken no account of the fact that the earth's path also has its centre displaced from the sun; but the displacement being only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million of miles, is much less important than the other. It so chances, however, that it increases the variation in the distance of Mars from us when he is in opposition, that the actual range is from nearly 62 millions of miles to little more than 34 millions.

Now, it will be very obvious to the reader that we study Mars under much more favourable conditions when he is but 34 or 35 millions of miles from us than when his distance amounts to 61 or 62 millions of miles. The difference will be appreciated if we compare the appearance of the same object at 34 and 61 feet or yards, or at 30 and 610 yards, if more convenient. The apparent size of his disc is greater at the less than at the greater distance in the proportion of about 3 to 1, and the apparent area of any part of his surface increased in the same degree. But this is not all. Not only is he nearer to us, but he is nearer also to the sun by 26 millions of miles; and although not nearer in the same degree (for amount and degree are different things), yet still there is a quite appreciable difference in the illumination of his surface. Thirteen millions of miles less important part of his mean distance from the sun—140 millions—than of his mean opposition distance—48 millions of miles—yet tells; for illumination diminishes as the square of the distance from the illuminating body. Making the calculation for this case, we find that Mars when at his nearest to the sun is more brightly illuminated than when at his farthest, in the proportion of about 16 to 11. Comparing this with the increase of the apparent size of his disc, we find that he would be brighter when absolutely at his nearest, than when making one of his opposition approaches under least favourable conditions, in the proportion of 48 to 11, or much more than 4 to 1. It is because of this wide range of opposition splendour that Mars sometimes surprises those unacquainted with astronomy by his unusual brightness. Next autumn he will look like a new star to those who have never seen him under such favourable conditions, for he will then

come to opposition when very near his place of nearest approach to the sun.¹ In direction, he will not be farther from that place than the minute hand of a clock is from the noon point $1\frac{2}{3}$ minute after passing it.

I may pause here for a moment to consider a difficulty which has probably occurred to the thoughtful reader. If, after making about seven of his nearest approaches, Mars has carried them (so to speak) once round the celestial sphere, the interval between each and the next averaging only 2 years and 50 days, it would seem that once in about seven times this interval, or in about 15 years, he should make his near approach in the most favourable part of his orbit, whereas at the beginning of this essay I spoke of an interval of 79 years as separating the great splendours of the Planet of War. The fact really is, that Mars's variation of distance is sufficient to cause a moderate displacement from his place of nearest approach to tell considerably on his brightness. Now, if we take seven times 2 years and 50 days, we get, not 15 years exactly, but 15 years less 15 days. If we had taken the former period rightly, for it is really somewhat less than 2 years and 50 days, we get 15 years less $19\frac{1}{2}$ days. And these $19\frac{1}{2}$ days make a great difference. As the reader knows, the heaven of the fixed stars is carried once round in a year, so that in $19\frac{1}{2}$ days it is carried round by about one-nineteenth part, and it is this portion of a circuit which will separate Mars's place of nearest approach in the year 1892 (15 years, that is, hence) from the place among the stars where we shall see him at his brightest this year. Seventeen years later, or in 1909, he will be about ten days' journey on the other side of this last-named spot; but he will not make a near approach to it for 79 years from now. It does so chance that in 1892 he will not be much less bright than this year, for the place of his return at 79 yearly intervals to the part of the sky where he was so very bright in 1719 is slowly passing away from the actual point of nearest approach. He was less than 3 degrees from it in 1719, some 6 degrees from it in 1798, and he will be about 10 degrees from it next September. At the return in 1956 he will be 13 degrees from it, and thereafter these 79-yearly returns will not be notable. Fifteen years later, or in August 1971, the planet will be more favourably seen (about as favourably as this year), and at 79

¹ As a rule I object strongly to the use of technical terms in descriptions intended for popular use. But there are occasions when they are necessary to avoid verbosity. I have explained above what is meant by the opposition of Mars, comparing it to the proximity of the end of the minute hand to the end of the hour hand of a clock when the two hands come together.

early intervals from that later date Mars will be more and more splendid at each return (after the interval named), during three or four centuries. But it will be better for us to observe him well next autumn than to consider how he will look in August and September, D. 2188.

The interest of his approaching visit does not reside chiefly in the fact that his physical appearance may then be studied under most favourable conditions. His approach interests astronomers for the same reason that the recent transit of Venus interested them, viz., as supplying a means whereby the sun's distance may be remeasured. Let us consider why this is.

When we speak of determining the sun's distance, we mean, in reality, determining the dimensions of the solar system. We know the proportions of that system perfectly, but we wish to know also its scale. And precisely as the measurement of any part whatever of a building of known proportions would give the size of the whole or of any other part, so the measurement of any part of the solar system (outside the orbit of our own special companion-orb, the moon) will give the dimensions of the entire system. Astronomers naturally select parts of the solar system as near the earth as possible, as, for instance, that part of the orbit of our next neighbour Venus where she comes nearest to the earth, or that part of the orbit of our next neighbour on the other side, the ruddy Mars, where he comes nearest to the earth. Venus, lying on a track inside the earth's, is unfortunately placed when nearest to us; for when we look towards her at that time we look towards the sun—it is broad day, and Venus only to be detected with powerful telescopes, if at all. When, at that time, she chances to come exactly between the earth and sun as to cross the sun's face, the case is altered; then her position can be correctly observed from parts of the earth far apart (giving, as it were, a base-line), and her distance is determined, whence we infer the distance of the sun.

Mars, when at his nearest, is not quite so near, and so is less fitted for the purpose of astronomers than the Planet of Love in that respect. She at her nearest lies some 25 million miles from us, he some 34 million miles. But in all other respects he is, at such a time, a far more suitable object of observation than Venus when at her nearest, and even—there is reason to believe—than Venus in transit. To begin with, he shows a bright disc on a dark sky. Then he remains well placed for observation for a fortnight or so, and is well placed for a month or two. The dark sky has stars upon it, not only those visible to the naked eye, but the tens of thousands of stars brought into view with the telescope; and the stars nearest to the

planet serve to enable astronomers to determine very exactly the planet's position. Now, what the astronomer wants is to determine to what degree the planet's position is affected by the position of the observer on the earth. If two observers at the end of a long terrestrial base-line, say a line 5,000 or 6,000 miles in length, see the planet at points on the star-vault measurably distant from each other, the planet's distance is determinable. The planet lies at the apex, in fact, of a very long triangle of which that terrestrial base-line of 5,000 or 6,000 miles is the very short base; and the observed very small displacement measures the very small apex angle. Base and apex angle of a triangle having equal long sides being known, the length of these sides is known—that is, in this case, the planet's distance. That known, the sun's distance, or any other dimension of the solar system, can at once be determined.

That is one way in which the near approach of the planet Mars can be utilised for the purpose we are considering. But it is not the only way or the best way. It is in one sense the simplest, and the most easily understood, for the process is, in essentials, the very same which a land surveyor applies to determine the distance of a remote object—church, or castle, or rock, as the case may be. He observes it from either end of a measured base-line, and, noting the difference of direction, determines by a simple calculation the distance of the object. The method was naturally the first to suggest itself to astronomers. It was also employed successfully, not indeed before the other method presently to be described, but before any of the other methods which have been used by astronomers. Even in the old rough observing days of Tycho Brahe and Kepler something was obtained from observations of Mars, though not by this method, for Kepler, from observations made by Tycho, was able to assert that the sun's distance was certainly not less than 13 millions of miles—but might be many times greater. The fact was, as Kepler saw, that as yet observation was not exact enough to show any measurable displacement of the planet. Cassini, towards the end of the seventeenth century, comparing observations of Mars by himself and other astronomers in France with others made by Richer at Cayenne, deduced for the sun's distance 85,500,000 miles—a very fair approach to the truth for those days.

The other method may be thus described. Imagine an observer on Mars at the time when observations by the first method are being made. The dark side of the earth would be turned towards him, but suppose he could see it, and see also the two stations whence he was being observed, one in the northern hemisphere, the other in the

southern. The angle between the two lines of sight from our Martial observer to these two stations would be just the angle which the two terrestrial astronomers would want to determine. It would, of course, be very small, for the earth seen from Mars is not so large as Venus seen from the earth, and we know what a mere bright point of light she looks like. Now our observer on Mars would recognise not only a distance, though small, between the two stations north and south of our equator, but also a similar distance between two stations on the east and west of the small disc of the earth. It might occur to him that two observers placed at such stations would have quite as good a chance of determining his distance as the two placed north and south of the equator; only, he would reason, that distant earth is rotating from west to east, and observers stationed far apart on an east and west line would have their position seriously affected by such rotation, and so not be able to make satisfactory observations, unless absolutely sure about the time, and therefore about their position as affected by rotation. He would, therefore, reject that method as unsuitable; for two observers, thousands of miles apart east and west, would not be able to compare their time with the necessary exactitude. But, he might go on to reason, by that earth's rotation one and the same observer is carried from the east to the west of the disc in about twelve hours of our Martial day, which is not very different from the day of those terrestrial folk. Why should not a terrestrial make observations when on the western side (soon after evening twilight the time would be for terrestrials), and, after waiting nearly twelve hours, make observations from the eastern side (shortly before morning twilight)? The two lines of sight would be inclined to each other quite as much as two lines from the north and south; the same observer would do the work with the same instruments; and if terrestrial astronomers generally could not calculate the effects due to the rotation and to the planet's motion in the interval, then (would the Martialist say) they are not the men I take them to be, or worthy to live on a globe so much better suited for the work of measuring the solar system than is this small orb on which we Martialists live.

The method of observation suggested to our imagined Martialist occurred early to our English astronomer, Flamsteed. It depends on noting Mars from the same station in early evening, when the station is as far as possible to the west, and in the morning, when the same station is as far as possible to the east, of an imaginary line joining the centre of the earth and Mars. Rotation accomplishes, in the course of some ten hours or so, the work of shifting the astronomer's position as *effectually as*, by the other method, a month or so of

travelling would do it. And whereas by the other method two different astronomers are at work with different instruments, by this method the same observer and the same telescope are employed throughout. Flamsteed was not very successful in applying the method, his estimate of the sun's distance amounting to only 82,000,000 miles, some 10 millions short of the true distance. But recently it has been very successfully applied, as, for instance, in 1862, when it gave for the sun's distance some 92,300,000 miles, according to Professor Newcomb's calculation, which is within half a million miles of the true distance. We may fairly expect that this year it will be still more successfully employed.

I wish to call some attention in passing to the fact that an Expedition to the Mauritius has been proposed for the observation of Mars by this method. Mars will be better seen from places south of the equator than from northern stations. The reason is simply that, when most favourably placed, at the beginning of September, he will be close to that part of the heavens where the sun is, half a year from that time, or in the beginning of March, when, as we know, the sun is somewhat south of the equator. Thus he is seen low down from our northerly latitudes. In the southern hemisphere, for the same reason, he will be seen above the equator, for in that hemisphere, as we know, the celestial equator lies above the northern horizon, instead of above the southern as with us, so that a part of the sky south of it is above instead of below that circle. At the Mauritius Mars at midnight will be nearly overhead. But it is not at midnight that he is to be chiefly observed, but five hours or so before and after midnight. Now at a station north of the equator he would be either very close to the horizon at these hours or actually below the horizon. At stations somewhat south of the equator he will be as well placed as he can be at those hours. The station must not be too far south, for, of course, the farther a place is from the terrestrial equator the smaller the effects of rotation. A person at the equator is carried round nearly 25,000 miles in the twenty-four hours, whereas one in 60 degrees north or south latitude is carried round only half that distance.

It is proposed to apply to Government for the sum necessary to meet the expenses of the proposed Expedition. These would not be very heavy; in fact, the estimate made by Mr. David Gill, the astronomer who has proffered his services on this occasion, amounts only to £500—a mere nothing compared with the thousands voted for the expeditions to view the late transit of Venus. Lord Lindsay has lent his fine heliometer, already used by Mr. Gill at the Mauritius

during the transit, and before and after that event in work well suited to prepare him for observing Mars by the method proposed and with this instrument. Whether Government will accede to the request addressed to it remains to be seen. (Possibly the result may be known before this paper appears.) In any case, however, the money is almost certain to be provided, seeing that not only the Astronomical Society as a body, but individual members of it independently, would willingly subscribe the sum, should Governmental economy prevent so much being granted for the proposed Expedition.

And now let us briefly consider some of the questions of interest, other than the determination of the sun's distance, which astronomers will deal with during the approaching visit of Mars. In passing I may remark, that we can readily understand why the observations for measuring the sun's distance should be regarded as of chief importance, for all our ideas respecting not merely the dimensions but the physical condition of the planets depend on this fundamental problem of measurement. The greater the scale of the solar system, the larger are all the various portions of planets or their systems brought into view by the telescope, the grander are the processes taking place upon the planets, the vaster the funds of energy possessed by each planet, and by the sun, which vivifies the whole system of planets. It is, however, as an element of the physics of astronomy, not as belonging to practical astronomy, that the problem of the sun's distance has been attacked by astronomers. There is absolutely no practical value whatever in the exactest knowledge of the sun's size and distance.

Mars presents many features of interest. He is, in fact, the planet which we study under most favourable conditions, though in the telescope he does not present so noble an aspect as Jupiter or such remarkable phenomena as Saturn. At the distance of either of those orbs Mars would be utterly insignificant in appearance; indeed, at the greater distance he would be scarce visible without telescopic aid. But we see his small surface on a far greater scale than that of Jupiter or Saturn. It is only the vastness of the cloud-masses surrounding those larger planets which enables us to recognise their belts and other atmospheric phenomena. In the case of Mars the features are all much smaller, resembling much more nearly those which exist on our earth. We must remember, therefore, in considering them, that they are not comparable directly with those perceived in the remoter but larger members of the solar system. It is too common a mistake in our books of astronomy to describe the disc of one planet, and afterwards, in similar terms, the disc of

another, with pictures similar in size, in such sort as to suggest ~~that~~ a close resemblance exists, when in reality a brief inquiry into ~~the~~ the real dimensions would show that features not very dissimilar in appearance must be utterly unlike in real character.

In the first place, as to the dimensions and mass of Mars.

The diameter of Mars has been very variously estimated, some measurements making it less than 4,000 miles, while according to others it exceeds 5,000 miles. Probably the true diameter is about 4,400 miles, so that his volume is about a sixth part of the earth's. His mass is less in proportion to hers, not amounting to one-eighth of the earth's. On this point we have not such satisfactory evidence as in the case of those planets which have moons. The astronomer can weigh a planet which has moons, or (like Neptune) a single moon, very satisfactorily. We only have to notice how the planet treats its moon, with what energy the planet deflects the moon from the straight path which otherwise the moon would follow, and to compare that action with our earth's action upon her moon, to learn how much more massive or less massive that planet is than our earth. When a planet has no moon we must trust to less satisfactory methods of weighing—methods less satisfactory, at least, in the case of small planets, like Mercury or Mars, for Jupiter's weight has been as satisfactorily determined from the influence he exerts on other planets as from his pull on his own moons. However, Leverrier has so thoroughly worked out the theory of the motions of the planets, that the mass of Mars inferred from these motions may fairly be accepted as not very far from the truth.

Mars is, then, but a miniature of our earth. His density is less than hers, as we might expect from the relative smallness of his mass, and consequently of his power to gather in and condense the material of his globe.

Under telescopic scrutiny Mars presents appearances which seem to indicate some resemblance to our own earth. He is certainly of all the planets the one which has given the most positive direct evidence of resemblance, though Venus, I apprehend, is really more like our earth than he is.

The globe of Mars shows certain dark regions of a faintly greenish or bluish grey tint, which have been long known as the Seas of Mars, though it has been but recently that they have been shown by unmistakable evidence to be aqueous. The other parts of his disc are, in the main, of a faintly ruddy hue. Near the edge both the greenish and the ruddy portions are lost to view in a diffused whiteness. At two opposite parts of the globe exceedingly bright white patches are

een. These are found to occupy the regions around the planet's poles. For the dark and ruddy markings are seen to be carried round by a rotational movement, the careful study of which has indicated the position of the polar axis. Maraldi, early in the last century, found that the bright white spots or patches changed in shape. As he noted that one of them was diminishing, he inferred that it would eventually disappear. But Sir W. Herschel, later, observed that the two white spots alternate in size, now diminishing and anon increasing. The idea naturally suggested itself to him to compare them to the arctic and antarctic snows of our own earth; and as his observations showed that each increases and diminishes alternately at periods corresponding to the winter and summer of its own hemisphere of Mars (just as our arctic snows increase and diminish in the winter and summer of the northern hemisphere, while the antarctic snows increase and diminish in the winter and summer of the southern hemisphere), he was strengthened in the belief that the spots really are snow-caps. Still, however, not a particle of direct evidence had been obtained to show that they consist of snow, or that the dark markings are oceans. For aught that was then known, as Whewell subsequently pointed out, elements entirely different from those we are familiar with might exist in that distant planet. Similarly with certain whitish cloudlike objects which gathered at times over the dark or ruddy markings, clearing off sometimes in a few hours. These might be ordinary rain-clouds, or they might be caused by temporary snow-falls, or by hoar-frost, or by mist or other phenomena, such as owe their occurrence to the presence of water. But also they might, so far as was certainly known, be due to other elements altogether, and to processes of which we have no terrestrial experience.

It was not until the year 1864 that the existence of water on Mars was demonstrated. There is nothing, to my mind, more remarkable in the history of spectroscopic analysis than this discovery. That it should be possible to assert as confidently that water exists on the planet Mars as though we had been able to procure portions of the Martial seas for analysis in our laboratories is one of the veritable marvels of science. Yet, as with many other marvellous results, the method of discovery is simple. The light of the sun passing through the planet's air falls on the surface of the lands and seas, and is thence reflected, passing once again through the Martial air. Thus the beams of that reflected light which reach our earth have twice passed through the atmosphere of the planet, and may bring as certain information respecting *the constitution* of that atmosphere as a beam of light

which the chemist had caused to pass through some solution might bring to him respecting the nature of that solution. The mere distance which the light has travelled in bringing the message is of no moment, so long as it does not too greatly reduce the intensity of the light. Enough light remaining to form a clearly visible spectrum, this spectrum will indicate, or may indicate, by its nature, the quality of the atmosphere through which it has passed on its way to us. True, it has first to come through our own air, and the news it brings about the Martial air may be more or less intermixed with information about our own air. But if the time of observation be so chosen that the planet is high above our horizon, our air, we know, will very little affect the result; for when the sun is high we see none of those lines in his spectrum which are produced by our own air when he is low down.

Proceeding on this principle, Mr. Huggins, during the opposition of Mars in October 1864, received from the planet's light the following information:—"The same vapour exists in the air of Mars which produces what are called the atmospheric lines in the sun's spectrum when the sun is low down." Now these lines are known to be chiefly due to the vapour of water. This has been proved in a variety of ways. Prof. Cooke, for instance, of Cambridge, Mass., demonstrated the fact (I believe he was the first to do so) by ascertaining that these lines are stronger or fainter according as our air is moister or drier. Janssen demonstrated it thus:—Having a telescope armed with spectroscope on the Faulhorn in Switzerland, he caused pine-fires to be lighted at Geneva, thirteen miles from the Faulhorn, and, observing the spectrum of the flame, found in it the dark lines seen in the spectrum of the setting sun. This, of course, only proved that the dark lines really are caused by our air, though the circumstances were such as to suggest that the aqueous vapour of the air, not the oxygen and hydrogen, produced the lines. To test this point, Janssen made use of an iron cylinder 118 feet long, placed at his disposal by the Paris Gas Company. He forced steam through it until all the air had been driven out, then filled it with steam, and closed both ends by pieces of strong glass. A bright flame (produced by sixteen gas-burners) was then placed at one end, and analysed by means of a spectroscope placed at the other. The light, after thus travelling through 118 feet of aqueous vapour, gave a spectrum crossed by groups of dark lines corresponding to those seen in the spectrum of the horizontal sun.

Since, then, these lines are seen in the spectrum of Mars under conditions which show that they are not caused by our own air, it

follows certainly that they belong to the air of Mars, and indicate the presence of the same vapour there which in our own air produces these lines—the vapour of water.

But the demonstration of the presence of the vapour of water in the atmosphere of Mars brings with it many interesting conclusions. We need now no longer hesitate to regard the greenish regions as seas, the reddish regions as lands. The bright spots at the poles must now be regarded as veritable snow-caps. (And, in passing, the strange thought is suggested that man, who has thus far proved utterly unable to reach a spot whence his eye can rest on either pole of our earth, has been able to contemplate, though certainly from a remote distance, the ice-bound poles of the planet Mars.) The whitish patches which at times hide the features of the planet may fairly be regarded as due to rain-clouds, though it is not altogether certain that in some cases snow-fall, or hoar-frost, or low-lying mists may not cause these transient peculiarities. The whitish appearance round the edge of the planet has been explained in three different ways : as due to morning and evening mists, as indicating the presence of rounded clouds in the planet's atmosphere (for such clouds would seem to thicken towards the edge in the same way that the scattered summer clouds of our own air seem to aggregate near the horizon), and as due to light snows falling towards eventide and melting in the forenoon. Whatever interpretation we regard as more probable, we must, in any case, admit that the phenomenon belongs to the meteorology of Mars.

In considering the condition of the planet's atmosphere, account must be taken of the fact that even if the quantity of air over each square mile of his surface equals the quantity over each square mile of the earth's, the air of Mars would be much less dense than ours. The attraction of gravity at his surface is little more than a third of terrestrial gravity, and the pressure and density of his air must be correspondingly less. It is, however, a necessary, though somewhat strange consequence of this relation, that the atmosphere of Mars must be much deeper than ours, at least on the assumption just made as to its quantity. The attraction of our earth doubles atmospheric pressure in every $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of descent from considerable heights towards the surface of the earth. So that at a height of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles the pressure is but one-half that at the sea-level ; at seven miles, a fourth ; at $10\frac{1}{2}$, an eighth ; at fourteen, a sixteenth ; and so on. Now, in the case of Mars, about nine miles of descent are required to double, or nine miles of ascent to halve, the atmospheric pressure. Thus, assuming the same quantity of air above each square

earth's surface the pressure is reduced to one-sixteenth sea-level pressure. And we obtain a similar result, even (which, by the way, is far more probable than the assumption above) that the quantity of Martial air is proportioned to which case the quantity above each square mile of his surface, and the pressure reduced to about a ninth. For as before, we easily find that at a height of twenty our air is reduced in density to $\frac{1}{2^{13}}$ th of its sea-level density at a height of twenty-seven miles above the surface (density on this our second assumption would be an ninth part, or $\frac{1}{2^9}$ nd of the sea-level density of our atmosphere) strange to reflect that *cæteris paribus* the smaller planet most widely extending air, while it would be to Jupiter that we should have to look for shallow but very dense envelopes, did not the intense heat of their globes expand enormously, and prevent the compression which other experience.

The same reasons which render it probable that the quantity of Mars is proportioned to the planet's mass suggest that it holds with the water on the planet's surface. In this case (which, however, is extremely improbable) that the planet at the same stage of development as the earth, the oceans and seas be much smaller in relative extent than those of our own earth, the mass of the planet is but about the eighth of our earth.

r believing that as a planet grows old it dries up ; not that the quantity of water actually diminishes, but that it is gradually withdrawn into the planet's interior. We see the final, or at least a very late stage of this process, in the case of our moon, which, being much smaller even than Mars, is a yet older world. Venus, our earth's sister-world, seems to be in much the same condition as she is, if one may judge from the evidence obtained as to the condition of her atmosphere, which certainly is not less extensive or less humid in general than our earth's. Mars, intermediate to the moon and earth in age, seems intermediate in condition also, having seas and oceans, whereas the moon has none, but seas and oceans much less extensive than those of our earth.

Considerable interest will attach to the observations to be made next August and September on the lands and seas of Mars. These have been charted, first by Sir W. Herschel, then by Mädler, next by Kaiser, and lastly by myself. My chart, based chiefly on observations made by the late Mr. Dawes, sometimes called the "eagle-eyed Dawes," contains more detail than the others, and is, I believe, the first which has been successfully employed to determine beforehand the appearance of the planet. In the spring of 1873 I published a series of views of Mars as he would appear if the chart were correctly laid down, during the summer of that year. Several of these views agreed so closely with the truth, that telescopists stated that the pictures, drawn months before, might have been made at the telescope, so closely did they accord with the aspect of the planet. Other views showed less exact agreement, and, in particular, certain features showed themselves in one part of the planet which indicated that Mr. Dawes's study of that region must have been conducted when Martian clouds concealed some of its more marked features. Dr. Terby, of Louvain, has carefully examined a great number of views of the planet, noting features which differ from some of those in my chart, and raising certain questions as to the conformation of the Martian lands and seas. Some of these, we may well believe, will be resolved by astronomers during the approaching opposition. I may remark, that altogether agree with Dr. Terby in thinking that some at least of the parts of my chart to which he refers will have to undergo alteration when more complete surveys have been made. In fact, most of these parts are only drawn in on my chart with dotted lines, because of my own recognition of the doubtful nature of the evidence. In passing, I may note, that M. Flammarion has summarily settled the whole matter by effecting all the alterations which Dr. Terby thought might perhaps have to be made, and publishing the chart so altered as his

as 24 hours 37 minutes 22 seconds and seven-tenths for the timing of a planet's rotation is not to be expected from observations of a few months, however accurate they may be. By combining together observations ranging over a great number of years Sir W. Herschel made an error of 2 full minutes in his result. On observations covering two years. Mädler, taking observations ranging over the oppositions between the years 1800 and 1830, deduced for the Martian day 24 hours 37 minutes 23 seconds and 73 hundredths, which was a very close approach for so limited an observation. I was not aware, when in 1867 I attacked the question and brought together the entire series of observations from 1700 and 1867, that Kaiser, of Leyden, had a year or two before taken the same task. My result differed from his by 11 seconds, which was a serious matter! For when, as in the case of nearly 90,000 rotations of the planet were taken into account, a tenth of a second for each gave nearly 9,000 seconds for the actual difference in the two centuries. It appeared that Kaiser had counted two days too many in the interval, and probably counted the years 1700 and 1800 as leap-years. The consequent correction (the difference between two of our Martian days) brought our calculations nearly in agreement. I had called the rotation period 24 hours 37 minutes 22 seconds and 73 hundredths, whereas his value gave 62 hundredths corrected 69 hundredths. After the re-examination of the question I had to subject the entire question, I felt satisfied that the

THE GARRICK-CLUB PICTURES.

PERHAPS one of the most significant tests of the interest once taken in the Stage, and of the power of the Stage to excite such interest, is the fact that scenes from plays, with the faces and figures of the actors, have always exercised the talents of good painters and engravers. The vast store of scenes and portraits to be found in the collectors' drawers and albums shows that the public, at least, is not indifferent. The actor's face, too, is admirable for the portrait painter, for, as Johnson said of Garrick, no features endure so "much wear and tear," and expression becomes almost a gymnastic process. This will be seen by comparing the features of such living actors as devote themselves to the portrayal of emotions with those of their brethren who merely figure in the spectacular exhibitions. To this we owe the inimitable twinkle and lurking humour of Mr. Buckstone's face, the "dried quince-like" air (Lamb's phrase) of Mr. Compton's, and the mixture of tragic force and *finesse* in the finely cut features of Mr. Irving. Again, a scene in a genuine comedy, interpreted by fine performers, is in itself the very quintessence of humorous action—not likely, save by rare accident, to present itself. And thus the painter is irresistibly attracted by what he has but little chance of discovering elsewhere.

These reflections are suggested by that really unique collection, the Garrick-Club Gallery of Pictures, perhaps the best and most satisfactory memorial that could be found of the English stage. The late Charles Mathews—father of our present "airy" comedian—it is well known, expended much time, intelligence, and money in forming the collection. Like all such gatherings, it was of unequal merit, some indifferent pictures being accepted, for the reason that nothing better on the subject could be procured. On the other hand, some are of the highest merit. He seems to have laid out about five thousand pounds on this hobby, though allowance must be made for a collector's tendency to understate his outlay. He also built a gallery to show off his treasures to advantage at Ivy Lodge, Highgate, from a design by the late Mr. Pugin. At the close of his laborious life, the vivacious player, "incompressible" as Foote in his spirits, found himself with narrow means and failing powers, and after a hard struggle determined to give up the cottage and dispose of the gallery.

for when the exhibition had to be closed, the loss was a hundred and fifty pounds ; which supplied a rather on the value of that '*favour of the public*,' so much *pro* and behind the curtain. The gallery," she says, " drew such numbers to our house, while as many more admittance year after year, was not found worth one behold ! For, so it may be presumed, reckoning the average persons, with those who for more than twenty years admission and were refused ; parties often presenting the gate of the cottage and forcing themselves in." In kind, many of the cheerful children of Momus have been with through teachings quite as rude. The pictures at the hands of Mr. Durrant, who allowed the Garrick Collection during his lifetime, and at his death generously bequeathed the whole collection. The value of such a present may be when it is stated that there are no fewer than seven hundred at least a dozen portraits of Garrick ; each player of importance represented by some three or four, showing him in his various characters.

So motley a meeting of "counterfeit presentments" is a thing like a hand-book to make them yet more interesting to anyone who has been taken round a picture gallery by a person of judgment would readily admit the advantage of such a collection. Among Mathews's acquaintances was Charles Lamb ; and his knowledge of the stage, his dramatic vein, as well as the qua-

and substitute analysis. I get rid of the phenomenon, by slurring in for it its impression. I am sure you must have observed this defect, or peculiarity, in my writings; else the delight would be incalculable in doing such a thing for Mathews whom I greatly like—and Mrs. Mathews, whom I almost greatly like. What a feast it would be to be sitting at the pictures, painting 'em into words! but I could almost as soon make words into pictures. I speak this deliberately, and not out of modesty. I pretty well know what I can do."

This happily describes the feelings which those "mannered pictures" (a good phrase) inspire; they seem to give out clouds of old associations, and are peopled with the indistinct fancies of an old tapestry. But he *had* already, in a mere sketch, "painted 'em into words," and, short as it is, nothing could more admirably express the undefined feeling produced on a lover of the stage:—

I do not know a more mortifying thing than to be conscious of a foregone delight, with a total oblivion of the person and manner which conveyed it. In dreams, I often stretch and strain after the countenance of Edwin, whom I once saw in "Peeping Tom." I cannot catch a feature of him. He is no more to me than Nokes or Pinkethman. Parsons, and, still more, Dodd, were near being lost to me till I was refreshed with their portraits (fine treat) the other day at Mr. Mathews's gallery at Highgate; which, with the exception of the Hogarth pictures, a few years since exhibited in Pall Mall, was the most delightful collection I ever gained admission to. There hang the players, in their single persons and in grouped scenes, from the Restoration,—Bettertons, Booths, Garricks—justifying the prejudices which we entertain for them; the Bracegirdles, the Mountforts, and the Oldfields, fresh as Cibber has described them; the Woffington (a true Hogarth), upon a couch, dallying and dangerous; the screen scene in Brinsley's famous comedy; with Smith and Mrs. Abingdon, whom I have not seen; and the rest, whom, having seen, I see still there. There is Henderson, unrivalled in Comus, whom I saw at second-hand in the elder Harley; Harley, the rival of Holman, in Horatio; Holman, with the bright glittering teeth, in Lothario, and the deep pavior's sighs in Romeo, the jolliest person ("our son is fat") of any Hamlet I have yet seen, with the most laudable attempts (for a personable man) at looking melancholy; and Pope, the abdicated monarch of tragedy and comedy, in Harry the Eighth and Lord Townley. There hang the two Aickins, brethren in mediocrity; Wroughton, who in Kitley seemed to have forgotten that in prouder days he had personated Alexander; the specious form of John Palmer, with the special effrontery of Bobby; Bensley, with the trumpet-tongue; and little Quick (the retired Dioctesian of Islington), with his squeak like a Bart'lemew fiddle. There are fixed, cold as in life, the immovable features of Moody, who, afraid of o'erstepping Nature, sometimes stopped short of her; and the restless fidgetiness of Lewis, who, with no such fears, not seldom leaped o' the other side. There hang Farren and Whitfield, and Burton and Phillimore, names of small account in those times, but which remembered now, or casually recalled by the sight of an old play-bill, with their associated recollections, can "drown an eye unused to flow." There too hangs, not far removed from them in death, the graceful plainness of the first Mrs. Pope, with a voice unstrung by age, but which in her better

days must have competed with the silver tones of Barry himself, so enchanting in decay do I remember it—of all her lady parts, exceeding herself in the "Lady Quakeress" (there earth touched heaven!) of O'Keefe, when she played it to the "merry cousin" of Lewis; and Mrs. Mattocks, the sensiblest of viragoes; and Miss Pope, a gentlewoman ever, to the verge of ungentry, with Churchill's compliment still burnishing upon her gay Honeycomb lips. There are the two Bannisters, and Sedgwick, and Kelly, and Dignum (Diggy), and the bygone features of Mrs. Ward, matchless in Lady Loverule; and the collective majesty of the whole Kemble family; and (Shakespeare's woman) Dora Jordan; and, by her, "two Antics," who, in former and in latter days, have chiefly beguiled us of our griefs.

Mathews's son, our living matchless comedian, then prepared a Catalogue duly numbered, which in itself furnishes a pleasant half-hour's reading, for it gives the dates of births and deaths, the particular situation in the plays represented, and some few facts and criticisms concerning each player. Something more detailed, however, may be found acceptable, as the portraits are well worthy of more leisurely *ciceroneship*, both on account of their worth, as well as the curious glimpses of old theatrical life they indirectly reveal. And first, a few words on the painters.

The favourite theatrical artists have been Zoffany, Harlowe, Hayman, Wilson, Dance, De Wilde, Clint, Coates, Lawrence, and Shee: of whom Zoffany certainly ranks first. He is admirably represented here. The history of this clever artist is a strange one. He was a German from Frankfort, and found himself starving in a London garret, when a charitable Dutch clockmaker, of the family of the late Dr. Rimbault, gave him employment in colouring the little figures on his clocks. He was then employed by Benjamin Wilson, a portrait painter of the day, to "get in," as it is styled, the figures of his sitters. Garrick suspecting that the portrait of himself and Miss Bellamy, then being exhibited, was not Wilson's, applied himself to finding out the true state of the case, and became Zoffany's patron—a kindness which the painter would have more than repaid had he only painted the gracefully fantastic portrait of the actor writing, his wife stealing the pen from his fingers, which was so lately exhibited at the Academy.

Next comes the truly abundant De Wilde, the most enthusiastic of theatrical portrait painters, and whose pictures can be counted by hundreds. In magazines, in the spirited and beautifully engraved plates to "Bell's Theatre," we have only to turn to the corner to find the unvarying "De Wilde, pinx." or "del."

Next we have Harlowe, a more sober delineator, but whose likenesses are good. His best known work is the scene from *Queen*

Catherine's trial—a great “Family Piece,” in which the whole Kemble family is introduced, with, it must be said, rather grotesque effect. Of Clint it were to be wished that we had more works, as there is in them a certain spirit and humour; witness the capital “Paul Pry,” now in the National Gallery, and so well known from the engravings. In that collection also hangs the poetical but lachrymose “Hamlet” by Lawrence, a fine classical memorial of Kemble. But if we were called on to name the finest of modern theatrical portraits, more than amply fulfilling all the conditions, and almost emphasising Charles Lamb's theory that the true actor must always be hinting gaily to his hearers that he is not quite in earnest, we should point to the full-length figure of Lewis, in “The Marquis,” by Shee, also in the National Gallery. The spirit of refinement, of light comedy, the air of delightful gaiety in the face and bearing, sends the spectator away in a reciprocal humour.

There are about a dozen portraits of Garrick, and no less than eleven portraits of John Kemble. He, his illustrious sister, and Garrick, were perhaps the most abundantly bepainted actors in the world. Mrs. Siddons, as was fitting, has received greater honours in this respect than her brother. The variety of noble portraits of which she has been the occasion is incredible. The “Gainsborough” in the National Gallery, with its limpid blue dress and piquant hat, and Reynolds's well-known “Tragic Muse,” one of the most original and dignified of pictures—these alone might confer an immortality. But there is besides the enormous full-length by Lawrence, also in the National Gallery, a rather heavy and unrefined portraiture of a heavy lady, and certainly uninspired. Some of the earlier pictures, notably the one by Hamilton, presenting her in the character of Isabella, give a happy idea of her grace and dignity. The writer possesses a coloured print, a “chromo” of the last century, done by Lawrence at Bath, when he and she were about equally obscure—she only a struggling actress.

Entering the Drawing-room and walking straight up to the fireplace, we shall see on our left hand one of the most characteristic pictures in the collection, and also one of the greatest merit. It is the scene from the pleasant comedy of “The Clandestine Marriage,” by Garrick and Colman, and represents King as Lord Ogleby, the old beau, with the handsome Mrs. Baddeley as Miss Sterling; Mr. Baddeley as Canton, the French valet, in the distance. The situation is that most pleasant *équivoque* in the third act, where the old lord is led on to make a declaration by the replies of the lady, who fancies that he is urging her lover's suit, and not his own. The picture

breathes the spirit of comedy, and of the admirable comedy it depicts; the character of Lord Ogleby itself inspiring the and being so full and richly coloured, as, indeed, are all the characters of the comedy of the last century. The scene might suggest a whole article; it offers so many associations connected with the play and the players themselves. To recall Garrick's life it will recall the dispute between him and Colman to their share of the authorship—a discussion conducted with placid good-humour on the side of the former, and with fraud and passion by Colman. The character was originally intended for Garrick, but, either distrusting its suitability or, as was in wishing to punish his *collaborateur*, he declined it. The fortunate opening for King, whose reputation it increased to an extraordinary degree. It is now a favourite part of Mr. Philipps plays it admirably. The handsome Baddeley was one of the abandoned creatures of her time. Her connection with him was but of a fitful kind, and she brought to it little save intelligence and the graces of her face and figure. After a short career of extravagance—now overwhelmed with jewels and money, struggling with difficulties—she sank through all the degrading stages of degradation, until she ended miserably in a jail and destitution. Now she looks from the picture in the heyday of her charms, and the audience found a piquancy in the fact that her husband were acting in the same piece, though separated. He tolerated the attentions of “the town” generally to his lady presently to amuse the public by a harmless duel with the brother George, whose devotion he felt bound to notice. He was comparatively an obscure actor, though he played small parts, and this part of the French valet as well as it could be played. He is better known by his fantastic bequest of an annual cake of punch to the Drury Lane performers, a celebration which associates ridiculous rather than respectful memories with him. The figure and face are but faintly indicated; but over the picture in the library will be seen a quaint and pretty little sketch by Cipriani, with “spectacles on nose,” a grave, poor while in the dining-room is a large head in oil, shewing a different face; *le mari de sa femme*, in short.

As for the picture itself, it invites the heartiest appreciation and even merit in the size chosen for the figures. The execution, treatment, dramatic force, are simply masterly. The crabbed old beau, softened by a sort of humorous leer, which at the same time earnest and sincere; the age expressed in the fine

attitude, the stiffened, gouty hands, with their expression also ; all these points are admirable, and show dramatic art of the highest kind. The stockings, it will be noticed, are creased, as being a world too wide and drawn upon the pair of "shrunk shanks." The remarkable individuality and dramatic power of this picture will at once be seen by comparing it with a picture in the smoking-room on the same subject, painted by Clint.

The lady's face has faded like one of Sir Joshua's, and has been indifferently repaired, but the effect of dignity is that of "a fine woman ;" such as his lordship himself so much admired. The painting of his figure both as to face and costume is admirable. It is less hard than others of Zoffany's productions ; while the treatment of the coat, the silver lace and embroidery, on a pale red ground, is a study ; no undue employment of elaborate work, yet with an effect surprisingly broad, rich, and mellow. That the original coat was itself an important element, is shown by the fact that Bernard (the amusing "reminiscent," whose portrait is here) mentions that it was brought specially to Dublin, where King was more appreciated than in London. The company, however, was in so disastrous a condition that the "star" actor alone was receiving profits, and on the night of his success he overheard their murmurs at this preference. Arrayed in the richly-flowered dressing-gown which Lord Ogleby wears in the first act, the gay performer went round, purse in hand, and asked each how much was his night's salary, and offered the same. This was declined by all, save by a "comical joking man," who, with "whimsical manner and a vile grimace," and quoting from his part, "Ay, this is the omnium, nothing like the stuff," put the guineas in his pocket.

To see what this good actor was like off the stage, we have only to turn to the brilliant little cabinet picture on its left, by Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, with its limpid colouring and character. How faithful it is will be seen. "King," says his friend O'Keefe, "was above the middle size, formed with great symmetry, fine eye, and expressive countenance ; but his chin and cheeks black or rather blue." He is in a riding dress, with his dog beside him, and what seems the stick of a hunting whip in his hand. He would appear to be calling for his horse. The amateur will note how excellently painted are the riding gloves, and their very creases ; and what careless expression there is in the mode in which the whip is held ; as though it were some country gentleman familiar only with field sports, and wishing this fact to be emphasised. This is significant, for Mr. King was 'a man about town,' and had sporting tastes, and one night, indeed, as said to have lost £7,000 at the gaming table.

genuine, it provoked all manner of jests. He could not eat with Catalani because she used a knife with her fricandeau. The actors would torture him by slowly dilating on delicacies which he had been enjoying. Liston would throw him into the sea, declaring that he knew no treat comparable to "boiled lobster sauce; or, to salt beef with *currant jelly*." Mathews contrived a little plot for his special annoyance, of an amulet which was settled that Mr. Pope should be appointed to carve the venison, and that every one of the large company should help, until scarcely a morsel was left. The carver, however, contrived to baffle his tormentors. Nothing but the bone was left. Pope declared she had no fancy for venison, and sent for a roast which was found to be heaped with the choicest morsels cut from the best quarters. A telegraphic sign had come to the dutiful wife what she was expected to do. Something was written in his face.

On the wall facing a window, we find two portraits of the famous or notorious Peg Woffington—an epithet with which she was once advertised by a country manager, who meant to be complimentary: "Engagement of the notorious Mr. Mosses." These are these is, the "Woffington (a true Hogarth), upon a cloud, and dangerous." There are no fewer than four Woffingtons in the collection; and it is a little distracting that the two above scarcely resemble their fellow below. This again certainly is the more familiar prints. The type is that of a

lay, Duménil, and took to playing tragic characters. Lord Charlemont possesses a sketch, also "a true Hogarth," which the painter presented to his ancestor. It is also in a cap: and though the mouth is rather refined, the whole suggests the actress fairly enough. It is most like Mercier's picture, and is holding up a watch in a dainty fashion. . . . It is curious that the three pictures should thus present her holding something in her hand. However, the subject of Elia's description seems scarcely so "dallying and dangerous" as he represents it to be. The reclining attitude is not skilfully drawn, and the colouring seems a little heavy. The couch is crimson, the dress a rich amber, while the curtain behind is green. Her hair hangs down in curls.

About the centre, on this side of the room, in a place of high honour, is the large oval picture of a blooming creature arrayed in *flamboyant* gauze drapery, a picture treated in the romantic style which offers such a contrast to our modern "earthly" mode of showing everyone as he *is*. She wears a mauve bodice; her face glows with colour and brilliance, though there is a hint that these charms might later take somewhat coarse shape. The arm is gracefully curved, while the hand coquettishly holds a mask just taken off. Such graces lend a charm to a picture, apart from its merits as a likeness. Chalon was the last who treated ladies in this becoming mode. This is Miss Farren, Countess of Derby. "Her figure is considerably above the middle height, and is of that slight texture which allows the use of full and flowing drapery. Her face, though not regularly beautiful, is animated and prepossessing, her eye blue and penetrating; and her smiles fascinate the heart as her form delights the eye. In short, a more complete exhibition of graces and accomplishments never presented itself for admiration before the view of an audience." So was she described in the heyday of her charms, her brows "encircled by a coronet." When this fortunate actress was playing in the "School for Scandal," during the "Screen scene," her noble admirer, the Earl of Derby, would find his way from his box, taking advantage of the friendly shelter to pay his evotions to his flame. Within six weeks of the death of his wife, Lord Derby led the actress to the altar! This specimen of "marriage haste" was followed by as speedy a "repentance at leisure," for a separation took place.

Close by looks down Macklin, in old age, his large mouth recalling that of Dr. Johnson,—whose face, as we see here, was so gnarled and furrowed that some one began to address him, "I see, sir, the cordage of your countenance," &c. He is really one of the most remarkable figures of the English stage—an admirable actor, a

no less admirable dramatist, with a character of singular vigour and originality. He reached so great an age that he conversed with the father of the present Mr. Charles Mathews, and yet might have seen William III. ! His performance of Shylock, played in a *scarlet hat*—he said he had found out such was the costume for Jews in Venice at the date of the play—won the admiration of Pope, who uttered the metrical commendation—

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew ;

which Quin "capped" with a coarse third line—

Spew, reader, spew !

Zoffany painted the "Trial Scene" from this play, and exhibited Macklin in this character.

At the bottom of the room, on the wall facing the fireplace, we see Kemble as Cato, by Lawrence, painted in the firm, rather gaudy style which the artist affected. It is rather an uninteresting picture—indeed, nearly all the pictures of "great John" are uninteresting, and look theatrical enough, from the grim self-consciousness which he invariably assumed. Here the black cropped hair and the bare neck suggest a faint association of the grotesque ; but the costume is a trying one. There was, besides, a plain realism in Lawrence's style, which unfitted him for a theatrical painter. There is a little history about this portrait. The original, of large size, was painted for Lord Blessington, at whose house in St. James's Square it had excited the longing admiration of Mr. Mathews, so much so that the owner very kindly promised to make him a present of a copy, to be made by any artist he might select. The original had been returned, for engraving, to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Mathews often pressed him for leave to have the copy made. He was put off so repeatedly that at last the actor was offended, and a little coolness between the friends was the result. One day the painter begged of him to call on him, and then explained that he knew of Mathews's wish to have a copy, but that he had kept the picture for the express purpose of frustrating this intention. Lawrence then proposed to the somewhat offended actor to show him his last picture, and revealed this very copy, which he himself had made. Before the picture was delivered Sir Thomas fell ill. "Alas !" said Mrs. Mathews, "our next inquiry was answered by closed windows ; the great man was dead." The picture, after some reasonable demur, was delivered to Mathews by his executors, on his pledging his honour that it was painted for him.

Close by is a head of Junius Booth, the American actor, with more

the air of a prize-fighter than of a "noble Roman." But the bare-neck costume is trying for a man of mature years. The face has a curious likeness to that of Kemble. His son, it will be recollected, was the assassin of President Lincoln.

Here too is Woodward—with his coarse and broadly humorous face—in a scarlet waistcoat and cocked hat. How admirably does this sketch, by Tom Davies, interpret this countenance! "His person was so regularly formed and his look so serious and composed that an indifferent observer would have supposed that his talents were adapted to characters of a serious cast. But the moment he spoke on the stage a certain ludicrous air laid hold of his features and every muscle of his face ranged itself on the side of levity. The tones of his voice *inspired comic ideas*, and, though he often wished to act tragedy, he never could speak a line with propriety that was serious." This portrait shows him as Brass in "The Confederacy," and is an unpretending work. But we shall see the actor presently finely displayed in a magnificent portrait in the dining-room.

Close by is George Frederick Cooke, prematurely old, with shrunken features, but with a humorous cast about the mouth which shews us how the fine tragedian could give effect to a character like that of Sir Pertinax. But we should hardly divine from this portrait that we were in the presence of one of the most abandoned sots of his day. His splendid dramatic defiance to the hostile Liverpool audience should not be forgotten. "Hiss me! you set of money-grubbers. Why, there is not a stone in your town that's *not cemented by the blood of a negro!*"

Here we find Mrs. Stirling, the last, perhaps, of the *Comédiennes* of the old school; whose art lay in filling the stage by the genial sense of the character itself, even in the passages of a neutral kind, and spoken without intention or exertion. Character is too often laboriously emphasised and its force lost in a number of touches. In this "quietly" painted picture we see her as Peg Woffington, a rôle which she created in Messrs. Reade and Tom Taylor's delightful comedy—a piece that has been lately revived with the most finished effect. This accomplished woman still lives and flourishes, as her occasional speeches at theatrical dinners testify. The picture is by Phillips, and is unfinished. Close by is an unfinished head of Garrick by Zoffany. This may be considered, as it were, the familiar and typical face of the great actor, representing him when about forty or fifty years old, when his face began to fill out and grow "puffy," which rendered it more expressive for broad comedy characters—the result, no doubt, of intellectual exercise.

It was a wonderfully effective stage face, every feature being marked, the eyes seated in deep hollows, and every line mobile. The eyes, thus set off, were amazing for their brilliance and intensity, as can be best seen in Pine's well-known "bare-throated" portrait, also hung on these walls; even in conversation he had a fashion of darting them searchingly on the listener as it were to search his very soul, or to keep his glances in training for the stage.

Near the door we find a scene from Benjamin Hoadly's admirable comedy, "The Suspicious Husband"—one of those pieces in which, whatever else may be deficient, the redeeming quality of "spirit" is found. Spirit and gaiety often supply, or effectively take the place of, wit. This picture, painted by Hayman, shows us Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in the characters of the hero and Mrs. Sullen; the date of the performance being about the middle of the last century. The picture has an additional interest from the fact, that it was specially painted for Hoadly, the author of the piece. Indeed, this is one of those suggestive pictures which call up a whole series of details. Garrick appears here as he was in his early days, when he was described as "a very sprightly young man, neatly made, of an expressive countenance, and most agreeable and entertaining manners;" before he had grown into the rather portly and weightily built figure so familiar to us, and the famous performer that he was later to become. Yet there is also a sort of dapper air—which helps us to understand the jests as to "little Davy," and his small stature. Looking at his companion, we feel the truth of Churchill's sarcastic allusion—"Pritchard's *genteel*,"—as well as of Johnson's remark, "she was a vulgar woman, that talked of her gownd." The face and figure are both ungainly; and it is hard to conceive the flexibility necessary for comedy. In all the portraits of this actress in the collection will be noted this somewhat vulgar air, the "tallowy" features, and forcible though coarse lips. It is clear that she was a performer of power. The "Suspicious Husband" was, in fact, what used to be called "*a Hat and Ladder Piece*," or, as the French would now style it, "*à Cape et l'Épée*,"—turning on the Spanish incidents of climbing into chambers, and of leaving a hat behind, &c.

The costume should be noted. Garrick's grey coat and green cuffs, and the lady's vast "gownd," as she might have called it, with enormous quiltings in the shape of melon slices, and her matronly cap. The sprightliness, and even gay slyness, in Mr. Garrick's attitude is worth noting.

It used to be maliciously repeated during his life that the

walls of his room were literally covered with portraits of himself, and of himself alone; but this was but natural, as one so complimented would like to retain such tributes to his popularity. The engravings alone would fill a large portfolio. Zoffany, Hogarth, Dance, Pine, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hudson, and many others, painted him again and again; while Roubillac, Van Nost, and Nollekens repeated his features in busts. Even the wax-modellers exerted their art, and Mr. Smith tells us that a professor of this art turned out these profiles by the hundred, while Nollekens adds that his bust was in every barber's shop. He even figured on sign-boards as "The Garrick's Head," and on wig-blocks. The writer has in his possession the plaster-mask of Garrick's face which was taken by Van Nost. This suggests a good story *à propos* of his estimate of the power of his eyes, with whose "dartings" he liked to awe any new candidate for theatrical employment. Once, when crossing Roubillac's yard, he bade the sculptor note how he would scare, with these same eyes of his, a red-headed countryman, who was sawing. "Upon creeping towards the fellow, he kept lowering himself, at the same time putting on one of his tragedy looks, and partly drawing out a rule from his pocket, as if he would a pistol, to shoot him. In that attitude he remained for some time disappointed and motionless, until the Yorkshireman stopped his sawing, and, after squirting out his tobacco-juice, coolly said, "What trick do you intend to be at next?"—a little touch of character that suggests comedy.

Between the windows is another of Zoffany's firmly painted, spirited figures, Weston as "Billy Button," his face full of a defiant suspicion—an expression to which even the mode in which his hat is carried contributes. This disposition of the dress will be found to have been carefully studied by the old actor. Here we have the brown coat and favourite scarlet waistcoat so universally associated with rustic virtue. It will be noted that this belief in the virtues of Yorkshire- and other country-men has completely died out, upon the stage at least; or it may be that the young squires of these districts have considerably improved in morals. Near him is Holland, with a sort of placid smirk on his face—one of the Garrick school. It was on his death that the unfeeling jester, Foote, made the remark, that "he had been shoved into the family oven," he having been originally a baker. On the same side of the room is Decamp, the brother of Mrs. Charles Kemble—who seems to have been a most attractive and fascinating woman. It will be noted what a shining, gallant, though exaggerated air he presents; an air with which his brother-in-law so captivated the town in Mercutio and

Hotspur. This style is not attempted now, as it is thought to be out of keeping with the practical tone of the age, but it certainly ennobles the feelings of an audience. Turning again to the wall facing the window, we see a picture of Young, in a crown and beard, painted by Sir E. Landseer. Young had a fine expressive face, and in all theatrical portraits it is expression that makes their value. Here, then, there is none save that of the average "Tragedy king." Indeed, modern acting relies too much on what is called "making-up" a face, by which a cheap expression is secured through artificial means, instead of using the true "make-up," the intellectual force within. This might be the player-king in "Hamlet," or any provincial stage monarch.

Farther up, near the fireplace, we find Bannister and Parsons, in "The Village Lawyer," by De Wilde; a capital dramatic contrast between the pair—the roguish would-be simple rustic, and the flourishing lawyer. No one, as that good judge Tom Davies declared, could forbear laughing either at or with Parsons, when he opened his mouth. The tones of his voice, the muscles of his mouth, were humour itself. Frederick Reynolds says, no one could ever forget him in this particular scene. De Wilde painted this clearly in imitation of Zoffany's style, but the latter has treated the same scene and the same performers, which will be found below in the Visitors' Dining-room. Though De Wilde's is a clever and meritorious work, it will be seen that it has not nearly the freedom and masterly touch that Zoffany's picture offers. The subject is truly dramatic, offering a contrast between voluble effrontery hiding simplicity, as in the instance of the lawyer, and affected simplicity hiding effrontery, in that of the rustic.

There is here also a delicately-painted little "conversation piece," as it used to be called, representing John Rich and his family. There was another "conversation piece," which was long supposed to represent the Rich family, but it proved to be that of Sir A. Fountain, with a portrait of Rich in the foreground. Rich, as was well known, was the most famous Harlequin of the English stage; but a Harlequin was then a poetical and dramatic character, and not the mere gymnast that he has since become. Rich gave, wrote Garrick,

—the power of speech to ev'ry limb;
Though masked and mute, conveyed his quick intent,
And told in frolic gestures what he meant.

His style was eccentric, and he would address everyone as "Mister

lights up the scene, the unctuous mouth, the hat cocked with effrontery, and the dress worn—not as theatrical fine clothes often are, as a fancy dress, but as the garments of everyday life ; these are points that make this picture irresistibly attractive. The connoisseur will own that the technical painting is admirable, the delicate yellow and blue of the satin dress, in the manner of Gainsborough. As it is, we have “Harry Woodward” with his fine stage face, suggestive of that of the present Mr. Emery's, here revealed to us.

It will be seen again, by the review of these remarkable faces, how much of the drama of those times depended on the actor's expression, how much on the anticipation of the speech, delivered previous to utterance by their expressive features. The actor's face was as important as his voice. Now, under modern scenic arrangements, and the excessive light suffusing the stage, the face has grown indistinct and unimportant. This may seem a paradox. But formerly the faces and the figures were illuminated, first by chandeliers, then by oil footlights. The scenes were invariably “flats” painted in very sober colours, and comparatively in shadow, and thus threw out effectually the illuminated faces and figures. Now, since everything is bathed in the flare of gaslight, there is no relief, and the background is as illuminated as the figures.

There is yet another masterly portrait here, that of Colley Cibber as Lord Foppington—one of those pregnant figures that actually furnish companionship. This is by one Grisoni. The face is certainly a most remarkable one, and its “finical” expression is of the subtlest kind. An average painter would be inclined to exaggerate foppishness, so as to emphasise the character ; but here the conceit is conveyed by the most delicate *nuance* of expression—a faint superciliousness in the nose—something in the elevation of the face, even the clearness of the skin. The picture over the fireplace is the well-known scene from “Macbeth,” representing Mrs. Pritchard and Garrick in the “Murder Scene.” Here we see the coarse face of the actress, and the unrefined features of Garrick, both really contorted with a rather overdone intention. Indeed, the effect is as of a couple of elocutionists illustrating the Passions, rather than that of attempting the illusion of acting : this, considering the style of dress, would seem to have been what was more directly aimed at then. Mrs. Pritchard frankly owned that she had never read the portion of the play that follows the disappearance of Lady Macbeth from the play ; of which economy of trouble, it may be suspected, not many instances could be produced. But the dresses of these two great performers are what strike us with surprise : Garrick's short

figure being arrayed in a vast scarlet coat, its enormous tails being profusely laced with gold, and the laced flaps of the waistcoat, as usual, coming down to his knees—while socks and shoes, with his favourite “bob” wig, complete the odd effect. The lady is magnificent in a flowing white satin robe and petticoat trimmed with ermine, a small cap being on her head. The attitude of the pair approaches the grotesque; Garrick’s hands (enormous in size) stretching over in horror to the left, while his ungraceful legs lean to the right. The painter has even taken care to give the marks of blood on his hands. Indeed, the jest at the time on this picture was, that “it was the cook and butler struggling for the carving-knife.” All these pictorial scenes incline us more to the belief that Garrick’s real strength lay in comedy. That he could bring force and intensity to tragedy there is no doubt; but his physical disadvantages were too strong to be got over. Looking at this picture, it is hard to conceive the great player performing Romeo in rivalry with the graceful Barry. The scene, indeed, has a strangely prosaic air, and gives a good idea of how tragedy was set forth, viz., by rather exaggerated contortions of face and gesture all directed by elocutionary rule. This formality and prosaic exterior were amply compensated for by distinct enunciation and fine rendering of the meaning of every line. Garrick’s dress, and the laced waistcoat, are richly painted.

Between the windows is a pleasant scene from the comedy of “Speculation,” full of humour, and representing three “broad” comedians, in full display of their powers. In the centre is Quick—a full-moon face, whose features, alive even without speech, predispose to merriment—a type of face often seen on the French stage, large, round, and fleshy, and which, accompanied by a “squeak like a Bartlemew fiddle”—Lamb’s description of Quick’s voice—would be a treasure to its owner. Quick was George the Third’s favourite comedian, and this picture was painted at his Majesty’s desire. The peculiar expression of Lewis, that of a mild yet racy enjoyment, with also an air of finesse, is excellent: not less so is the likeness, as will be seen by comparing it with the head over the door in the Drawing-room. But Lewis’s face ever mantled with a bright enjoyment. The figure of Munden scarcely represents him to us as he was described by Elia, having “not one face, but many;” and his mobility has rather a pertness of figure than of face, and a dapperiness which we hardly associate with a professor of expression. The good chalk sketch, in the passage to the Visitors’ Dining-room, shows him to us as an old man.

More remarkable, however, are the portrait-scenes from dramas,

which are of the most *saisissant* and interesting description. The wall to the left, as we enter, is the scene from "Venice Preserve" representing Garrick and Mrs. Cibber; the latter on her knees pleading for pity, while the other flourishes a dagger. A sort of half-street-lamp casts a lurid glare over the whole; and it is curious to note that the effect is that of a recitation by ordinary persons in a drawing-room, the characters being dressed in the costume of their day. We thus have to look to the faces and attitude for the meaning of the situation. And this is remarkable; in most of the dramatic scenes the face and general expression are chiefly looked to, costume being passed over as unimportant. It must be said that Garrick's appearance here is undignified, being that of a rather shabby elderly gentleman, trying to concentrate emotion in his face. The date of this performance was about 1748, when Garrick was no more than thirty-eight. Here he certainly looks fifty years old. Mrs. Cibber, his companion, was considered so like him that she might pass for his sister. The largeness of her mouth will be noted. "There was in her person little or no elegance," says Davies; "in her countenance a small share of beauty." But he admits that "Nature had given her symmetry of form and fine expression of feature." In passages of grief and tenderness, she had the art of making her eyes look as if swimming in tears. But though her figure was "unimportant," she had grace and dignity. It can be seen that she was one of the "old women" of the stage—of the extinct line of tragedy-queens; and she would declaim her speeches in the exalted and most musical diction which still obtains on the boards of the *Français*. There can be no doubt that such an exaggerated mode of utterance is requisite for metrical passages. The magnificence of her dress is noticeable. She wears a rich black satin, with white lace sleeves, velvet and pearls in her hair, which is powdered, with earrings and necklace; in short, everything that was unsuited to a lorn Belvidere of the seventeenth century but becoming a *grande dame* going to the Court of St. James's. Garrick wears a gaily flowered waistcoat, whose flaps reach almost to his knees. This lady was the heroine of a scandalous *cause célèbre*, *Cibber v. Sloper*; the defendant in which was alive so lately as 1848 when the Lady Craven, "the Margravine," met him.

Facing the door, and next to the window, is that famous "Scene" from the "School for Scandal," by Roberts, which so attracted Lamb. This shows us Farren as Sir Peter to the left, Mrs. Abingdon as Lady Teazle, and Smith and Palmer as Sir Charles and Joseph Surface. Such was the inimitable quartette that first "created" these characters. Lamb's admirable description will be recollected, and

should be carefully studied by all performers of the comedy. Indeed, what with "gags" and lack of preparation, the modern representations of the piece become more and more "farcical," and seem to travel farther and farther away from the author's conception.

This matchless scene is so admirably constructed, so full of life and little surprises, that one may see it again and again, and never lose the sense of interest and enjoyment. The painting of the picture has no particular merit. But the faces are good, and, judging by that of Mrs. Abington, which may be compared with the portrait by Hickey upstairs, must be good likenesses. Nothing can be better or more natural than the expression of Charles Surface. It will be recollected that Charles Surface is always made to indulge in a vein of boisterous ridicule at his discovery, which is not merely ill-bred, but improbable—for such behaviour would not have been accepted by the others. Here we see what is correct and natural—and his face exhibits a kind of quiet amusement and sarcastic enjoyment. Again, it will be seen that Sir Peter is shown as comparatively a middle-aged gentleman: so he is described in the piece itself; and not as the rather querulous septuagenarian which he assumes in the hands of Mr. Phelps and Mr. Chippendale.

We have here also another of Zoffany's capital character-portraits: Garrick, in the character of the Lord Chalkstone, in "Lethe." It will be seen how the actor has contrived to assume the air of quaint and grotesque senility, the nose being sharpened, and a sort of fishy surprise imparted to the eyes. Yet the features of the actor are quite recognisable.

Such is the true art of "making up," which does not depend on paint and patches and false hair, but on a power from within. This character belongs to Garrick's earlier *répertoire*. Here, too, is displayed Zoffany's usual mastery of costume, and his treatment of his favourite scarlet-laced waistcoat.

From the same play we have the portrait of Mrs. Clive as the "fine lady"—by no less an artist than Hogarth—with a curiously grotesque head-dress, like the wings of a dragon-fly, and a frill round. That she had no claims to beauty is evident from the tightened lips and disagreeable mouth, and the head seems too small for the body. This piece was in such vogue, that the famous factory at Bow issued little statuettes, in their well-known ware, of Woodward, Garrick, and "Kitty" herself, in their characters from this play. These are rare, and bring vast prices.

Here we find two small pictures, by Harlowe, of Mrs. Siddons in Lady Macbeth, which give a glimpse of the impression pro-

duced by the great actress in the part. We can see the *stately* cast of features and the awe-inspiring glance which was natural to her. In the one nearest to the window will be noted the curious swathing under the chin, and the short waist. The nun-like and spectral air of the other, and the clasped hands, supply a hint that the part was interpreted with a certain exaggeration, and even melodramatic passion. The florid cheeks to which Harlowe was partial suggest rouge; and he seems to have imitated the glowing countenances of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Lindo's portrait of George-Anne Bellamy, once so famed for her attractions, is disappointing; the face is ordinary, and the expression vulgar. Barton Booth, in his full-bottomed wig, recalls the portraits of Swift; but it is a placid face, with nothing of the power that could "tear a passion to tatters." There are here also two excellent scenes by Clint, one from "Lock and Key," where the idea of the pleasant intrigue against watchful and jealous surveillance, so attractive an element in the old comedies, is excellently suggested. The old man's face, and the graceful women at the back, are excellent as specimens of good work. The story is very plainly told, and the colouring is agreeable. The companion scene is from "Love, Law, and Physic," where Liston, as Lubin Log, asks the lawyer whether he means to say "that black is white," and Mathews angrily desires to know if he dares to dispute a point of law with him. The uncertainty, mixed with distrust, in Liston's face, and the assumed obstreperousness, intended to bear down all doubt in the other, are admirable. But even an artist inferior to Clint would have been inspired by such actors. It is clear that Mathews would have taken the highest place as a comedian, had he not been turned aside to the less legitimate, but more profitable, line of mimicry and "delineation." The stage and the association with good players and pieces evokes quite a different train of gifts. The interest shown here in Mathews's face could only have been excited by a *situation* to which other intellects contributed. This could not have been supplied where he was dependent on his own resources.

Another capital piece, by Vandergucht, shows us those two prime humourists Moody and Parsons in "The Committee," the one hopelessly drunk and tottering, the other at the stage of merely complacent foolishness. The contorted and drooping mouth of the first shows a peculiar stage of inebriation. This style, however, was clearly suggested by Zoffany's successful treatment of dramatic scenes. The portrait of Quin, by Hogarth, is disappointing, as it is rather indefinite, though it shows his solid, heavy face. Playgoers will recall the

capital reproduction of this actor at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in "Masks and Faces." The head of Garrick, by Pine, is interesting as being a study of the great actor's eyes and their power, and showing what a histrionic capital he possessed in his face alone. Here, too, is poor mad "Nat Lee," who, after writing tragedies frantic enough in their extravagance to have been the work of a lunatic, but which the bombastic taste of the town accepted as fine tragic passion, actually wrote pieces in Bedlam, of which specimens have been preserved. This portrait, however, is probably a fancy one. The coarse "cook-maid's" face will be recognised after seeing the Mrs. Sullen upstairs. It again shows what "a vulgar creature" the famous Pritchard must have been, and the artist (Hayman) has even imparted a sort of "greasy" air, as though soap and water were unfamiliar, or at least not habitual. Like Peg Woffington, she always appears in a cap. Here again we meet Cooke, who has a sort of grim likeness to Kemble, perhaps founded on the undramatic mutton-chop whisker, to which both were partial. Here, too, is a good portrait of Mrs. Yates, by Cotes—an unrefined, staid face, not without coarseness. We can understand Garrick styling her "a fine woman." The drapery of the dress is well painted.

On the stairs are two small portraits, representing Henderson in scenes from "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." The pictures are curious, as showing clearly how thoroughly elocutionary was the conception of the Garrick school. For we are shown a rather elderly gentleman conversing with Polonius, or listening to the Witches in a comically distrustful fashion. Nothing so prosaic or matter-of-fact could be conceived. The costume of Hamlet is worth noting, especially the curious wig that descends with two tails, as it were, on each shoulder. Macbeth, however, is attired like a Roman general,—a costume that may be contrasted with the sort of scarlet livery worn by Garrick in the same character.

Equally good is the large piece, representing the last scene of "The Jeweller," and which Mr. Cole says was found in a back room of the old Buck Inn at Bristol. It represents the dying agonies of the reckless Beverley, with the tearful pains of the wretched wife, portrayed by Mrs. Pope. Jarvis and Charlotte attend, but the unprincipled Lewson, who was certainly present, is unaccountably omitted. Here we see the very height of extravagant melodrama, the figures being, as it were, "piled up," like the agony itself—faces, attitudes, all contorted into agonised suffering. It were to be wished, however, that we had something of this earnestness on the stage. Near it is the large and "important" full-length scene from "The Alchemist,"

representing the well-known Griffin and Johnson. This must be one of the oldest of the contemporary theatrical portraits; the face of Abel is full of antique humour, the attitude is nearly that of Garrick in the same character in Zoffany's picture. Here, too, we see Miss O'Neil, with her Irish harp, an indifferent picture, but a fair likeness, recalling the face of the Princess Charlotte. This incomparable actress, the last, perhaps, of the great school—for Miss Helen Faucit can scarcely be ranked with her—died but two or three years ago as Lady Becher. She thus lived to read the amusing but unflattering sketch of herself and her father which is to be found in "Pendennis."

On reaching the landing we face a singularly pleasing picture of a beautiful woman, and to state that it is by Angelica Kaufmann amounts to saying that it is full of grace and elegance. The red hair will be noted, which it will be recollected attracted the attention of an agent of Garrick's, whom he sent down to report upon her acting. This is Mrs. Hartley, who fascinated Sir Joshua, as she did also "Gentleman Smith," who justified his claim to the sobriquet by leaving wife, family, and engagement at the theatre, to "go off" with this red-haired siren. On the other side of the Library-door hangs a full-length portrait of the "Young Roscius"—Master Betty—as Norval, who died, as old Mr. Betty, a year or two ago. This, too, is a graceful picture by Opie, who, like Northcote, was attracted by the boy. Many smiles and much contempt have been excited by this Betty mania, but though the exhibition of child-prodigies does not conduce to the dignity of the stage, still the impression produced on the world must be accepted.

In the Smoking-room we see Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Colman, with its original attitude and strangely interesting expression: a placid, dreamy face, and yet a languid and faint curl of contempt in the rather supercilious lips. This was one of the remarkable Streatham series of portraits, painted for Mrs. Piozzi, which has been dispersed. Here, also, is "easy, natural Wrench," as Elia styles him, adding one of those precious bits of analysis worth a volume of dramatic criticism.

Then we come upon a most quaintly characteristic bit of painting, which helps us to a glimpse of the style of acting more efficiently than a volume of description. This is Zoffany's portrait of Ross. As a piece of workmanship, it is admirably full of life, solidity, and vigour: note the full face—the handling of the coat—the ripe mellow-ness of the whole; while the book is worthy of one of the Dutch masters. It will hardly be credited that this is a personation

f the gentle Hamlet—the full person, and the puffed pompous face, and the self-satisfied expression, as of one enunciating solemn truth. As is to be noticed in the case of the pictures of Henderson, on the stairs, there is no attempt at conveying delusion, no idea of the corporal presence of Hamlet—the appeal is altogether to the intellect, and this shows what was the chief aim of the old school of acting, viz., to interpret the sentences of the play with correct feeling and elocution. This picture, we should say, is one of the best in the collection. Ross claimed to be connected with high families.

Here, also, we again encounter King, arrayed in a grey coat, apparently rehearsing to a bust in a garden. This quaint picture belongs to the days when Della Crusca and urns for poetry were in fashion—when sentiment, in short, was in vogue. Beaming down upon us, is a coarse rubicund face, “fat, fair,” and apparently about forty—the full-blown, “sweet, serene” Mrs. Billington. It is seldom indeed that we find portrait painters so conscientious and unflattering. Here, too, are Charles Kemble and Fawcett in that agreeable little piece of intrigue, “Charles the Second,” which it is impossible to see now without being interested in, as it almost acts for itself. Captain Copp is a bit of real character, written when the “low comedian” was in vogue. Charles Kemble’s gay air is well caught.

But it would take us much longer to enumerate all that is interesting in this unique collection. There are a number, too, of admirable, though unpretending, sketches in pastel, water colour, and pencil, with miniatures, statuettes, and histrionic relics. The building itself has an antique air, is sober in its tones and decoration, and was no doubt skilfully designed to show off the pictures.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE GRAND TURK AT HOME.

THIS paper would never have been penned—I say “penned,” not written, for it has long since been graphically existent in my mind—had it not happened, a few days since, that, in the reading-room of the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne at Nice, I stumbled across a pamphlet of some four-and-twenty pages, bearing the title, “Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade.” The author of this, to me, remarkable performance is Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne: a fact which must be, by this time, very stale news to thousands of English readers, but which, in the outset, puzzled me considerably: first, because I was unable to discern why Mr. Swinburne—who has many matters of intellectual moment pressing upon his attention—should concern himself in any way with such essentially unintellectual creatures as the Turk and the Muscovite; and next, because I was equally at a loss to discover why the policy of the Russians with regard to the Ottoman Empire should be termed a “Crusade,” and why Mr. Swinburne, who, to my mind, is from head to heel an Aristocrat, should call himself (and not for the first time, I grant) a Republican. He has about the same claim to the title as M. le Vicomte Victor Hugo, or M. le Comte le Mirabeau, or M. le Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay could have. The recent Odger was a Republican *pur sang*, and cobbled shoes, just as he slashed away at the leathern hide of oligarchy, in a sturdy, surly, demagogic spirit. When I see Mr. Swinburne busied over an awl or a lapstone, or fitting Mr. Fawcett with a new pair of pumps, I shall believe in his Republicanism; but not till then. I am, meanwhile, content to recognise the author of “Bothwell” in his legitimate capacity—as one of the most accomplished scholars, as one of the most discriminating critics, and as *the* most mellifluous lyrist of this generation. For the rest, I might respectfully counsel Mr. Swinburne to leave the Turk and the Muscovite alone. Paraphrasing Ben Jonson’s magnificent apostrophe to his own genius as a poet, I might bid Mr. Swinburne leave the loathsome age of special correspondence, diplomatic lying, and windy leading-article-writing, and the more loathsome stage of the Eastern Question, to their own abominable

vices—to leave them, scornfully, to burn on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn, seeing that it is obvious that they were not made for him, less he for them. I might bid him leave things so prostitute, and take the Alcaic lute, or “his own Homer, or Anacreon’s lyre,” warm him by Pindar’s fire, and to strike so disdainful a heat in his vein, Poetry, that the curious fools who are envious of his strains may blushing swear that no palsy is in his veins. I might, in fine, bid I remember enough Greek to perpetrate a vile λογοπαίγνιον, remind him of the pertinent query in “The Clouds,” *τί κοπτάζεις ἔχων τὴν θύραν*; and ask him why he should thus waste his time in revolving round the *Porte*. There is nothing about that *Porte* which could interest the author of “Atalanta.” It is no longer a Sublime *Porte*. It is a rotten, worm-eaten old door, giving admission only to a weedy backyard, on one of the crumbling walls of which sits empty Dumpty in a fez cap, and girt with the sword of Osman. It needs but a slight fillip of wind, but a moderate puff of the tropic finger, to topple Humpty Dumpty over; and when this politically Bad Egg has fallen, not all the king’s horses nor all the king’s men will ever be able to set him up again. The most that anti-Russians can do just now is to strive to shore up the crumbling wall, and to whitewash the Bad Egg; and the Grand Turk is, assuredly, a personage who has at all times required a tremendous amount of whitewashing. His natural hue is blood-red. He is normally erythematous. He has been afflicted in the first with “the botch of Egypt, and with emerods that cannot be healed.” It is possible that he has, occasionally, been painted black by some political artists, while others, perchance, have been far too profuse in plastering him over, now with *couleur de rose* and now with size and whitening; or they have made his features more hideous with patches of gilding, elaborately burnished. Altogether, it may candidly be said that the Turcophobes are nearly as far removed from a truthful estimate of the Grand Turk—we may well call him “Grand,” just as we call the Police, and the Poor Laws, and Sir Hugh Myddelton’s river “New”—as the Turcophiles. A plague on both their houses and on the Turk himself, say I; and while I say it, I must hint that I am writing this, with the consciousness of impunity, at Nice, in the Department of the Maritime Alps, France, and that I should not venture upon so frank an avowal of opinion were I moving now, as I moved last January, in the polite society of Pera. In that exceptional community it is not tolerated that Europeans should take a middle course in Turkish politics. If you carry a Russia-leather cigar case, if you smoke Laferme’s cigarettes,

or if you tallow your nose at night in consequence of a cold—a catarrh is chronic at Pera—the Turcophile Perotes go about denouncing you as a Muscovite agent; and Mr. Constantine Klephtapodokos, formerly dragoman to the Baratarian Legation, and now bill-broker of Galata, is ready to make oath and swear that, at the Cercle du Sport Oriental, he heard Hackney Pacha tell Pegwell Bey—the Bey was born at Broadstairs, but has for many years been in the service of the Porte—that M. Van Der Dam, of the Dutch Consulate, had seen the chief Kavass of the Russian Embassy hand you your last week's salary as a Muscovite spy, in the shape of a Spanish doubloon, a Maria Theresa dollar, a paolo of Pio Nono, and two bad beshliks. On the other hand, if you have been so imprudent as to lay out six francs in the purchase of a fez, which you might buy at Marseilles (where it was probably made) for five, or if you have been simpleton enough to take change for a dragon sovereign in Turkish *caïmés*, all the pro-Russians straightway set you down as a violent sympathiser with the Turks. It was you, they whisper, who laid down bits of orange-peel in front of the Embassy that frosty morning, in the hope of tripping up his Excellency General Ignatieff. It was you who incited the editor of the *Bassiret* to publish in choice Turkish that libellous statement about the Russian Third Secretary having threatened to knout his Maltese washerwoman because she had not put enough starch in his collars; and it was you, finally, whose insidious intrigues induced Messrs. Archidesmophyllaki, Bannaback, & McFlint, coal merchants, of Haskeuy, on the Golden Horn, to mingle a disastrous proportion of slates and broken brickbats with the coals supplied to the Imperial Russian war-steamer Bolschoijjrott. Politics, in a word, run very high in Pera—to the height, indeed, of “gaminess”—and they are consequently to the undebased taste, offensive; and that, perhaps, may be the reason why the English residents in Constantinople are such very ardent politicians. We like our politics as we like our game—“high.” We are the only people so-called civilised whose upper classes systematically devour decomposed venison and putrid partridges.¹

“Under which King, Bezonian?—speak or die!” This is a question addressed with disagreeable frequency to the stranger in Pera, both in private society, in club smoking-rooms, and at hotel *tables d'hôtes*. In vain have I, over and over again, endeavoured to

¹ Our servants, as a rule, decline to eat this revolting offal; and our magistrates very properly fine and imprison tradespeople who sell stinking rabbits. But how about the putrid hare? He is reared, to be tormented while living, and to be eaten in a state of decomposition when dead, by the superior orders.

convince eager interlocutors that I did not and do not care five paras about this wretched Eastern Question, and that I had a great many more important things to think of—the gout, to wit, grey hairs, the remorse attendant on a misspent life, the eternal want of pence which vexes public men—*Δὲν εἶναι πολλὰ χρήματα εἰς τοὺς πεπαιδευμένους*; the thought of normal literary impecuniosity occurred to a modern Greek before it struck Mr. Tennyson—and so forth. In vain have I endeavoured to point out that I never had any politics at all, and that my business these five-and-twenty years past has been simply to see the Show, to sit in the pit, an amused but wholly indifferent spectator of the drama that was being played, and of the antics of the poor spangled mummers who were strutting and fretting their hour on the stage. I have seen, in my time, *de près* half a score revolutions, civil wars, campaigns, what you will, in different parts of the world. Where would be the use of my taking any side, save that of the pure spectator or the equally pure bread-and-cheese side? I witnessed the breaking-up of the Monarchy of July, the downfall of the February Republic, the rise of a Second Empire, its fall, and the dawn of another Republic. Should I gain anything by being an Orleanist or a Legitimist, a Bonapartist, a Conservative Republican or a Communist? I have seen the American Federals cutting the throats of the Confederates, and *vice versa*. What was the North *versus* the South to me? I have lived under Austrian and under Italian rule in Lombardy, under Papal and under Italian domination in Rome, under a Republican and under an Imperial government in Mexico, under slavery and under emancipation in Russia; and I have never yet found that the existence of one order of things as against the existence of another order of things absolved me from the necessity of earning my daily bread. Yet there are people, I know, and very excellent people, who have a craving for political excitement, and who “take sides” in every political conflict, just as they do at whist or cricket. I suppose it amuses them. And in this connection I cannot do better than recall the anecdote of a notorious Jeremy Diddler of the last generation, who was known as “Bonaparte Smith.” He was perpetually borrowing money of all and sundry that would lend to him. Meeting an acquaintance in the Piazzas, Covent Garden, one morning in the month of August 1815, he straightway button-holed him. The acquaintance made a feeble effort to release himself, and, as a last desperate resort to avert the inevitable request for a loan, he stammered forth: “Have you heard the news?” “What news?” asked Smith. “The news from St. Helena,” rejoined the acquaintance—“Just arrived. Bonaparte died on the fifth of May.”

"Bonaparte be ——!" retorted the inexpugnable borrower, "*can you lend me eighteen-pence?*" He was true to his creed, and it was thence that he got the name of Bonaparte Smith. His indifference to all save that which to him was the main chance in life verged on the sublime. I have thus much in common with the button-holer of Covent Garden, that for me monarchies, empires, and republics, and questions pertaining either to the north or the south, the east or the west, may all go to Hong-Kong for aught I care, provided I can procure eighteen-pence. I don't want to borrow but to earn it: unfortunately, I have never yet been able to obtain more than one shilling and threepence at a time. It has been my ambition, you see, to invest the extra threepence in some solid security—not Turks—so that from the accruing interest I might have a crust of bread in my old age. And even *that* may be a vain and superfluous desire. Man is but a stranger and a pilgrim upon the earth; soon he is forgotten—he and the memory of him.

I return to Mr. Swinburne's "Note of an English Republican." I have read this brilliant production three or four times over. I have read it with unflagging interest and with renewed admiration for Mr. Swinburne's attainments as a master of English prose; but I have failed to gather from it any more definite impressions than these two following: First, that the eminent publicist, in sitting down to write this wonderful "screed" of invective, was mainly actuated by a craving to demolish Mr. Thomas Carlyle; and next, that the eloquent author of the "Note" knows about as much concerning the Eastern Question as my tom-cat Bismarck (so called in consequence of his ferociously acquisitive propensities) at home does. It so happens that for very many years I have been a constant and laborious student of this abominable Question—a question in which I do not take one doit's worth of interest, and the contemplation of which has never yet helped me to pay my rent or to obtain a meal of victuals. Still, in the midst of all this ear-splitting wrangling and babbling, in the midst of these *propos des buveurs*, of this orgy of ignorance, prejudice, and passion—I am not alluding here to Mr. Swinburne's pamphlet, taking it, as I do, for what it really is: an extremely clever attack on Mr. Carlyle's dogmatic intolerance and inconsistency—in the midst of the yelpings of the Turcophiles and the howlings of the Turcophobes, I think that I may as well uplift my small voice, and make *my* weak ululation audible. I have, however, a distinctly practical aim in view. I am only desirous that my countrymen should make themselves acquainted with a few facts in the modern history of the Ottoman Empire before they proceed to

on the platform or in print either for or against Turkey on hand, and Russia on the other.

to not propose to send people back to the battle of Lepanto relief of Vienna by John Sobieski; I will merely point out that ly within the last hundred years that the Osmanli has been own hill *à vue d'œil* to that Devil whence his false Prophet And, as respects the designs of Russia on Turkey, I will first explore my readers to dismiss from their minds all ideas apper- to the perfectly apocryphal Will of Peter the Great. In pre- to these old wives' follies, I may advise them to remember thin the hundred years I have mentioned, Russia has had it ower, at least half a dozen times, to dismember the Ottoman and to seize upon Constantinople. In the year 1774 there was of Turkey by the name of Abd-ul-Hamid. He succeeded at of forty-eight his brother, Moustafa III., the "Monsieur Ma-" of the correspondence of Catherine II. and Voltaire, and who l of a very suspicious kind of dropsy, accelerated, it was said, by esty's distress of mind caused by the disasters of his wars with

Abd-ul-Hamid had passed the prime of his manhood in the l captivity to which the princes of the house of Osman are tically doomed. He had learned to make bows and arrows, to mandolin, and to copy music and verses of the Koran in inks ent colours. The days on which his majesty's head was to be were governed by astrological computation. Meanwhile the h Russia went on. The corps of Ulemas had declined to he terms offered by the Muscovites at Bucharest; and in the of May, 1774, the Grand Vizier Mouhsin-Zadeh was with his rmy closely beleaguered in his camp at Shumla by the General Romanzov. The Vizier held, in his desperation, a of war. His principal officers were reluctantly unanimous in ion that the only possible way to save the Ottoman Empire make peace with the Moscov. The decision of the council was transmitted to the Grand Turk; but the pacific Abd-ul- had, as his brother before him had done, to confront the most ed opposition on the part of the Ulemas. At last the Sheik- sullenly accorded the *felva* demanded by the Caliph; and on of July, 1774, the Peace of Kainardjé was signed. The ink archment thereof was scarcely dry before Turk and Russ were heads again. By the treaty of Kainardjé the political inde- e of the Tartars of the Crimea had been acknowledged by the ussia taking for her own share the Tauridan towns of Taganrog, ertch, and Yenikalé, together with liberty of navigation for her

merchant vessels in the Black Sea, and the exclusive right of protecting the interests of all Ottoman subjects professing the Greek faith. Russia condescended to restore Moldavia and Wallachia to Turkey, the latter entering into a solemn engagement to treat the Christians in those two provinces with justice and humanity. The Baron de Thugut, Austrian ambassador at that time at Constantinople, wrote *à propos* of the treaty of Kaïnardjé to his superiors at Vienna: "This treaty is a model of astuteness on the part of the Russians and of imbecility on the part of the Turks. From her new frontier at Kertch Russia will always be able to bring within a few days a *corps d'armée* under the very walls of Constantinople; and in that case the best thing that the Sultan can do is to take refuge in the uttermost corners of Asia Minor. *If ever Russia takes Constantinople, depend upon it she will take it while the other European Powers are looking the other way.*" Thus the Baron de Thugut, a far-seeing man in his day, albeit he wore a pigtail and powder. In another despatch addressed to his Court he wrote, "Some of these days Turkey in Europe will disappear from the map just as Poland did. Western Europe will make a terrible outcry; but Turkey will not be restored to the map any more than Poland."

The Vizier Mouhsin-Zadeh, who had recommended the Peace of Kaïnardjé was summoned back to Stamboul; but he got no further than a village on the Bosphorus, where he died of poison. Meanwhile Turkey was intriguing as to how she could best and soonest upset the treaty. Through the intermediary of the well-known Baron de Tott some negotiations were opened with the French minister, M. de Vergennes, and even personally with Louis XVI. Under the auspices of French engineers an arsenal, cannon foundries, and powder mills were established at Constantinople; forts were built on the Bosphorus; a number of new line-of-battle ships were constructed, and in 1777 Turkey felt herself strong enough to get up an insurrection in the Crimea by supporting a "bogus" Khan there, named Selim Ghirai, and by massacring about a hundred Russian soldiers, the bodyguard of the opposition and Muscovite supported Khan Saim, or Charin Ghirai. The Czarina Catherine, who desired nothing better than a rupture of the treaty of Kaïnardjé, sent Prince Prosorovski with an army of 10,000 Russians to invade the Crimea. He was soon superseded by the famous Prince Potemkin, with 70,000 men, and soon afterwards the Semiramis of the North issued her memorable manifesto, annexing the Tauric Chersonese to her empire "as a just indemnity for the sacrifices she had made, and as a means of securing peace and happiness in the annexed provinces." The Ulemas and the populace of Stamboul were, of course, clamorous

or war with Russia, but the Turkish Government hung back, and eventually sulkily assented to the annexation of the Crimea by Russia. It was in 1786 that Catherine, accompanied by Potemkin, undertook her historic progress from the shores of the Neva to the mouth of the Borysthenes; and it was at Kherson, a city which had well nigh been created *ad hoc* by her favourite, that the Empress beheld on a triumphal arch, erected in her honour, the portentous inscription: "THIS IS THE ROAD TO BYZANTIUM." But the ominous reminder was a mere scenic effect, a *décor d'opéra*, as fallacious and as unsubstantial as the sham villages and the sham happy villagers improvised by Potemkin along the route of her Imperial Majesty. The villages were made of painted pasteboard; the happy villagers were Crowned men and soldiers disguised as *moujiks* who travelled by night, as fast as ever post-waggons could carry them, in order that the Czarina might find them standing at the doors of their apocryphal cottages, and grinning delusive grins of welcome in the morning.

If you will take the trouble to read the Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne, the shrewd man of the world who knew Casanova, and has after a manner vouched for the authenticity of the autobiography of that diverting scoundrel, you will find a highly interesting report of the conversation which took place at a tea-party held during Catherine's progress through the Chersonese. In many respects this tea-party may be held as momentous as that celebrated entertainment at the Grand-Duchess Helena's, at St. Petersburg, at which the czar Nicolas remarked to Sir Hamilton Seymour, "*Nous avons un homme bien malade sur les bras.*" In 1786, as in 1853-4, the Grand Turk was the Sick Man; but the interlocutors on the first-named occasion were the Czarina herself, the Emperor Joseph of Austria (the humorous Kaiser, who was wont to declare that he was a royalist because royalty was his trade), Potemkin, and the shrewd Prince de Ligne. What was to become of the Turk? Such was the question mooted over the tea and the *tartines*. Potemkin suggested the re-establishment in Turkey of a Byzantine monarchy. Catherine, with an affected fit of classic enthusiasm, declared that she longed to found a new Hellas, a Grecian Republic full of Lycurguses and Solons. The witty Prince de Ligne, when called upon for his opinion, observed that he preferred Alcibiades, or at least Pericles, forgetting Aspasia, to Lycurgus and Solon. "*Tout cela,*" rejoined the business-like Joseph II., "*est bien beau; mais que diable allons-nous faire de Constantinople?*" The Kaiser propounded a problem which seems to be as far off from solution as ever it was. Can you answer it, your Majesty? Can you answer it, your Excellency? Can

you answer it, omniscient special correspondents, and inexhaustibly windy leading-article writers? What the devil is to be done with Constantinople?

The Divan had signed a treaty in 1784, ratifying, while augmenting, the provisions of the Peace of Kainardjé only with the hope of gaining time. Encouraged by the Governments of Great Britain and Prussia, *then, as now*, jealous and suspicious of Russia, the Porte peremptorily summoned Catherine to surrender an insurgent Moldavian prince named Mavrocordato, to evacuate Georgia, and to consent to the right of search on the part of Turkey of all Russian merchant vessels passing through the Bosphorus. These demands were followed by the proceeding—quite *à la Turque*—of incarcerating M. de Bulgokoff, the Russian ambassador at Stamboul, in the Castle of the Seven Towers. The Sheik-ul-Islam proclaimed in the Mosque of St. Sophia a holy war against the Moscovs; a Turkish horde of 80,000 men began to operate on the Danube; and the renowned Hassan, Capitan Pacha, who had gained much distinction by his massacres of the Greeks in the Morea, sailed with a powerful fleet into the Black Sea to blockade the mouth of the Dnieper. Moreover, 30,000 Turks established themselves at Oczakof, on the Dnieper's right bank. Their object was to reconquer the Crimea, but they miserably failed. They crossed the Dnieper to Kilburn, and there attacked the Russian General Suvorov, whom in our youth we used to call "Suwarrow," the indomitable field-marshal who bequeathed to posterity the pithy maxim that "Booty is a holy thing!" Suvorov beat the Turks very badly indeed at Kilburn, or Kinburn. He subsequently, aided by the squadron commanded by the Prince of Nassau Siegen, succeeded in battering the Turkish fleet to pieces. Finally, the campaign of 1788 was brought to a close by the capture of Oczakof on the part of the Russians. 15,000 Turks fell during the siege. The balance out of the original 50,000 were put to the sword by the Russians, who consummated the triumph by slaughtering the civilian inhabitants of Oczakof. *A la guerre comme à la guerre.* I have never pretended to show that the Muscovites were in the habit of making war with rose-water. The capture of Oczakof proved the finishing stroke for the wretched Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, who died in April 1789. He was succeeded by his nephew, the well-known Sultan Selim III., a well-intentioned young man, much marked with the small-pox, and who in many respects may be considered as the first of Turkish reformers. Like the sovereigns who succeeded him, he made, on the whole, a terrible mess of his reforms. The young Padishah had some warlike instincts, and imagined that,

he could only succeed in arming and disciplining his Janissaries *la Franque*, and put himself at their head, he might very soon make an end of the Moscovs. Meanwhile these same Moscovs were making short work of the Osmanlis. The Capitan Pasha's land forces were utterly routed on the 14th of July, 1789, at Fokschan, or Fokschany; and two months afterwards a Turkish army of 100,000 men were beaten literally out of their papouches (which with their other baggage they left behind them on the field) on the banks of the Ramnik. It was on the morning of this engagement that old Field-Marshal Booty uttered, for the behoof of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, who had advised him to give his army a little rest, the memorable piece of buncombe: "My Russians need no rest. With Saint Nicolas before me, with myself behind St. Nicolas, and with my soliers behind *me*, I fear nothing, *Attaquons !*" Suvorov might aptly have wound up with an allusion to that other Nicolas—not by any means a Saint—who in trials of speed is popularly supposed to take the hindmost. The empress conferred on the Field-Marshal, as a reward for his brilliant exploits on the Ramnik, the title of *Ramniski*. This victory was swiftly followed by another astonishing triumph over the Turks at Ismail in 1790. Of the Turkish garrison of 50,000 men, only one, it is said, who swam across the Danube, escaped. Off and on, hostilities between Turkey and Russia had now lasted for something like four-and-twenty years, and in 1792 Great Britain and Prussia, being too much occupied with meddling in the affairs of revolutionary France to support Turkey, the Porte was constrained to make peace with her formidable neighbour. The treaty of Jassy was signed, and once more the student of this sphinx-like Eastern Question is constrained to admire (I use admiration in the sense of astonishment) the singular moderation displayed by the victorious Moscovs. Catherine relinquished all the conquests she had made, with the single exception of Oczakof, near the ruins of which she built the now prosperous city of Odessa. The Porte was bound to pay twelve millions of piastres as a war indemnity to Russia; but the Czarina generously forewent the demand. She left Turkey to itself—to go downhill in its own manner. With the subsequent squabbles of Selim III. with France and England it is foreign to my present purpose to deal. I am treating only of the relations between the Russian and the Turk, and with the personal mishaps of Selim, who for years had been brooding over his pet project of superseding the Janissaries by an army of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, armed, equipped, and drilled in the European fashion. This new militia was called the *Nizam-Djérid*, or New Order of Things; and Selim's

highly constitutional ceremony of the strangulation of
The lamentable end of the Sultan, Selim III., was
about, as most people should know, but as a great man
know, by a question of Breeches. I intend some day or a
get that much desiderated eighteen-pence, including the
three-pence for judicious investments) to write an ex
of the Nether Garments of Humanity, ΔΙΗΤΗΣΙΣ ΠΕ
and it will contain, I can assure you, a number of the
things. Meanwhile we will consider the end of the
He wished to constrain his artillerymen to assume
taloons—and pantaloons were worn very tight indee
Frangistan. As a significant protestation against th
with the traditionally baggy galligaskins of Islam, the
by cutting off the head of Mahmoud-Effendi, who h
imperial rescript touching the trowsers to their ba
likewise cut the throat of the Effendi's secretary. T
Bachi marched down to their barracks to demand an
their proceedings, and the mutinous artillerymen rece
lency with a salute of heavy guns—shotted. But t
part of a formidable conspiracy which for a long tim
preparation against the tight-trowsers-loving Padisha
gunners were cannonading the Bostandji-Bachi, the
Stamboul was giving an entertainment in his palace t
ministers of the Porte. He regaled them with coff
sweatmeats, and then he did unto them precisely that

Samaks had entered into the open and were parading the streets of Stamboul, headed by one Kabatchy-Oglou. The Janissaries were waiting for their friends and sympathisers on the At-Meidan. A common hatred of tight breeches bound the two sections of insurgents together in indissoluble bonds. It was all up with the Sultan Selim. The Sheikh-ul-Islam, who with the corps of Ulemas were to a man passionately wedded to traditions of baggy galligaskins, proceeded to grind that infallible barrel-organ in the shape of oracles, the Koran. From that Lying Evangel, the Grand Mufti proved, to the entire satisfaction of all the Samaks, the Janissaries, the dancing and howling dervishes, and the general *truanderie* of Stamboul, that the Sultan Selim had been guilty of numberless offences against the laws of Islam. A *fetva* of deposition was forthwith drawn up against his Highness, and a select deputation waited on Selim for the purpose of murdering him. The intended victim had hidden himself in the recesses of the Old Seraglio, and could not easily be found; but the deputation calmed the natural impatience of the mob congregated in front of the palace by flinging over the wall, from time to time, a few newly severed heads of chamberlains, scribes, white eunuchs, and others suspected of being favourable to the sacrilegious cause of tight trowsers. The deputation found Selim at last, and made him sign an act of abdication, transferring the imperial power to his cousin Mustapha, the son of Abd-ul-Hamid. Then they left poor Selim alone for a little while—a very little while, just as, only the other day, the wretched Abd-ul-Aziz was left. But the Tarpeian Rock is dismally close to the Capitol, in Byzantium as well as in Stamboul. It was at the end of May 1808, that Selim had been deposed by solemn *fetva* of the Grand Mufti. At the beginning of July an effort to deliver and to restore the unhappy prince was made by a courageous ruffian, called Moustafa Bairaktar, or the Standard-Bearer, whereupon Moustafa IV., the new Sultan, sent another and more select deputation to his cousin, who, under circumstances too horrible to be narrated here, was done to death. “The Turks,” observes the illustrious German historian Von Hammer, “will be always Turks.” I scarcely fancy that the Osmanlis, for all the tight trowsers and black coats in which they are at present disguised, have changed to any very material extent, either in a political or a social aspect between the days of the foully-murdered Selim and those of the—well, the “scissored” Abd-ul-Aziz.

Bairaktar, the courageous Standard-Bearer, now made Seraskier, arrived at the head of the army, with which he had marched from Rustchuk, to find poor Selim a disfigured corpse. He threw himself on the body and wept bitterly. “Shed blood, and not tears, Bairaktar”

characteristically remarked his friend and ally, Seid-Aali, the Capitan Pacha. The seraskier, acting partially on this counsel, proceeded forthwith to depose, and to lock up in the nearest coal-cellar, the Sultan Moustafa IV., and to proclaim Mahmoud II. Caliph of the Ottomans. This last-named prince, however, dreading rebellious standard-bearers, and the gifts they give, had hidden himself in a cupboard in the midst of a roll of carpet, and was with difficulty dug out to be girt with the sword of Othman. When assured that no harm was intended to him, he bestowed on Bairaktar the title of Liberator, and raised him to the dignity of Grand Vizier. It may be mentioned that even prior to his arrival at Constantinople the Standard-Bearer had caused Kabatchy-Oglou, the formidable head of the anti-tight trowsers movement, to be seized and strangled. As for the new Sultan, he and his Vizier conscientiously set about slaughtering all whom they suspected of having been implicated in the conspiracy against Selim. Even the fair sex were not exempt from this terrible proscription. The Turkish ladies, it is tolerably well known, are accustomed to wear trowsers of the very widest possible dimensions; and they would naturally hold the tight-pantaloon proclivities of the late Padishah in abhorrence. Be it as it may, no fewer than twenty ladies of the harem who were convicted of having called Selim III. a "Giaour Padishah," and of having rejoiced at his demise, were first bastinadoed, and then sewn up alive in sacks, and flung into the Bosphorus, *pour encourager les autres*.

The strangest circumstance in connection with the new régime was, that no sooner did Mahmoud find himself securely seated on the throne than he approved himself even a more determined adherent of tight trowsers than Selim had been. The *Nizam-Djerids*, who had been abolished, were reconstituted under the name of *Semens*, and the Grand Vizier, Bairaktar, made no secret of his determination, at the earliest convenient occasion, to annihilate the Janissaries. The devout rascaldom of Stamboul was moreover unutterably scandalised by the spectacle of a First Minister of the Crown, who never got drunk, but who was accustomed, like the exemplary Mynheer Van Dunk, to drink brandy-and-water daily:—who openly rallied the Ulemas on their ignorance and fanaticism, and who emulated the deplorably notorious Daddy Longlegs in his aversion from saying his prayers at the set¹ times appointed by Moslem rule for those orisons. The end

¹ One of the commonest remarks made by a Turk to a Christian, when he condescends to talk to the latter on the subject of religion, is: "But you Giaours never pray." In vain does the Giaour explain that he goes to Church on Sundays, and on other set days. This the Turk holds to be a very stinted and perfunctory kind of devotion. He himself is continually prostrating himself in

of Bairaktar was that the Janissaries revolted against him (November 14, 1808). For three days the streets of Stamboul ran with blood, and eventually the Standard-Bearer, his wives, his slaves, and his eunuchs, were all burned alive in his palace. The Janissaries were on the point of proclaiming the dethronement of Mahmoud II., and the restoration of Moustafa IV., when the news arrived that the latter had ceased to exist. His attached relative had caused him to be strangled in the self-same room in which Selim had been murdered. Mahmoud remained master of the situation; and he was, at twenty-three years of age, besides, the solitary male representative of the house of Osman. Sore throat, bronchitis, diphtheria and cognate diseases had made sad havoc in that noble family since the day when Mahomet II., called the Conqueror, in his *Khanounami*, coolly prescribed the systematic murder of all the men-children born to the sisters and daughters of the Padishah. "This precaution," sagely observed the Conqueror, "is necessary in order to secure the peace of the world, and the order of succession in our dynasty." The way the Turkish midwives had of slaughtering the baby Osmanli princes was extremely simple, but the description thereof would be misplaced out of the columns of the *Lancet*. The abominable practice continued in full vigour until only the other day, and, for aught most people can tell, it may continue to this hour. The system is one of the obvious consequences of polygamy.

Made nice and comfortable by the family arrangement which had sent Moustafa IV. over to the majority, Sultan Mahmoud had leisure to attend to the external affairs of the empire, which had become somewhat complicated owing to the revolt of the province of Servia, under a noted partisan chief called Czerni-Yorghi, or "Black George," and to the outbreak of a fresh quarrel with Russia. The Russian General Kaminski overran Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bessarabia, and captured without much difficulty the important places of Bazardjik and Silistria; but in Bulgaria the Muscovites met with a lively reception, and were absolutely driven back, *the Christian population, oddly enough, joining with the Turks to repel the invaders*. The wiseacres of the time attributed this to the fact that the Moslems had conciliated the Christian Bulgarians by permitting them to have bells in their church steeples—a privilege which hitherto had only been conceded to the Maronites of Lebanon. Be it as it may, Kaminski besieged

prayer—"flopping," to use the irreverent expression of one of the characters in the *Tale of Two Cities*. And it matters very little to the Moslem where he "flops." He can pray quite as earnestly in a tramway car, or in the kennel, as in a mosque.

Schumla and Rustchuk without success ; but, in October 1810, he managed to beat in Bulgaria a Turkish army 40,000 strong, and Rustchuk, as well as Nicopolis, on the left bank of the Danube, soon afterwards capitulated to the Moscovs. These Slavonic Christians committed, it must be acknowledged, all kinds of excesses in Christian and Slavonic Bulgaria. It is said that they massacred 15,000 people—not infidel Turks, but Christians, Slaves, and brethren at Nicopolis, and 12,000 at Silistria. It has frequently happened, I believe, that community of race and religion has not prevented men and brethren from murdering one another. There were Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Particular Baptists, I have heard, in pretty equal proportions, among the Federals and Confederates of Anglo-Saxon descent, who killed each other so pertinaciously in North America between the years 1861 and 1864 ; and Papal Rome was sacked and its orthodox inhabitants slaughtered by a Latin Christian, the Constable de Bourbon. But there are old men and women still alive in Bulgaria, so they say, who vividly remember the "atrocities" of 1811, and who would not feel very much inclined to welcome a new Russian army as one composed exclusively of Deliverers.

General Count Kaminski died soon after his Nicopolitan victory at Bucharest, and was succeeded in his command by the celebrated Kutusov, who evacuated Bulgaria, but beat the Turks so sorely in Wallachia that the Sultan Mahmoud was fain to sue for peace. The Czar Alexander was just as eager to grant as the Padishah was to ask for a cessation of hostilities. Napoleon was on the eve of beginning the Russian campaign of 1812, and Alexander needed every bayonet that belonged to him for the defence of his own dominions. Once more Europe witnessed the curious spectacle of Russian moderation after victory. Of all the conquests he had made in 1809, 1810, and 1811, Alexander retained only the fortresses on the left bank of the Danube between Galatz and the Black Sea ; and as regarded the Christian populations of Wallachia and Moldavia, the Czar was content with a bare assurance on the part of the Porte that the Servians should be, in future, equitably and mildly treated. No sooner had the Russian troops evacuated their conquests than Mahmoud sent his Grand Vizier Kourschid Pacha with 5,000 Turks into Servia, and with orders to burn, ravage, and destroy. Churches were burnt, priests were hanged and impaled, women were ripped up, babies were spitted on bayonets ; in fact, the whole round of Turkish recreations was performed. Black George and his mountaineers fought valiantly against the invaders, but he was vanquished

and took refuge (in 1813) on Austrian territory. He found a successor, however, in Servia in the shape of a heroic peasant, one Miloš Obrenovich, who succeeded in raising the Servians *en masse*, and in driving out the Turks. Servia has ever since been independent. Miloš, admirable as a warrior, proved to be a very stupid administrator, and the Servians were constrained to get rid of him in 1839, electing in his stead as a Prince Alexander Yorhivich, a descendant of Black George.

Of the insurrection against Mahmoud of the renowned Ali Pacha, of Yanina, I will say nothing, save that the extraordinary bandit in question was eventually vanquished by his Suzerain, and that his head was sent to Constantinople, where it was seen by an English traveller, Mr. Walsh, in a silver charger, outside the great gate of the Seraglio, and looking (says Walsh) exactly like John the Baptist's head of old. But how could Walsh have known? Had he seen Salomé dance, and Herod's eyes twinkle, and then the *Tzelates* with his sword going down into the dark dungeon, and seeking out John to slay him? ¹

Four years after the extinction of the mighty Albanian rebel the long pending annihilation of the Janissaries took place.² These normally insubordinate warriors have been aptly qualified by the historian Esaad Effendi as "fiery coursers of the desert, bounding in the pasturages of disorder." But it had become imperatively necessary to relegate those fiery coursers to the quietest of paddocks—to one, indeed, in which their hoofs should be higher than their heads, while they ate their grass by the roots. "It was impossible," continues the sagely metaphorical Esaad Effendi, "to picket them to the stump of discipline. They were perpetually lighting the thorns of revolt under the cauldron of insubordination, and filing the iron collar of obedience." The European officers, whom Mahmoud II. had begun to call into

¹ The heads of Ali Pacha of Yanina, and of his three sons, Mouktar, Vely and Salik, were purchased from the palace guards for a few piastres by a dervish named Soliman, to whom Ali had been very kind. The grateful dervish caused the heads to be buried, with an inscription on the tombstone of a virtually editious nature; but of this, however, the Turkish Government, remembering the precept in the Koran, "Disturb not the ashes of the dead," took no notice.

² The best work that I have read on this subject is "*Les Janissaires*," by the late M. Alphonso Royer, who was in Constantinople at the time of the memorable mutiny of these Prætorians, and of their more memorable destruction by the orders of Mahmoud. Alphonso Royer became afterwards the Director of the Paris Grand Opera, and has left in manuscript a voluminous history of "*Le Théâtre en Europe*." He had witnessed, at least, one very remarkable dramatic performance on one of the finest stages in the world—the At-Meidan of Stamboul, or the Hippodrome of Byzantium.

his counsels, did not fail to point out this; in addition to being incurably mutinous, the Janissaries had become worthless as soldiers. Their military prowess had degenerated into mere braggadocio and vapouring.¹ With the exception of a brief and brilliant "spurt" of gallantry in the campaign of 1739—a campaign which was followed by the treaty of Belgrade—the Janissaries, ever since the relief of Vienna in 1683, and up to the year 1812, had been constantly thrashed, not only by the Russians, but by the Austrians. This was the *Odjak*, or corps of *Yeni-Tcheris*. They had been organised under essentially religious auspices, so that, in order to justify their destruction, it was necessary to invoke the dictates of religion. The barrel-organ of the ever-convenient Koran was once again ground. The Sheik-ul-Islam in solemn council proved conclusively from the Sacred Book that the Janissaries must be exterminated; the particularly "straight tip," drawn by the Grand Mufti being the text: "*Victory is to the most astute. An enemy must be conquered with his own weapons.*" On May 28, 1826, the Sultan issued an imperial *hatt* decreeing the dissolution of the Janissaries, on the ground that it was necessary, by the reorganisation of the Ottoman armies on a European basis, to "counteract the warlike inventions of the Christians." This has been, throughout, the dominant idea of the Turks in their so-called reforms; and this idea really underlies the scheme of their new and sham Constitution. Their argument has ever been simply this: "The Giaours have got the better of us because they have had Miniés, Chassepots, Martini-Henrys, Sniders, eighty-one-ton guns, iron-clads, monitors, torpedoes—what you will in the way of engines of destruction. Let us therefore have Miniés, Chassepot, Martini-Henrys, Sniders, Woolwich Infants, rams, monitors, and torpedoes, and so forth, and we must get the better of the Giaours." If the Moscovites have a "crusade," Mr. Swinburne, the Turks have never lost sight of the requirements of a "crescentade." Between the Osmanli and the Moscov there is no question of a wolf and a lamb. They are two wolves, both fierce and bloodthirsty, and who have been snarling, and from time to time springing at each other's throat, and rending one another for more than one hundred years; but there is between them a disparity of force. One beast is old and feeble, the other is young and strong; and in the end the weaker wolf must go to the wall.

¹ There must have been at one time some kind of discipline among them, since we find an English traveller, Mr. Thompson, who visited Turkey about 1745, mentioning that the Janissaries were never bastinadoed on the soles of their feet, as other Turks were, lest it should injure their capacity for marching, but were punished "after the manner of schoolboys in England."

As for the Janissaries, they gave the signal for their own destruction. To the number of 20,000 they assembled on the At-Meidan, with their soup-kettles turned upside down as a sign that they were in revolt. On the same night they burnt and pillaged the palace of the Grand Vizier and the residence of the Egyptian Viceroy, Nedjid Effendi. But the Vizier Mohamed Selim was not burnt. He gathered a large force, composed of soldiers of the new *régime*, of sailors from the fleet, of artillerymen from the fortresses, and even of pages and *bostandjis* belonging to the Seraglio. At the head of this force marched the Ulemas, the Mollahs, and all the rabble rout of Moslem semi-clericalism. The gates of Stamboul were closed and strictly guarded, and the Janissaries were completely blockaded in the At-Meidan. A final summons was made to them to surrender. They replied with a characteristic howl of "Down with impious *Fetvas!* Down with drill!" and, I dare say, although both Alphonse Royer and Esaad Effendi have omitted to mark the fact, that there was likewise audible that day on the At-Meidan many equally enthusiastic shouts of "Down with tight trowsers and long live our baggy breeches!" It is, however, certain that there were loud outcries against the hats of the Giaours, Mahmoud having just abolished the use of the huge, pumpkin-shaped turban so dearly beloved by Turkish Conservatives. He proposed to substitute for this head-gear the stove-pipe hat of Frangistan, but contented himself with a compromise in the shape of the red fez cap with its blue tassel.

Short work was made of the Janissaries. They were first mowed down with volleys of shell and grape-shot; and then the soldiers of Mohamed Selim penetrated into the At-Meidan, sword in hand, and slew the Janissaries as though they had been so many sheep destined for the festival of Kourban-Bairam. Some hundreds took refuge in their barracks, which were speedily set on fire by the Sultan's troops, and the Janissaries who attempted to escape from the burning edifice were playfully prodded back into the flames. Thus, after a brilliant resistance of five or six hours, the Janissaries ended in a blaze. Altogether about 30,000 of these Prætorians were put to death. Many hundreds were slaughtered in cold blood after the massacre on the At-Meidan; but the discreet Esaad Effendi does not specify the number of these ulterior victims. He contents himself with remarking that "many were given over to the talons of strangulation." The "talons of strangulation" forms a very pretty figure of speech.

Mahmoud II. now found himself with a numerous and gallant army, magnificently equipped in tight trowsers and fez caps, and drilled in strict accordance with the canons laid down in the "*Manuel du Soldat*," ready to confront the whole world of infidel Frangistan.

He had not long to wait for an adversary. For several years an insurrection had been raging among the Christian bondsmen of the Porte in Greece. In 1821 the Mollahs had preached in the mosques on the expediency of murdering the Christian rayahs in Stamboul itself. In the May of this same year '21 a mob of True Believers made an irruption on the beautiful and peaceful Greek village of Buyukderé, on the Bosphorus, burned the Greek churches and houses, and murdered the inhabitants—taking care to ravish the women before they slew them. The butchery spread from the shores of the Bosphorus to the Golden Horn. There was a famous massacre of rayahs in the Fanar; and Gregory, the Greek Patriarch, was hanged in front of his own palace. Then Turkish cruelty crossed the water, and many hundreds of Greeks inhabiting the suburbs of Pera and Galata were seized, taken to the Castle of the Seven Towers, and tortured to death. Of the massacre in the island of Scio, in 1822, under the auspices of Kara-Ali, the "Black" Pacha, and in which massacre more than 30,000 men, women, and children were murdered, mutilated, or outraged, it is unnecessary to speak. And yet I do not know that it is quite so unnecessary. I wrote a tale some three-and-twenty years ago in *Household Words*, the main incidents in which story were based on a certain episode of the massacre of Scio; and a newspaper writer of the period accused me of having unwarrantably drawn on my imagination in relating a fabulous incident as a real one. But we will leave Greece alone if you please, including the atrocities of Ibrahim Pacha, that bloody Egyptian, who, a generation since, was received with such splendid hospitality in the British capital, and including even that "untoward event," the battle of Navarino.¹ Charles X. of France, did not, however, hold the destruction of the Turkish fleet to be an "untoward event." He sent General Maison with an expeditionary force of 20,000 men to assist the Greeks in the Morea; and the French really accomplished in this campaign many notable things, the *prestige* of which was unfortunately too soon eclipsed by the French Revolution of 1830, and the collapse of the Bourbons. Greece, meanwhile, was really freed; but while the French had been besieging Patras, and the Castle of the Morea, a Russian army of

¹ The London *gamins* used to call this sanguinary villain Ibrahim Pacha, "Abraham Parker." A droll story was told about a visit which he paid to the Bank of England, when, on being taken over the Issue Department, one of the Directors, with questionable prudence, placed in the Pacha's hand a little paper packet neatly tied up with ribbon, telling him at the same time that he held in his hand bank-notes of the value of one million sterling. With a grunt in Arabic "*Allah isellemek*," Ibrahim popped the precious packet into one of the pockets of his baggy breeches. He thought that the million sterling was so much *baksheesh*.

100,000 men, under the immediate command of a new Moscovite Czar, the famous Nicolai-Alexandrovich, and with his brother, the Grand-Duke Michael, and Field-Marshal Wittgenstein, as seconds in command, were beating the Turks in the Danube. They were being simultaneously beaten by the Russian Count Paskievich in the north of Asia Minor. The new Czar had issued, in 1828, a manifesto setting forth his complaints against Turkey, who, according to his showing, had broken the Treaty of Bucharest (1812), had devastated Servia in 1814-15-16, and had oppressed the Christians of Moldavia and Wallachia. These last-named provinces Nicolas succeeded in occupying. Hussein Pacha, with 100,000 Turks in the tightest of tight trowsers, marched to meet the Moscov. The Osmanlis fought a good fight at Silistria, at Rustchuk, and at Schumla—the old old Danubian cock-pits; but in October 1828 they lost the important fortress of Varna, mainly through the treachery of Youssouf Pacha, who for an immense *bakshish* went over to the Russians, “bag and baggage” as Mr. Gladstone would say. Immediately after the capture of Varna the Czar Nicolas returned post haste to St. Petersburg to organise a fresh army of 160,000 men for the campaign of 1829; and the command of this mighty host was intrusted to the illustrious Field-Marshal Diebitch. Arrayed against him was the new Turkish Grand Vizier Reschid Pacha, who with 60,000 men was completely crushed by Diebitch at the battle of Kuletscha in Bulgaria (May 1829). In the July of the same year the victorious Russian made his audaciously successful passage of the Balkan range, by the defile of Aidos, and whence he derived his proud title of *Balkanski*. Hitherto this natural rampart of Thrace had been deemed impregnable. On August 19, Diebitch was under the walls of Adrianople, which was held by a Turkish garrison of 15,000 men. A disgraceful panic set in among the new tight-trowsered levies, and Adrianople surrendered, “bag and baggage,” without striking a blow. On September 20, 1829, the Treaty of Adrianople was signed; and once more—I wonder if it was for the last time—Russia astonished the world by the spectacle of her moderation. Faithful to the promise given in his manifesto in 1828, the Czar Nicolas did not insist on any territorial aggrandisement at the expense of the Ottoman Empire. He gave back to Mahmoud III. all that the Russian armies had conquered in two years of hard fighting—that is to say, nearly the whole of Turkey in Europe; while in Asia, where Paskievich had made considerable conquests, especially in Armenia, the Czar only retained the fortress of Akalziké and a small surrounding district. The quasi-independence of Moldavia and Wallachia (Roumania) and

of Servia, were, however, made conditional to the signature of peace, and the Porte moreover agreed to pay a war indemnity to Russia of about £1,200,000. Of a very large portion of this sum Nicolas, following the example of Catherine, forgave the payment.

Singular to relate, only four years afterwards, Mahmoud II. was fain to appeal to his ancient enemy, the Moscov, for protection against Ibrahim, the son of his rebellious vassal Mehemet Ali Pasha of Egypt; who, after beating the Osmanlis at St. Jean d'Acre, at Damascus, and at Koniah, had penetrated into the heart of Asia Minor, and was threatening to march straight on Constantinople. But this strange episode, which resulted in the signature of the treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, belongs, equally with the Crimean war, and the more recent complications, of which the late Conference at Constantinople may have been but the prologue (destined to usher in a grander drama), part of the really modern history of Turkey, with which any newspaper reader and every student of the works of Dr. Russell and Mr. Kinglake is, or should be, familiar. The story which I have endeavoured to tell, and which I have striven to make as plain and succinct as one of Miss Corner's histories for children, is one which I venture to say is *not* familiar to the great mass of readers of newspapers, ay, or for the matter of that, of books either. The omniscient critic may wag his wise head, and hint that he knows Von Hammer's fourteen big volumes by heart, and that I have told the public nothing new concerning the relations between Russia and Turkey during the second half of the last century and the first half of the present one; but I do not beg the omniscient critic's pardon, and I am *not* his humble and obedient servant. If he will direct my attention, or the attention of the public, to any short and simple *résumé* of the quarrels of Russia with Turkey between 1774 and 1829 I shall, however, be infinitely obliged to the omniscient critic. Meanwhile—wholly omitting all save incidental mention of the Crimean war, as a matter within the ken of any educated Englishman, I intend, in a subsequent paper, to show what the Grand Turk has been, and what he is and probably will be until, in the fulness of time, he "dries up" from the surface of this earth, to which he is an Abominable Nuisance, in a social as well as in a political capacity. I have spoken of him only as a fighting animal; and I am free to confess that he has fought, in his time, superbly, and that, in all probability, there is a good deal more fighting in him. But I shall discourse of him as a pipe-smoking, pilaf-eating, coffee (and occasionally raki) drinking animal; and especially as an animal with more wives than he is entitled to possess.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

SENECA'S *ÆDIPUS*.

FEW literary contrasts can be greater than that between the English poetry of our own day and that of what has been called our Augustan epoch. Of the many points of difference between the two, one of the most obvious, though at first sight not the most fundamental, is their different relationships to the poetry of Greece and Rome. Towards the close of the last century and during the earlier years of this, our Augustan school died slowly out, and with it died also its Chloes and Delias, its nymphs and swains, and its formal invocations to the Muses. To the new school that was rising all this seemed but hollow trifling, which made poetry nothing but a plaything, and prevented its having any serious meaning. To the new school Nature and the Present, not Art and the Past, were the sources of inspiration. Classicality in its eyes soon seemed but as a bygone and forgotten affectation, and its poetry owed little either in form or spirit to the *sermones utriusque linguæ*. We seemed at last to be quite emancipated from the literary thralldom of antiquity. This state of things, however, did not last long. The power of the Past has again asserted itself over us. Classicality again reigns, and reigns with even greater power than it did in the days of Pope and Dryden. But there is this difference—it was then the classicality of Rome, it is now the classicality of Greece. And this difference is a most profound one, and one which can hardly be over-estimated. Still, however, there remains in spite of it this resemblance—that the poetry of both epochs is to a very great extent imitative; that it draws a large part of its inspiration not direct from life, but from life as already embodied in literature; and the poetry of both epochs will, in virtue of this fact, be found probably to have many of the same faults and the same elements of mortality.

The models we follow are, indeed, far finer than those followed by our grandfathers. Where the young poet of the past day took to Statius, the young poet of ours takes to Æschylus. But inspiration from even the finest models will not make long-lived poetry. Nothing in Greek literature has so deeply influenced the poets of the present age as its tragic drama. No literary model can be more

exalted than that; and much of the beauty and splendour of the original seems to have come to life again in certain of the modern reproductions, which have been executed with the most exquisite literary skill, as well as with the highest poetical power. Yet there are some things that are beyond the reach of any skill and of any power, and it may well be questioned whether the revival of the Greek School of Tragedy be not one of them. At any rate, as the attempt is being made, it may not be uninteresting to turn to a case which we can judge impartially, and see with what success it has been made before.

In these days, when Greek literature is in the ascendant, most educated people, whether scholars or not, know something of *Æschylus*, of *Sophocles*, and of *Euripides*; but very few educated people, even though they be scholars, know much of *Seneca* the tragedian. And yet there are few writers with whom our modern poets should have more fellow-feeling. He, like many of them, was a disciple of the Greek dramatists, and was inspired by the Greek dramatists in much the same way. How the Greek drama appears as revived by our modern poets of the British empire we all know. I propose now to show by a typical specimen how it appeared as revived by an ancient poet of the Roman empire.

From the ten tragedies that bear the name of *Seneca* I select the *Œdipus*, and for these reasons. In the first place, it is specially characteristic of the writer's natural faults and beauties; in the second place, the model from which it is copied is so well known; and, in the third place, that model has been followed with such extreme closeness in many ways, that everything that is original with the copyist is at once distinguishable, and the art of the original and the imitative poet set in sharp and unmistakable contrast.

Everyone must be so familiar with the story of *Œdipus* that the briefest mention of its details will bring them back to the memory. Everyone must remember how, coming a stranger to Thebes, he answered the riddle of the dreadful *Sphinx*, and having delivered the land from this monster was at once raised to the throne, then vacant by the mysterious murder of the late king *Laius*, and was given in marriage *Jocasta*, the king's widow. *Œdipus* himself had fled to Thebes from his parents, the king and queen of Corinth, because he had been warned by an oracle that he was fated to kill his father and to marry his mother. Now, however, he seemed successfully to have eluded his destiny, to have forgotten the oracle, and to be happy in his wife, and in a family of sons and daughters. The years went on, full of pride and prosperity for him. But at last disaster came.

Suddenly there fell upon Thebes a frightful pestilence. No remedy was to be found for it. All the people seemed doomed, and on the eve of perishing. It is at this point the play of Sophocles opens. Œdipus is represented as calm and dignified amongst the general terror, but full at the same time of anxious solicitude for his people, who come suppliantly to his feet, as to a father's, to beseech him to do something for them. He replies that he has sent already to the oracle to learn what must be done. The answer shortly comes that the plague has been sent because the murder of Laius is still unavenged, and the murderer still pollutes with his presence Theban soil. The remedy is a simple one. The murderer must be banished from the country, and the plague will then be stayed. Œdipus, with a haughty and impressive solemnity, gives directions for the discovery of the culprit, and invokes the most terrible curses on the head of anyone who shall harbour him or show him any hospitality: "Nay, may such a man," he concludes, as a crowning imprecation, "suffer the fate and do the deeds which were once foretold for me." The whole plot of the tragedy thenceforth consists in the gradual unfolding of the fact that Œdipus is himself the very criminal that he curses, it first transpiring that he was the murderer of Laius, and next that the king and queen of Corinth were but his reputed parents, that his real father was the king that he had slain, and his mother the queen that he had married.

The marvellous skill with which this has been worked out by Sophocles is notorious. As far as construction goes, his *Œdipus* is probably the most perfect drama in the world. There is not a single speech that does not advance the plot, or explain character, or that is not evidently subservient to the effect of the whole. The characters and the situations interact upon each other, and are each essential to the other; and the whole drama, as it moves slowly onwards, without haste and without pause, seems like the unfolding of the roll of destiny itself, written within and without, lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

We have said thus much as a prefatory reminder to the reader of what the original play was, of which we are now going to consider the imitation. The detailed incidents of the play of Sophocles we have not mentioned. We shall see them all repeated by Seneca, though handled in a somewhat different fashion.

The Latin tragedy opens, as does the Greek one, with the spectacle of Thebes being laid desolate by the ravages of the plague. The time is early morning, and Œdipus and Jocasta are introduced as standing before their palace, and surveying the afflicted city. Œdipus

begins with a speech eighty-five lines long, here and there addressed to his wife, but in the main a soliloquy. It will be enough to give a few parts of it. It thus opens;—

The night is past, and lo! with dismal ray,
Breaks through the squalid clouds the dubious day;
Slow o'er the havoc of our homes it steals,
And what the night has done the day reveals.
Oh, hollow pomp of power! oh, specious thing!
And what so cursed a creature as a king!
For ev'n as loftiest mountain summits bear
The fiercest onslaughts of the ruffian air,
Or boldest headlands feel about their feet,
Even in the calm, the rancorous billows beat,
So kings in all the mockery of their state
Are fixed on high to bear the brunt of fate.
More happy I, when fearless and alone
I fled, an exile, from my father's throne,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined,¹
The world before me, and my fears behind.

But now, he goes on to say, the memory of that oracle comes back to him, which so many years ago had urged him to leave his parents. A strange, terrible presentiment, he says, fills his mind, that, in what way he knows not, he may still have to fulfil the doom predicted for him. For, he says—

For right and left the plague is rife; but see,
It falls on all, and only turns from me.
What darker doom awaits me, Heaven, that I,
Beset with death, am fated not to die?
My piteous people round me groan and fall;
And I—oh, horror!—still outlive them all.
Fool that I am, and vowed to Phœbus' hate,
Am I, the king, to save a suffering state?
No, my foe dogs me wheresoe'er I flee,
And taints the very breeze that's breathed by me.

Cædipus then proceeds to a description, thirty-five lines in length, of the terrible details of the plague, and the mortality amongst the citizens; after which his immense speech concludes with a passage that is really dramatic. He gives vent to a feeling like that which urges a man on the brink of a precipice to jump headlong. His

¹ This line is from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and is a very fair equivalent for the original, "Curis solutus exul, intrepidus, vagans." In translating Seneca the metre has been adopted that seems best to represent the style and spirit of the Latin—viz., the metre employed by Dryden, Lee, Otway, and others, in their rhyming tragedies, for which Seneca himself afforded the classical model, much as Æschylus and Sophocles did to Milton in his *Samson Agonistes*.

being filled with all manner of vague and ghastly forebodings, they passionately that these may be accomplished at once, and they may thus be delivered from at least one agony—suspense.

Ye powers of Heaven, before your shrines I come,
I raise my voice and clamour for my doom.
Let me do all ! let me do all ! I cry,
Let me drain out my dregs of destiny,
Sooner than reign like this, and see my people die !

Creon now at last speaks, and urges her husband not to succumb to calamities. *Œdipus* answers that there yet may possibly be a remedy for them, if only the oracle of Apollo, which he has consulted Creon, his brother-in-law, to consult, and from which he is expecting an answer, will point it out. Here follows a long and verbose chorus, descriptive of the sufferings of Thebes under the ravages of the pestilence, which does little but amplify further what had been already too amply said in the speech of *Œdipus*. Thus ends the first act.

Act II. opens with the entrance of Creon, just arrived from the oracle, who announces that the remedy for the sufferings of Thebes is the expulsion of the murderer of Laius. *Œdipus* at once vows to do so, and that the criminal shall, if possible, be at once discovered, and driven from the country. He makes inquiries about the particulars of the king's death, and learns that he was murdered whilst on a journey, at three cross-roads, by a band of robbers. He then goes to the old blind seer *Tiresias*, who enters attended by his daughter *Manto*, and is bidden to discover the murderer. *Œdipus* then demands the God demands. The scene thus proceeds :—

Tiresias. Bear with me, sire, and wonder not that I
Delay the fates, and linger in reply.
See how in vain my sightless eyeballs roll ;
And half the truth eludes my sunless soul.
Yet Phœbus and my country lead the way ;
I hear the call, I follow and obey,
And the dark secret shall be dragged to day.
Ah, would my breast might still sustain the load
Of prophecy, and house the prescient god !
But since that may not be, a steer prepare—
A steer with neck unyoked and snow-white hair :
And thou, my daughter, watch the sacred fire,
And tell the omens to thy sightless sire.

Manto. Stands the steer at the altar side,
With neck unyoked, and spotless hide.

Tiresias. Call the heavenly powers by name,
Then with incense feed the flame.

Watch with fixed attentive eyes
 When the leaping flames arise.
 Tell me, has the blaze begun,
 Tell me, is my bidding done ?

Manto. Fragrant steams to heaven aspire ;
 Haste, direct the spell, my sire.

Tiresias. What the nature of the flame ?

Manto. Sudden went it, sudden came.

Tiresias. Did it, shooting pure in air,
 Skyward shake its blazing hair ?
 Or, in many a snaky twine,
 Wander dubious round the shrine ?

Manto. Sire, the flame deceived my eye
 With many a changing shape and dye,
 Like the shining hues aglow
 On the changing heavenly bow,
 Which fills our eyes with colours rare,
 Yet leaves us doubting what they are, and where.
 But see ! the altar's angry fires dispart,
 And two fell flames from the same embers start.
 And what is this, oh, sire ! this gory flood ?
 Lo, the wine is turned to blood !
 And I tremble as I gaze,
 For a wreath of smoke extends
 To the monarch in his place,
 Dims his form and hides his face !
 Father, say what this portends.

Tiresias. Daughter, torn by maddening care,
 What shall I say or what forbear ?
 Nothing clear my soul divines
 In these dire disordered signs.
 What is this, now half revealed,
 And anon again concealed ?
 Something which the gods for shame
 Tremble when they try to name.
 Daughter, quick, without delay,
 Seize the axe, the victims slay ;
 Lay the bull and heifer low—
 Tell me how they meet the blow.

Then follow a variety of other signs, increasing in terror and strangeness—signs in the conduct of the victims beneath the axe, the way the blood came from the wounds, and in the state of the entrails ; until at last Manto exclaims :—

And, my sire, that voice you hear
 Is not flock that bleats for fear,
 Is not heavy herd that moans :
 It is the altar's self that lows and shakes in all its stones.
Oedipus. Seer, tell me all, the worst you can divine

From monstrous entrail, or from bellowing shrine,
For men forget to fear beset with ills like mine.

Tiresias. These present ills, in which for aid you call,
You may think good when you discover all.

Œdipus. Nay, prophet, we but need one simple thing—
The accursèd name of him that slew the king.

Tiresias. But never wing that cleaves the liquid air
Nor quivering entrail will that name declare.

Far different means be ours. We must invade
The very Hell and all the tracts of shade,

And drag the dead one to the upper air—
The murdered must himself declare the murderer.

Earth must be riven asunder ; we must cry
To Dis and his implacable deity ;

And we must rifle Styx and drag to light
Dim shoals of ghosts out of their depths of night.

Monarch, who shall attend me in thy stead ?
For thou, a king, must not behold the dead.

Œdipus. Creon, go thou ; this part pertains to thee,
The king's adviser and the king to be.

Tiresias. Haste we then, now, to open Hell's abode,
Whilst these with singing hail our city's radiant god.

Chorus. Hear what a hymn to thee thy chosen land addresses,
Hear with what prayers thine own beloved abodes resound,

Bacchus, god with those long tresses

That the ivy nods around,

Haste and hear us, now that we,

Thine own Thebans, cry to thee ;

Hither hasten from on high,

Turn thine unshorn and shining head to us.

Smile and make sunlight in the cloudy skies,

Smile and make mute the threats of Erebus.

Abash the sickness with thy starry eyes !

Oh, thine it is with flowers of vernal lustre

To wreathe thine hair, and with gold head-bands bind,

And on thy white brow hang the wine-dark ivy-cluster,

And now to loose thy tresses to the wind,

And again in girlish guise

Recall them in a knot behind

As when thy form deceived thine angry stepdame's eyes,

And thy god's aspect seemed a girl's,

With flowing robe and zone and crisped golden curls.

Thee in Asian fields afar,

Who break Araxes' frozen tide,

Or the draughts of Ganges drain,

Conscious of the bloodless war,

Worshipped rolling o'er the plain,

Clothed in the panther's brindled pride,

And towering in thy tiger-harnessed car.

Chorus goes on like this for about eighty lines more, describ-

ing a number of incidents in the life of Bacchus, and promising eternal worship ; and so the act concludes.

After this, Creon re-enters, and Œdipus impatiently demands the result of the conjurations of Tiresias, and the name of the murderer. Creon is at first unwilling to say anything ; but at last, compelled by the threats of Œdipus, he thus begins his story:—

Remote from hence, nor far from Dirce's flood,
Stands black with ilex-trees a frowning wood ;
There does the ever-verdant cypress loom,
Rise high in air and gird the grove in gloom ;
There aged oaks their crooked branches sway,
Clammy with moss and tottering to decay ;
Some still erect on ruined trunks are seen,
And others wearier on their neighbours lean ;
There gleams the laurel with its berries crude,
And rustling lindens whisper through the wood ;
There is the Paphian myrtle, there the tree
That moves with oars across the boundless sea,
And pines on whose smooth trunks the zephyrs play,
And through whose meagre branches peers the day.
But in the midst one monstrous tree, confessed
The king of all the grove, o'ertops the rest ;
O'er all the rest its heavy shade is shed,
And wide around its coiling arms are spread,
'Neath this incumbent canopy is found
A noxious pool that soaks the yielding ground.
Not through the leaves one struggling ray can break,
Nor trembling sunbeam gild the sable lake ;
But sleeps the stagnant tide in darkness there,
And frosts eternal bind the rigid air.
Thence deadly vapours rise, and long and dank
Decaying herbage hides the oozy bank.
Hither the prophet led. "Cast fear away,"
He cried. "The Powers admit of no delay !"
The earth is trenched, and brands from funeral pyres
Flare through the darkness and supply the fires.
The seer with chaplets then his temples bound,
And round his frame a flowing vesture wound.
And now, in squalid garb, he stood to view,
His temples nodding with lugubrious yew,
And cried to make the sable offerings fit,
And drag them backwards to the blazing pit ;
Then called the ghosts that in the darkness dwell,
And thee, dread guardian of the gates of Hell.
And now, with rabid mouth, he rolls along
The sounding numbers of the enchanted song ;
Sometimes with prayer the suppliant verse persuades,
And, sometimes raging, threats the airy shades.
Meanwhile the flame the sacrifice devours ;
Then snow-white milk and blood-red wine he pours

With his left hand, and, gazing on the ground,
He calls on Hell again with louder sound.
Then did I hear the dogs of darkness bay,
And thrice the hollow valleys moaned dismay,
And from below a subterranean stroke
Assailed the earth, and all the sod beneath us shook.
"My prayers at last are heard," exclaimed the seer;
"The gods obey; the boundless gulfs appear:
Chaos is broken, and the blind abyss
Yields up the pallid populace of Dis."
Then the grove quivered, conscious of the deed,
And the leaves bristled on the boughs for dread.
Then did at length the solid ground begin
To gape, and direful sounds were heard within.
I know not whence :—from Hell grown wroth to see
The audacious day profane its mystery ;
Or haply earth itself had snapped her chain
To free the prisoners of the dark domain,
Or Cerberus his heavy fetters clanked again.
But so it was, with heavy crash the ground
Asunder rolled, and showed the vast profound.
Then did these living eyes see face to face
The pallid gods amid the accursed place ;
Then did they see the eternal lakes of fate,
And that eternal darkness uncreate.
Then—and a horror thrilled through all my frame—
Forth of the pit its hideous tenants came.
The dragon-born in long array were there,
And shrieking Furies with their writhing hair—
Rage, Fear, and every form abhorred of men,
Concealed or gendered in the eternal den—
Skulking Old-age, and hesitating Doubt—
But time would fail to tell the motley rout.
My courage fled ; even Manto's nerves unstrung,
Around her sire with trembling arms she clung.
But, all unconscious of the maid's embrace,
He felt no fear invade his sightless face.
He still convokes the unsubstantial throng,
And still fresh numbers hear the cogent song ;
Still to his call fresh fluttering mists repair,
And breathe once more the heaven's remembered air ;
More quick they come than waves on stormy seas,
Or leaves in windy autumn from the withering trees,
Till every Theban stood once more above—
A cowering throng, that lurked about the grove.
First Zethus came, and led his ghostly crew,
And by the horns the fatal bull he drew ;
Amphion next, who still sustains, a shade,
That lovely lyre that once the stones obeyed ;
Then haughty Niobe, at last allowed
To count her offspring and be safely proud ;

Then fierce Agavé, with her bacchants fell,
 And mangled Pentheus, who still hates in Hell.
 At last, and called and called again, a shade,
 Alone, reluctant, raised its ghastly head—
 A head for shame low bending o'er its breast—
 Far off it stood, and seemed to shun the rest.
 Now plies the seer his spell with twofold might,
 Until the dogged ghost is dragged to light,
 And see—'tis Laius' self that slowly draws to sight.
 He comes ! he comes ! Ah, what a shape was there !
 Blood all its limbs, and clotted blood its hair !
 With rabid mouth it speaks. " Oh, savage brood,
 Inured to slaughter and baptised in blood,
 Go, shake the thyrsus, rouse the maddening crew,
 Be lashed to frenzy and the crime renew !
 Securely sin, for now the Avenger sees
 So black a deed he laughs at deeds like these—
 A deed—Oh, thou, my wretched country, know
 'Tis not the rage of Heaven that lays you low,
 But hideous sin ; nor is thy taint of death
 Born or of summer's drought or south winds' breath ;
 But of your murderous king ! "

Laius then goes on in a very elaborate and explicit manner to accuse Œdipus of having killed his father and married his mother ; and concludes by urging the Thebans to lose no time in putting away the accursed thing from amongst them.

For that same hour your monarch flies, I swear
 That kingless Thebes shall breathe a purer air.
 With him, as worthy consuls, Death and Pain
 Shall quit the land, with all their deadly train.
 The withering flowers shall all their lives renew,
 And o'er the glebe again distil the dew.

On first hearing this Œdipus is completely thunderstruck ; but in another instant he recovers himself, and angrily accuses Creon and Tiresias of being in a plot against him, that they may expel him from his throne, and that Creon may seize upon it. A short altercation, of a singularly strained and lifeless kind, takes place between Œdipus and Creon ; at the end of which Œdipus gives orders that Creon be imprisoned, whilst he himself goes into the palace. Then follows a chorus, in which all the evils of Œdipus are attributed not to his own faults, but to the evil fate of Thebes ; and the act concludes.

At the opening of Act IV. Œdipus and Jocasta re-enter. Œdipus has been thinking over all that he has heard from Creon. He begins to remember that on his first coming to Thebes he did meet a certain stranger on the way, with whom he had an altercation, and whom he chanced to kill, and now a very few inquiries of his wife bring home

terrible conviction that this man was indeed none other than at this moment, however, a messenger comes with news that the King of Corinth, is dead, and urges Œdipus to come to the vacant throne. Œdipus experiences a sudden sensation of his news. Now at any rate he can never kill his father. His mother, the Queen of Corinth, still lives. There is still the chance that he may marry her. The messenger, however, to set his feet at once tells him that neither of them really was his father, but that he (the messenger) had himself brought Œdipus to Corinth, who had been reared by a shepherd on Mount Cithæron.

And now follows the full revelation—that Œdipus was not the son of Laius and Jocasta, who had been exiled from his infancy on the mountain, rescued, and brought up at Corinth, and thus reserved to fulfil to the uttermost the prophecy that the oracle had predicted for him. Œdipus calls to his wife to open and swallow him up; and rushes into the palace, to do some dreadful deed, and saying that he must confess to his mother on her newly-discovered child. Then, in low tones, the Chorus begin to sing :—

Were it mine my fate to form,
I would charge my silken sails,
Fearful of too rude a storm,
With the soft Favonian gales.
Careless in the middle stream
Of the rocks on either side
Should my bark in safety glide,
Gently floating, and should seem
Sleeping on the tranquil tide.
Thus my days should pass secure,
Rich without wealth, and without squalor poor.
Think ye all who would be great,
Think of him who strove to rise
On his faithless wings elate,
Proudly through the viewless skies.
Think how falling, falling he
Gave all his honours to the glassy sea.
Safely through the lower air
Dædal winged a happier way;
But, alas, with what despair,
Shooting from the seats of day,
Sudden roused, he sees his son
Vainly calling,
Swiftly falling,
Swiftly falling, falling prone,
Strike on the wave, and in a cloud of spray
For ever gone!

But what is this?—a servant of the king.
 Why comes he forth with solemn pace,
 Pallor and wonder on his face?
 Speak, thou of boding mien—what news dost bring?

The messenger, whose speech opens the fifth act, narrates in a manner very characteristic of Seneca, how Œdipus had been driven into the palace :—

So some fierce lion on the Libyan plain
 Rolls its red eyes and shakes its tawny mane,
 Grinds its huge jaws, and vents its thundering roar,
 While streams of sweat from all its members pour;
 So foams the king, so casts his threatenings round,
 And so his pent-up grief with roaring sound
 Bursts forth in floods: and by his face I knew
 His mind prepared some dreadful deed to do;
 I knew not what. At last he cried, "Will none
 Fall on my breast with steel or fire or stone?—
 Cursed flesh of mine! and will no bird of air
 Make you her prey, or no wild tigers tear?
 Oh, damned mount, where all my woes begun,
 Hast not one beast to slay thy wretched son,
 Or canst not one Agavé more supply?
 Oh, grant me death! I only long to die."
 As thus he spoke, he seized with impious hand
 The hilt, and from its scabbard drew his brand,
 Then gazing on't exclaimed, "And shall one blow,
 One moment's pang, dispense with years of woe?"

To die, he goes on, might expiate the murder of his father; what of his mother, and the unhallowed offspring, of which, defiance of nature, he was the parent? Shall he die? No. He resolves to live and suffer. He breaks forth into sudden weeping. Do I shed tears? he cries. Let my eye follow my tears, and so help to make atonement.

His pallid cheeks were shot with sudden red,
 And his strained eyes seemed bursting from his head,
 Expectant of the threat—a horrid sight—
 The flashing centre, and the blood-shot white.
 Then—sickening, scarce to speak my mouth avails—
 Deep in his flesh he dug his hook-like nails;
 Explores with eagle's claws his streaming face,
 And tears at last each orb in frenzy from its place.
 Then with one long, one hideous yell of pain
 He pressed a hand on either cave inane,
 Foamed at the mouth, and, facing to the light,
 Mocked at the sun, and made his boast of night.
 And thus he cried: "Behold, I now have paid
 The vengeance due so long, so long delayed.

In self-sought woe as well as sin sublime
Are not my pains proportioned to my crime?
Gods, now I boldly charge you, hear my prayer,
And spare at last my wretched country—spare!”

Chorus then, in a few resigned lines, sing that everything men suffer comes from fate, and that we can neither choose nor anything. Prayers are useless; will is useless. The palace doors open; and *Œdipus*, bewildered, re-enters. He speaks with emotion:—

All's over now; the fates are satisfied,
And some kind power at last permits me hide
My life from light. Ye murderous hands, I owe
Nought to you now—I have repaid the blow.
Fit for the parricide, night veils my way;
'Tis not for *Œdipus* to face the day.

She now enters, half mad with horror, and addresses her son:—

Ah! thou I know not how to name—
Too many names thou hast, and all with shame;
My son, if son thou art, one moment stay,
Nor turn from me that sightless face away.
Œdipus. And what art thou that wouldst restore my sight,
And drag the darkling penitent to light?
My labour's lost whilst thou, ill-known, art near;
Though blind I see thee whilst thy voice I hear.

By these vain pits, unconscious of the day,
By those sad sons begot to grief, I pray,
By those redoubled ties which only sever
Those whom they bind for ever and for ever,
Henceforth no more address me.

Jocasta. Oh, my mind,
And is thy courage left so far behind?

Let death be mine! I claim it for my own!
To find the readiest means I long alone.
Will not the parricide complete the deed,
And with the father bid the mother bleed?
He turns away—but see! he drops his sword!
By thee, brave steel, be all my woes explored.

She snatches up the sword and stabs herself. “What!” *Œdipus*, “and must yet another crime be mine? Was it enough that I killed my father? Must my mother's death too be my door? But now let me haste,” he says, “and free at last my land from my cursed presence.” He thus concludes, as he is preparing to depart, and the following lines end the play:—

And ye, poor worn ones, by the plague laid low,
 Lift up your weary heads ! Behold, I go.
 Lift up your heads, and see behind me rise
 Health in the air and healing in the skies :
 Speak comfort to the helpless ; bid them see
 The curse that blasted all depart with me.
 And you, pale Death, and deadly Violence,
 Famine, and rabid Grief, and Pestilence,
 My comrades, come with me, and guide my blind steps hence !

Such then is the Roman tragedy of *Œdipus*—a piece of literature so little known to the general reader that, from that fact alone, some account of it may have been not uninteresting. But it is interesting for yet another, and a somewhat deeper, reason. This play which we have just been considering is essentially the work of a man not fired by the subject itself, but by the poetry that had been written by another about that subject, and in it will be seen nearly all the faults and hints of most of the beauties that are possible in such imitative poetry.

As we have already said, the actual incidents of the play of Sophocles are all followed by Seneca ; but in his manner of picturing these he has omitted much that was in his model, and supplied its place by much that is his own. Both the omissions and the substitutions are eminently characteristic.

Perfect as is the construction of the plot of Sophocles, this would go but a little way were it not for the still greater perfection with which he has drawn the principal characters. In spite of his situation, were it not for his character, we should have but little interest in *Œdipus*. But Sophocles, with a skill only to be paralleled by that of Shakespeare in *Lear*, has contrived to make him an actual living character, with the elements in him so subtly mixed that our interest in his fate is aroused to the very utmost, and all our most varied feelings are called into action. First we see the grand and paternal side of his kingly character ; then the ungoverned and tyrannous passion with which this is alloyed. And thus a stately living figure rises before us, about which we are doubtfully divided whether we shall detest or reverence it. Then gradually the storm of destiny breaks down over it, and all the depths of its inner human nature are one by one revealed with a wonderful and sublime pathos. It is just the same with Shakespeare's *Lear*. But if we turn to Seneca we shall see that, though he preserves traces of the original character as drawn by Sophocles, he has done this as if he hardly cared what he was doing. The lines are frigid, hasty, almost meaningless. The irony of the Greek play Seneca of course perceived, and he has tried to reproduce it. But this, in Sophocles, depends more than anything

in the subtle development of character, and Seneca, being unable to draw character, has failed also in reproducing the irony. How little he understood the secret of either the one or the other may be seen by the two following instances of his want of skill. In the very first scene he unintentionally robs the downfall of *Œdipus* of half its force by representing him as already prepared for it by a strange foreboding, thus entirely effacing by a coarse blot one of the most delicate of the strokes of Sophocles. And in another place he has defaced his original yet more signally. The worse side of *Œdipus's* character—his pride and insolence—is revealed by Sophocles with consummate power and vividness in the brutal and angry behaviour of the monarch to the blind *Tiresias*, who first refuses to name the murderer, and then meets the other's rage with a calm, menacing dignity, and half cows it, in spite of itself, by the terrible, ominous words with which he retires. This scene is one of the finest in the whole play of Sophocles. It is in this scene, however, that Seneca has most widely departed from his original. Here is a very significant fact, which at once reveals to us the real nature and motive of the Latin drama. It is in this place that Seneca has interpolated what was most entirely his own, and for the sake of which he has sacrificed what was most impressive in his model. Of the whole scene between *Manto* and *Tiresias*, with the altar, the incense, the victims, and the portents, there is no trace in the Greek; nor again of the evocation of the shade of *Laius*, *Creon's* description of which is the most prominent passage in the whole play of Seneca.

If we consider, then, these passages, which are purely the work of Seneca, we shall see that their characteristic is that they are purely spectacular, or purely descriptive. There is nothing in them of character or strictly human interest—nothing in them that in the true sense of the word can be called dramatic. If put on the stage they would not be even impressively spectacular; they are only so to the mind's eye. It does not seem certainly a satisfactory form of drama, this—which we see to be faulty in the closet, and which is evidently not adapted for the stage; and we are naturally led to speculate on the author's motive in producing it. The answer to this can be detected in the characteristics we have just been mentioning. Sophocles wrote his poetry that he might exhibit his subject: Seneca chose his subject that he might exhibit his poetry. The real hero of the Latin drama is the style of the dramatist.

The same is true of all imitative literatures, and no literatures that are purely or even mainly imitative can ever live. This is a truth that may well be taken to heart by some of our poets of the

present day ; and the example of it, which we have just been considering, may serve by its particular force and character, by its merits as well as its defects, to point the moral. There is another fact about it, too, which may conduce to this end. Sophocles in his *Œdipus* dealt with the living problems of his day ; he seized the thoughts that were actually in men's minds, and bodied them forth. Seneca in his *Œdipus* entirely fails in this ; or, rather, he hardly attempts it. He does not try to make his readers face the Present, but he tries to withdraw them from it. A literature which does this can at its best be but a fruit dropped on the course, which, if we stop to pick it up, will but hinder us in the race, and which, having well looked at it, we shall soon cast aside as an encumbrance.

W. H. MALLOCK.

REPRESENTATIVE MAN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

HERE is probably no epoch in our history with which we have so little in common as the first eight decades of the eighteenth century. So remote are our sympathies from the men and women of that period, that we fail even to understand them, and, all the rash judgment of an intolerant and egotistical age, we cram upon the Procrustean bed of modern ideas, to which no process of shrinking or elongating can accommodate them, and, as we despise all other standards, the unfortunates, after being terribly treated, are condemned at once to moral execution. We might tell of a New Zealand aborigine by the laws of polite society, as we do of the people of the reign of the first and second Georges, by a reference to our present code; indeed, I question whether we are not in *en rapport* with the New Zealander than we are with those dandified, polished, artificial, fine ladies and gentlemen, our great-great-grandmothers and -fathers.

As the representative man of his age there are few characters of English history which have been more abused and even execrated than John Chesterfield. Beginning with Johnson, he has been held up as the type of all that is heartless, cynical, immoral, and wicked. He has shrieked over his "Letters" until good, simple people have come to regard them as little better than the effusions of a madman and Tom Paine, and to believe that their perusal would corrupt the chastest mind. It is not the purpose of this article to perform a trick commonly practised by enthusiastic biographers, namely, to attempt the transformation of a spirit of darkness into an angel of light, neither does it propose by suppression of facts, by the slandering of others, or by special pleading, to condone the faults of the subject, but simply to judge him by the manners, morals, and surroundings of the age in which he lived. As far as practicable I shall, I extract from his letters and other compositions, let him speak for himself. Perhaps the reader may object to this as being an *ex parte* method, a man usually making the best of himself; but such was not

the case with Lord Chesterfield, who had a vanity for exaggerating rather than softening his errors.

Philip Dormer Stanhope was born on the 22nd of September, 1694. His father, who was a gloomy and morose man, seems to have early conceived an unaccountable aversion for him, and he was brought up by his maternal grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax, the widow of the celebrated George Savile. While still a child he seems to have given evidence of talents more than common, of a desire for a political life, as well as of a decided taste for pleasure, and an inclination to indolence. These proclivities being observed by a visitor of the Marchioness's, Lord Galway, he gave the boy this piece of advice: "If you intend to be a man of business, you must be an early riser. Unless you rise constantly at an early hour, you will never have any leisure for yourself." The lesson was never forgotten; writing years afterwards to his son he says:—

Nobody ever lent themselves more than I did, when I was young, to the pleasures and dissipations of good company; I even did it too much. But then I can assure you that I always found time for serious studies; and when I could find it no other way, I took it out of my sleep; for I resolved always to rise early in the morning, however late I went to bed at night; and this resolution I have kept so sacred that, unless when I have been confined to my bed by illness, I have not for more than forty years ever been in bed at nine o'clock in the morning, but commonly up before eight.

This would not be called early rising nowadays, but it was so then, when the fine gentleman seldom rose before noon. But never even in his earliest years, was Philip Stanhope an idler; he was a emulative, energetic boy, always aiming to be *best*. "When I was your age," he writes to his son, then eleven years old, "I should have been ashamed if any boy of that age had learned his book better, or played at any play better than I did; and I should not have rested a moment till I got before him." Until he was eighteen he received his education by private tuition; after which he was sent to Cambridge, where he was a most diligent student. The following is a fine picture of him, drawn by his own hand, at this period, and is doubtless an excellent portraiture of the University of the time:—

At the University I was an absolute pedant. When I talked my best I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense, that the classics contained everything that was either necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not even without thoughts of wearing the Toga Virilis of the Romans, instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns.

"When I first went to the University," he says in another place,

"I will confess that I drank and smoked, notwithstanding my aversion to wine and tobacco, only because I thought it genteel and that it made me look like a man." When, at eighteen, he went to the Hague, he found gambling all the fashion, and, "as I aimed at perfection," he says, "I adopted gaming as a necessary step to it." "This last passion," writes Dr. Maty, the earliest and most reliable, if partial, of Chesterfield's biographers, "the least excusable of all vices, especially when not fostered by want, or accompanied with skill, was in every period of life equally detrimental to his character and fortune. It engaged him every night in the company of people with whom he would have been ashamed to have been seen at any other time. He knew and despised yet could not shun them. Crowds flocked around the gaming table to enjoy so unequal a strife, in which, while his pocket was picked, the applause which the repeated flashes of his wit drew from all around seemed to make him abundant amends for his losses."

In these facts is contained the key-note of Chesterfield's character. To be perfect, *à la mode*, was his ambition, the great and all-ruling passion of his life; society was the altar before which he worshipped, and of that altar he desired to be the high priest. Thus we find him exaggerating his faults whenever by doing so they add to his assumption of *ton*. Whatever was the mode, that thing he did without any respect for its being good or ill. "My great object was to make every man like me and every woman love me," is his confession. Even in his school days we find him animated by the same spirit of emulation,—albeit, a worthier one—of shining and surpassing all his contemporaries, not only in his studies, but in all games. We have now before us Chesterfield, the fine gentleman, an intensely vain and therefore weak character, and this was the sole light in which he was regarded by three-fourths of his contemporaries, and is held by ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the present time. But we shall presently come to a stronger as well as to a better aspect of his nature.

Upon quitting the University he went, as I have before intimated, to the Hague, and thence to Paris. One of his letters dated from that city, 1715, gives us another glimpse of the fop:—

I shall not give you my opinion of the French, because I am very often taken for one of them; and several have paid me the highest compliment they think in their power to bestow, which is, "Sir, you are just like ourselves!" I shall only tell you that I am insolent; I talk a great deal; I am very loud and peremptory; I sing and dance as I walk along; and, above all, I spend an immense sum in hair powder, feathers, and white gloves!

At twenty, he entered the House as member for St. Germain's, in Cornwall; his maiden speech was a denunciation of the policy of Harley and Bolingbroke. As he was departing, a friend reminded him that he was not of age, and that according to the rules of the House he would lay himself open to a fine of £500 as well as to the annulment of his election should he vote upon any question. The young gentleman replied only by a low bow; but he took the hint, and did not again appear in the senate until he had passed his majority.

Although he is accredited with being one of the finest orators of his day,—and justly, it would seem, since Horace Walpole, who had heard his father, Pulteney, and Pitt speak, asserts that the finest speech he ever heard was one of Lord Chesterfield's—it was only in after years, when he entered the Peers, that he made any display of eloquence. During the time he sat in the Commons his voice was seldom heard. Maty ascribes this to a circumstance highly characteristic of the man. There was a member who had a trick of mimicking the tones and gestures of his opponents, and of holding them up to the laughter of the House. This man kept Stanhope silent, for he was aware that his person presented many salient points for ridicule. Probably it was because Nature had done so little for him that, in revenge, he became so fervent a devotee of Art. Lord Herve describes him thus:—"He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant—which was a humorous idea, and really apposite." This, however, we must remember, is a painting by a bitter enemy, and allowance must be made for exaggeration.

I need scarcely remind the reader of the feud between George I. and the Prince of Wales, and how the Court was divided between father and son. Stanhope ranged himself upon the side of the prince, to whom he was appointed Lord of the Bedchamber. Several reasons may be adduced for this preference. In the first place, my lord sought the hand of Melesina de Schulenberg, whom the Duchess of Kendal called niece, but who in reality was her own daughter by the king: George opposed the union on the plea of the lover's propensity to gambling. In the next place, he was the friend and correspondent of Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, the prince's mistress; and, to conclude, the reigning sovereign was old, and more was to be hoped from his successor than from him. Nevertheless, he did not break with the Court proper, and so pleased the

by speaking (1723) in favour of the addition of four thousand to the army that he was created captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

In 1726 his father, who never seems to have got over his aversion to his eldest-born, died, and he succeeded to the title. The next year, that of the king's death, he was sent as ambassador to the Hague, where he remained five years, returning to England in 1732. His hopes of advancement from the new sovereign were doomed to disappointment, and ere long George II. conceived a positive dislike for his quondam supporter.

Horace Walpole ascribes the commencement of the king's coldness towards my lord to the following circumstance ; which I give in my own words :—

The queen had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield one Twelfth Night at Court had won so large a sum of money (£15,000), that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the pocket, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the queen inferred great infidelity ; and thenceforward Lord Chesterfield could obtain no favours from Court ; finding himself desperate, went into Opposition.

Naturally, for such a mode of proceeding would be quite inconsistent with her character, the queen might have hinted certain suspicions to her husband and roused his jealousy. Although more than tolerating his mistresses, she never lost an opportunity of making them feel her power.

Chesterfield, however, supported the ministry until the advent of the celebrated Excise Bill, which he voted against. The king, queen, and Walpole had all set their hearts upon the passing of this measure, so great was the popular clamour against it that they were obliged to give way. Chesterfield was dismissed from his office of Lord Steward—which, together with the Garter, had recently been conferred upon him—on account of his share in the defeat. When the Duke of Grafton demanded his staff, the earl begged his Grace to assure His Majesty that he was ready to sacrifice everything for his service except his honour and conscience. He afterwards wrote a letter to the king in the same strain, which greatly increased the monarch's dislike against him. In the absence of all apparent selfish motives, we must applaud both his conduct and his sentiments ; he decidedly gained nothing by them, and as decidedly lost much. During the next two years he was the leader of the Opposition.

But ere this (1733) he had married Melesina. There was nothing at all romantic in the affair.

"On changing her condition," says Maty, "she did not leave the Duchess of Kendal; and Lord Chesterfield, who was their next-door neighbour in Grosvenor Square, most constantly divided his time between his business in his own house and his attentions and duties at the other. Minerva presided in the first; and in the last Apollo and the Muses."

A newly-married couple living next door to one another may sound odd nowadays, but it was not so odd a century and a half ago. Perhaps he married the lady with an eye to the wealth of the Duchess of Kendal; if so, he was again disappointed, as the old Frau left all her money to her German relations. Hervey calls Melesina "an avaricious fury." She took a bribe of £12,000 from Bolingbroke for her good offices with the king, which would justify one half of the epithets.¹ Marriage does not seem to have had much effect upon my lord's mode of life; he and my lady seem to have lived quite independent of one another. No child was born of the union.

But the year before it was celebrated a boy came into the world who called him father. The mother was a Frenchwoman (some say Dutch), who went by the name of Mrs. Du Bouchet; she was a lady of good birth, and the earl always spoke of her with great respect. For several years my lord spent his time in a delightful leisure in the society of such men as Pope, Arbuthnot, Addison, Vanbrugh, Gay, Pulteney, Bathurst, Queensbury, Lyttleton, Murray. His doors were ever open to men of wit and genius, for he loved literature and its professors, although he had a contempt for abstract science; the latter was not *en rapport* with his tastes. Johnson says he was not a lord among wits, but a wit among lords. Even his enemy, Hervey, acknowledges that he was "allowed by everybody to have more conversable, entertaining table wit than any man of his time." Had he not been a man of exceptional talent, Pope would not have paid him that delicate compliment of borrowing a pencil to write the celebrated epigram:—

Behold a miracle!—instead of wit,
Two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

The few of my lord's good things which have come down to posterity give us a high opinion of his powers of impromptu; often as they have been repeated, two or three may be worth again re-telling. His

¹ Upon hearing that George II. had destroyed his father's will, Chesterfield commenced an action against him for £20,000, which he averred had been left to his wife by the late king. There is no doubt he was right, as the money was paid to hush the matter up.

epigram upon seeing a full-length picture of Beau Nash between the busts of Pope and Newton is particularly neat :—

This picture placed the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength ;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

Sir Thomas Robinson, who was very tall, challenged him to an impromptu, upon which he wrote :—

Unlike my subject now shall be my song,
It shall be witty and it shan't be long.

He wrote a number of *vers de société*, which are to be found in his collected works. Some of his *mots* were very sparkling ; for instance, when upon hearing that some man of low birth had married the daughter of a lady whose chastity was more than suspected, he retorted, that Nobody's son had married everybody's daughter ! His wit could at times take a more practical form, as is exemplified by the following anecdote related by Dr. Maty :—

The late Lord R., with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the headache, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood given. "I have no objection and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me ?" "Apropos," said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the House to-day ?" Lord R. answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question that is to be debated ; but you, who have considered it, which side will you be of ?" The earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment ; he carried him to the House and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally bled for his country.

His treatment of Johnson in the great lexicographer's days of poverty has become a standing reproach against him. It is the more remarkable as he was frequently a generous patron to literary men in distress ; poor Aaron Hill, and even bitter and worthless John Dennis, found in him a liberal friend. But, as it has been suggested, the Doctor might have been over-sensitive and conceived offence where none was intended. Boswell asserts, on the authority of Johnson himself, that there was no foundation for the story of his having been kept waiting in the earl's ante-chamber while the latter was closeted with Colley Cibber. Johnson's inflated contempt for actors would certainly have rendered this in his eyes an unpardonable slight. But

it must be remembered that Cibber was a man of some consequence, and, whatever might have been the opinion of certain contemporaries, a man of considerable wit and talent. The Doctor confessed to his *fidus Achates* that the earl, after making great professions for many years, took no notice of him until his Dictionary was announced, then "he fell a scribbling in the *World* about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him." There was little in coarse-featured, coarse-mannered, coarsely-dressed Samuel Johnson in his obscure days to attract the polished Lord Chesterfield; and herein probably lies the true secret of the neglect.

Although he had been a faithful adherent of the Opposition, upon the fall of Sir Robert Walpole (1742), and the accession of Lord Carteret to office, the earl was left out of the ministry, and continued so until the formation of the celebrated "Broad Bottom" coalition two years later. Then he was sent on an embassy to the Dutch to induce them to support the cause of Maria Theresa. His mission was successful, although he was pleading against his own convictions; for Chesterfield was one of the peace party, opposed to the continuance of the war in favour of the Queen of Hungary and for the defence of the German possessions of the English Crown. The king was terribly loth to employ him, but as he could not be done without, royalty was forced to submit.

Chesterfield's second embassy to Holland, says Lord Mahon, confirmed and renewed the praises he had acquired by the first. So high did his reputation stand at this period, that Sir Watkin Wynn, though neither his partisan nor personal friend, once in the House of Commons reversed in his favour Clarendon's character of Hampden; saying that "Lord Chesterfield had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any worthy action." At home his career, though never, as I think, inspired by a high and pervading patriotism, deserves the praise of humane, and liberal, and far-sighted policy. Thus, after the rebellion, while all his colleagues thought only of measures of repression—the dungeon or the scaffold—disarming Acts and abolition Acts—we find that Chesterfield was for schools and villages to civilise the Highlands.

Upon his return he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the single year he filled that great office was the noblest and most brilliant of all his life.

Before departing for Dublin, he recommended his chaplain, Dr. Chevenix, to the see of Killaloe, then vacant. The king, in order to mortify him, instructed Lord Harrington, the Secretary, to reply that His Majesty could not comply with his request, but that he would accept any other person he would name; my lord concluded his

epistle by advising him to look out for another. Upon which the earl begged his lordship to desire the king to look out for another Lord Lieutenant. Another was not to be found, so Dr. Chevenix got his bishopric and Majesty a humiliation.

Years previously Chesterfield had been told by Lord Shrewsbury that Ireland was a place where a man had business enough to hinder him falling asleep, and not enough to keep him awake. But he resolved his administration should be of a different kind. From the day he entered upon his office he not only gave up gambling himself, but would not permit its indulgence to any person within the precincts of the Castle. From nine to three, daily, the meanest person could obtain audience with him. He administered justice with the strictest impartiality, promoted by merit, and was equally impartial to Catholic and Protestant.

"I came determined," he wrote years afterwards, "to proscribe no set of persons whatever; and determined to be governed by none. Had the Papists made any attempt to put themselves above the law, I should have taken good care to have quelled them again. It was said that my lenity to the Papists had wrought no alteration either in their religious or their political sentiments. I did not expect that it would; but surely that was no reason for cruelty towards them." Lord Mahon is of opinion that with a weak, wavering, or fierce and headlong Lord Lieutenant at the Castle the Pretender would have effected a landing. But Chesterfield's measures were so able, and he so clearly impressed upon the Irish that his moderation was not weakness, nor his clemency cowardice, but that, to use his own words, "his hand should be as heavy as Cromwell's upon them if they once forced him to raise it," that that alarming period passed over with tranquillity. "This just and wise administration has not failed to reward him with its meed of fame," continues Lord Mahon; "his authority has, I find, been appealed to even by those who, as I conceive, depart most widely from his maxims; and his name, I am assured, lives in the honoured remembrance of the Irish people, as, perhaps next to Ormond, the best and worthiest in their long Vice-regal line." But his colleagues requiring him in London, he was recalled after a little more than a year of office. When he departed persons of all ranks, denominations, and religions followed him to the place of embarkation.

Upon his arrival in England he was made Secretary of State. Learning nothing from previous failure, he tried to govern the king through Lady Yarmouth, as he had before attempted to do through Lady Suffolk, and failed as signally. Although the queen was dead,

"dapper" George had the merit of still withholding all political influence from the hands of his mistress. Besides, he hated the minister too bitterly to allow such mediation; he even refused him the patronage to which his office entitled him, when he solicited a regiment for his cousin, George Stanhope, an officer who had greatly distinguished himself at Dettingen and Culloden. His proud spirit could not brook such an insult, and in 1748 he resigned. The king awaking to a sense of his value, urged him to recall his decision, and expressed his great satisfaction at the manner in which he had discharged his duties. "Conscience, your Majesty, would not permit me to remain in a post where I have not been suffered to do service to any one man, and in which my master is not at liberty to distinguish those who have his service most at heart." Such was his reply. He was offered a dukedom, but that also he refused.

Writing to Mr. Dayrolles, his friend, then at the Hague, he says:—

Could I do any good, I would sacrifice some more quiet to it; but convinced as I am that I can do none, I will indulge my ease and preserve my character. I have gone through pleasures while my constitution and my spirits would allow me. Business succeeded them; and I have now gone through every part of it without liking it at all the better for being acquainted with it. Like many other things, it is most admired by those who know it least. . . . I have been behind the scenes both of pleasure and of business; I have seen all the coarse pulley and dirty ropes which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant multitude. . . . Far from engaging in Opposition, as resigning ministers too commonly do, I shall to the utmost of my power support the king and his Government; which I can do with more advantage to them and more honour to myself when I do not receive £5,000 a year for doing it. . . . My horses, my books, and my friends will divide my time pretty equally; I shall not keep less company but only better, for I shall choose it.

His last political act was to bring in a bill for the reform of the Calendar, which was passed in 1751. This excellent measure, which equalised the style of Great Britain and Ireland with that of the Continent, where the errors of the Julian computation had been corrected more than a century and a half previously, aroused a terrible clamour among the ignorant multitude, and "Give us back the eleven days you robbed us of!" became an electioneering cry against the Earl of Macclesfield and Mr. Bradley, the framers of the Act. During the last illness of the latter celebrated mathematician, the people ascribed his sufferings to a judgment of Heaven, for having taken part in such an impious proceeding! In 1752 the earl was attacked by an incurable deafness. "Retirement was my choice

even years ago," he said; "it is now become my necessary refuge. Public life and I are parted for ever."

On the very day he resigned he went to White's and played all night. He had refrained most rigidly from gambling during the whole time he held office. But he had better ways of employing his leisure than that. His brother had bequeathed him a villa at Blackheath, and there he spent much of his time cultivating his garden and his fruit trees, and occasionally contributing a paper to the *World*. "All my amusements," he writes to Dayrolles (1755), "are reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called upon. Notwithstanding this unfortunate situation, my old philosophy comes to my assistance, and enables me to repulse the attacks of melancholy, for I never have one melancholic moment."

I have already recorded the birth of his son, to whom he gave the name of Philip Stanhope. From the child's earliest years he evidently felt a deep affection for him, and to make him the most polished and accomplished gentleman of the time soon became the great ambition of his life. No pains, no expense were to be spared to accomplish this object. He was sent for two years to the German Universities of Leipsic and Lausanne. The vacations were spent at Dresden, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Naples, where his father's introductions gained him admission to the best society. By Frederick of Prussia he was received with the utmost cordiality. Chesterfield in one of his letters had compared the Court of Prussia with that of Rome. "You will see there," he wrote, "full well, as Horace did at Rome, how States are defended by arms, adorned by manners, and improved by laws." When some of the courtiers demurred at the young man on account of his birth, the king replied: "Were he Lord Chesterfield's dog, I would have treated him in the most distinguished manner," which shows how highly the earl was thought of by that astute monarch. But more upon his own instructions, as contained in his celebrated *Letters*, which he began to write when the boy was in his tenth year, than upon any other influence, did the earl depend.

Everybody knows Dr. Johnson's dictum upon those letters. But it is wrong in both its assertions; the morals are not such as he states them to be, neither are they adapted for the perusal of the young. That many passages in those compositions are immoral, according to the code of the present day, I have no wish to deny; but they wore a very different aspect in the days in which they were written. Then the violation of the seventh Commandment was as much an

adjunct of a fine gentleman as snuff and hair-powder. It is said that Chesterfield infamously counsels his son to violate the sanctuary of wedded life, but it must be remembered that the letters from which such inferences are drawn were written during his son's residence in France. Now, all who have any acquaintance with the manners and customs of that country during the reign of Louis XV. are fully aware that every married lady had a lover attached to her train; it was a privilege that no husband would have dreamed of denying—in short, it was a domestic institution; therefore, when indignant virtue begins to shriek over desolated homes, &c., it is simply talking nonsense. Lord Chesterfield knew that it was impossible for a young man of fashion to live in such a corrupt society without falling into its errors; he knew that all the preaching and warnings in the world would not make him better than his surroundings; so he did what he considered the next best thing—cautioned him against excesses, and such amours as might bring trouble and disgrace upon him. I do not pretend to assert that this was the moral and proper course, or even that the earl regarded such errors with other than a very indulgent eye. I only wish to put the matter in its true light, and not make it worse than it is. That he could instil far different lessons is proved by such a passage as the following:—

There is nothing so delicate as your moral character, and nothing which it is your interest so much to preserve pure. Should you be suspected of injustice, malignity, perfidy, lying, &c., all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure you esteem, friendship, or respect. A strange concurrence of circumstances has sometimes raised very bad men to high stations; but they have been raised like criminals to a pillory, where their persons, and their crimes, by being more conspicuous, are only the more known, the more detested, and the more pelted and insulted. If, in any case whatsoever, affectation and ostentation are pardonable, it is in the case of morality; though even there, I would not advise you to a Pharisaical pomp of virtue. But I will recommend to you a most scrupulous tenderness for your moral character, and the utmost care not to do or say the least thing that may ever so slightly taint it.

Surely this is written in a noble and exalted strain. He writes in another place: "While you were a child I endeavoured to form your walk habitually to virtue and honour before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility." The next worst accusation brought against the letters is that they place the graces of the person far before those of the mind. To understand this tendency, we must know the person to whom they were addressed. Philip Stanhope was a studious man and a ripe scholar; there was no need to counsel him upon the value of cultivating the understanding, he did so indefatigably; but, on the other hand, he was heavy,

awkward, and ungraceful in his carriage, and altogether lacking in polish ; hence his father's insistence upon those points. "Will it do his head, his heart, or his knowledge any harm to have the utmost delicacy of manners, the most shining advantages of air and address, the most endearing attentions and the most engaging graces?" he demands. Again, it is said that the letters teach duplicity ; but Chesterfield intended his son to be a statesman, and the duplicity he teaches is that of diplomacy. Neither does it seem to me such a base and dreadful thing to counsel him—to cultivate the good graces even of the valets and chambermaids about a court, since it may one day be in their power to do him a good or an evil turn. On the contrary, there is profound wisdom in such a caution. In a great and complex piece of machinery, no one thinks of ignoring certain wheels because they are small.

But, as I said before, I do not hold that these things are good reading for the young, as their tendency is to destroy the frankness and ingenuousness of youth. No man should read Chesterfield until he has passed his thirtieth year, then he will find him a profitable study. Yet, with all the father's labours, Philip Stanhope was a disappointment. He entered Parliament at twenty-one, and the Earl took infinite pains to prepare him for an orator. But he spoke only once ; his awkward shyness spoiled his maiden speech, and no argument or encouragement could induce him to make a second essay. He sank into obscurity and died a few months before the earl, who then discovered that he had been clandestinely married several years previously, and had a wife and two children—an ill return for all the kindness that had been lavished upon him. Yet Chesterfield comes forth nobly from an ordeal through which many a rigidly virtuous man would not have passed ; although his son had so deceived him, he provided for the widow, and took the children to his heart. Here is a letter written to them a short time before his death :—

I received two days ago two of the best written letters I ever saw in my life—the one signed "Charles Stanhope," the other, "Philip Stanhope." As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it, for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters ; but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well that one can almost say of you two, "Et cantare pares et respondere parati?" Charles will explain the Latin to you. I am told, Phil, that you have got a nickname at school from your intimacy with Master Strangeways, and that they call you Master Strangeways, for to be sure you are a strange boy. Is this true? Tell me what you would have me bring you both from home, and I will bring it when I come from town. In the mean time, God bless you both !

The man who could write thus to two children who had no claim upon him in the eye of the law had not a bad heart. And yet

Mrs. Philip Stanhope was so ungrateful as to publish all his letters to her husband a twelvemonth after his death.

Old age and infirmities had been creeping upon him now for many years. He called his daily ride, with his old wit, "rehearsing his funeral." "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years," he used to say, "but we do not choose to have it known."

Upon the morning of his decease his friend Dayrolles paid him his usual visit. The valet opened the curtains of the bed and announced him. The earl had just strength enough to say in a faint voice, "Give Dayrolles a chair." These were his last words. "His good breeding," said the physician, who was in the room, "only quits him with his life."

He died in March, 1773.

There is one confession he makes somewhere in his works which I like least of any of his self-disclosures. "I am neither a melancholy nor a cynical disposition, and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as anybody, but I am sure that since I had the full use of reason nobody has ever heard me laugh." Yet there are passages scattered through his writings which seem to come from a heart one can scarcely believe to beat in the bosom of a laughless man. Of such is one in which he reprobates "the contempt which most historians show for humanity in general, as if the whole human species consisted of but one hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeservedly too) by the titles of emperors, kings, popes, generals, and ministers." Speaking of the Turkish Janissaries sometimes strangling their vizier or emperor he says, "I am glad the capital strangler should in his turn be strangleable; for I know of no brute so fierce, nor no criminal so guilty, as the creature called a sovereign, whether king, sultan, or sophi, who thinks himself either by divine or human right vested with an absolute power of destroying his fellow-creatures, or who, without inquiring into that right, lawlessly exerts that power."

H. BARTON BAKER.

TABLE-TALK.

NOWHERE can a resting-place fitter than the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* be found for the following facts concerning the Old Saint Pancras Cemetery, now, by the action of Ladyurdett Coutts, in course of transformation into a public garden. From the gravestones, which have now been raised from the long rank grass that had overgrown them can be obtained a history, almost complete, of the emigration from Paris to London during the eighteenth century. Some of the most distinguished statesmen and soldiers of France slept placidly in this obscure and alien cemetery, from which they have now been so strangely and so unceremoniously ejected. Here was François Claude Amour, Marquis de Bouillé, who, after fighting with distinguished success in America, became a member of the Constituent Assembly, Paris, repressed the insubordination of the army at Metz and at Nancy, and arranged for Louis XVI. the scheme of flight from Paris which, but for a combination of accidents, would have proved successful. Here was the notorious Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, whose adventures are treated of at length in the article on the Will of Peter the Great in a recent number of the *Gentleman's*. Here, too, were Pascal Paoli, the liberator of Corsica from the yoke of the Genoese, the man who when he saw Napoleon, then a young officer of artillery, said to him, "Vous serez un homme de Plutarque;" Bigot de Sainte-Croix, the first minister of Louis XVI.; Louis-André Grimaldi, Bishop of Noyon, Prince of Monaco, and Peer of France; and Arthur de Dillon, Archbishop of Toulouse and President of the States of Languedoc. Not every cheerful place of recreation this garden will be, except for those adorned with the taste of a Young, a Hervey, a Blair, or an Old Mortality. The old Horatian motto, abstracted and translated by Thomas Moore, may be true of the flower—

You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.

is true, however, of the mould as well. Let me hope that the illustrious dead who have found shelter, however temporary, in a spot so strangely dissociated as hitherto from all thoughts of pleasure, may

be able to exercise some influence over those who come to meditate or to sport over what was once supposed to be their last resting-place. Beaumont said, with pleasant exaggeration, that the wit spilt in the Mermaid Tavern during the famous carouses with Shakespeare was able to fill with vivacity and intellect three subsequent companies of fools. It would require no strong exercise of imagination to fancy some influence, such as might benefit the age, exhaling from the earth enriched with the remains of those who died loyal to political creeds, now forgotten and outworn.

HOLDING with "silver-tongued" Daniel that Englishmen are bound to respect the "treasure of their tongue," I am grieved to see the kind of liberty that is constantly taken with it by those who should be in an especial degree its guardians and defenders. I am not speaking now of the disuse of the subjunctive, which some writers are prepared to defend. The simplest rules in grammar are constantly violated. Not one of our journals, so far as I am aware, has given the word "domino" its correct plural, dominoes, in quoting the title of Mr. Albery's new adaptation of "*Les Dominos Rose*," produced at the Criterion. If the word domino is accepted as English, its correct plural is in *es*; if it is French, it should be printed in italics, and should not be used in connection with an English adjective. Metropolitan Boards talk about their bye-laws as though the word "bye" were anything but a contraction of "be with ye," and the mistake is copied by railway and tramway companies, and indeed by all the public companies that have the chance of going wrong. Of course the correct orthography is bylaw, and ignorant or thoughtless men alone can use the word "bye" in any other connection than with the word "good" the familiar phrase "good-bye." By-the-bye and by-and-bye are often written, and are wholly erroneous. Mistakes or omissions in punctuation lead sometimes in official announcements to strange assertions. I remember seeing many years ago, in a northern watering-place, a startling notice to this effect: "Visitors to the sands are cautioned against bathing within one hundred yards of this board, several persons having been drowned here recently by order of the authorities."

IF protection for wild birds is to be more than a mere mockery, a manner of carrying the law into effect very different from anything at present practised requires to be adopted. At the time at which I write, though the close season has long begun, birds which

come under the clauses of recent Acts are sold in the markets with scarcely a pretence of concealment, and are under various transparent disguises served up at half the aristocratic dinner-tables in London. Not only should the existing laws be enforced, protection should be extended to birds which are not now included in the provisions of recent Acts. If we could repress the tendency on the part of the average Englishman to kill every bird he can approach, and the habit of the so-called naturalist to track down any bird of rare species or beautiful plumage for the sake of stuffing it and putting it in a collection, we might not only hope to preserve several beautiful species which will shortly be extinct, but we might by means of acclimatisation societies stock our woods and fields with birds of gay plumage or sweet song, which would add greatly to the charm of the country. Attempts to introduce such birds as the New Zealand parroquet have already been made with some success. The real obstacle to the success of schemes of this kind is found not in the rigour of an English winter, but in the fact that in our country districts every idle fellow who can hold a gun is a determined foe to beauty, and follower of what among a certain set of bumpkins is, by a pitiful misappropriation of terms, entitled sport.

NO Boswell or Eckermann has yet been found to take down the conversation of Mr. O'Leary, who, since the result of the late contest with Weston, must stand forth the chief pride and boast of the advocates of muscularity. Of Weston, however, who has enjoyed a longer popularity, something is beginning to be known. We thus learn from America that his piety is not less remarkable than his resolution or his energy. At the close, late on a Saturday night, of a walk of 500 miles, accomplished within some specified period, Weston announced to the admiring circle around him his intention to attend Divine worship next day, and sent a request to the choirmaster to have sung in his honour his favourite hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." If heaven could be approached by walking, this enterprising American would have a better chance than most men. Curious comment upon the absurdity of the cry, repeated since the days of Horace, concerning the degeneracy of the human race, is afforded by the successive victories obtained by our athletes. There is nothing our ancestors could do that men of the day cannot do as well or better, and there is much, even in matters purely physical, we have learned of which they were completely ignorant. In no respect—physical, intellectual, mental, or moral—need the Englishman of to-day fear to stand comparison with his forefathers of any generation.

SOME marble steps, inlaid with jasper, with the words "Holy, holy, holy," have been placed in the sacarium of Watford Parish Church, and have now been uncovered. Not very interesting from an antiquarian, an ecclesiastical, or an architectural stand-point, appears this announcement. Upon a brass plate on the steps, is however, the following inscription: "To the glory of God, and to the memory of the Right Hon. Louisa Carolina Elizabeth, Countess of Essex, these steps have been placed by the vicar, churchwardens, and parishioners of Watford, in remembrance of her loving care for the adornment of God's house, and tender regard for the welfare of all around her. A.D. 1877."

It is easy to imagine what consternation would once have been aroused in ecclesiastical circles by the idea of putting in a church a memorial of an actress, and using in connection with her the most sacred words and symbols of religion; and it is pleasant to note the change that has come over the world, since the days when a grave was refused Adrienne Lecouvreur, in spite of the hundred thousand francs she had left to the poor, and when the body of Molière himself was denied ecclesiastical sepulture by the Archbishop of Paris. Such honours as have been paid the Countess of Essex are not of course unprecedented. France indeed can point to a respectable number of comedians who have died, and, what is more remarkable, to some who have lived, in the odour of sanctity. It was Madame Gontier who, before appearing in a new *rôle*, used always to offer up a pious prayer to be able to recollect it. Madlle. Gaultier, of the *Comédie Française*, joined the Carmelites early in the last century. La Champmeslé herself left behind her a reputation for piety, acquired only in her later years, and Madlle. Sionah-Levy, an actress distinguished in recent years at the *Odéon* as a tragedian, took the veil and buried herself in a convent.

IT is gratifying to learn from Dr. Schliemann's paper on Troy and its analogy to Mycenæ, read before the British Archæological Association, that there is a prospect of further discoveries. At the suggestion of Safvet Pasha, the Turkish Government has granted a new firman for the continuation of the excavations, and the indefatigable explorer is about to start with Mrs. Schliemann for the scene of his former labours. An honorary membership has been conferred upon Dr. Schliemann by the society before which he lectured. Are no other rewards claimed by one who has done so much to enlarge our knowledge of classical scenes and subjects? Our Government is chary of bestowing honours on foreigners, and indeed on all except

those belonging to certain privileged classes. Let me suggest to our Universities that a fitter recipient for academic degrees, such as both Oxford and Cambridge are in the habit of granting, has seldom come among us.

IN the records of religious persecution, there is little that is so ghastly, so terrible, and so sickening, as one passage in the confession of John Lee, the Mormon bishop, who has been shot for his part in the slaughter, in 1857, of a large body of emigrants, known, in America, as the Massacre of Mountain Meadows. I cannot set before the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* the revolting particulars of the slaughter. The one passage to which I would draw attention is this. Previous to an act of treachery almost without parallel, and the murder of men, women, and children, the assassins "had a prayer circle," from which they rose to do the deed they meditated. We have pictures of priests blessing the swords which were to be used by the Guisards in the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Is there a painter alive who dares attempt to depict the countenances of those men as they performed those rites worthy of Moloch?

IN the Table-Talk of last month I, somewhat sanguinely perhaps, anticipated the time when music might be "laid on" like gas. It appears now that the time of day is one of the things which may, in a similar manner, be sent to us, with no effort on our part. Two systems, already before the public, propose to synchronise our public clocks by means of electric currents communicating with a central observatory. One system is now at work in Vienna, and one is, to a certain extent, established in London. Surely, however, in the case of electricity, one central clock might be trusted to do all the work, and dial-plates might be provided in other districts, the hands of which would move simultaneously with those of the central regulator. Here is a nut, and not a very hard one, for our electricians to crack. Meantime, as one problem which puzzled the Emperor Charles V., that of making clocks keep exact time, is in course of solution, we may speculate, if we like, on the probability of meeting, some day, his second difficulty, that of making men agree in their views on theological subjects.

IN the saddest sense, America seems to be the country of experiments. It is a boast of some Americans that everything in their magnificent continent is on the largest scale, and that crimes, and calamities even, are in keeping with the natural aspects of the

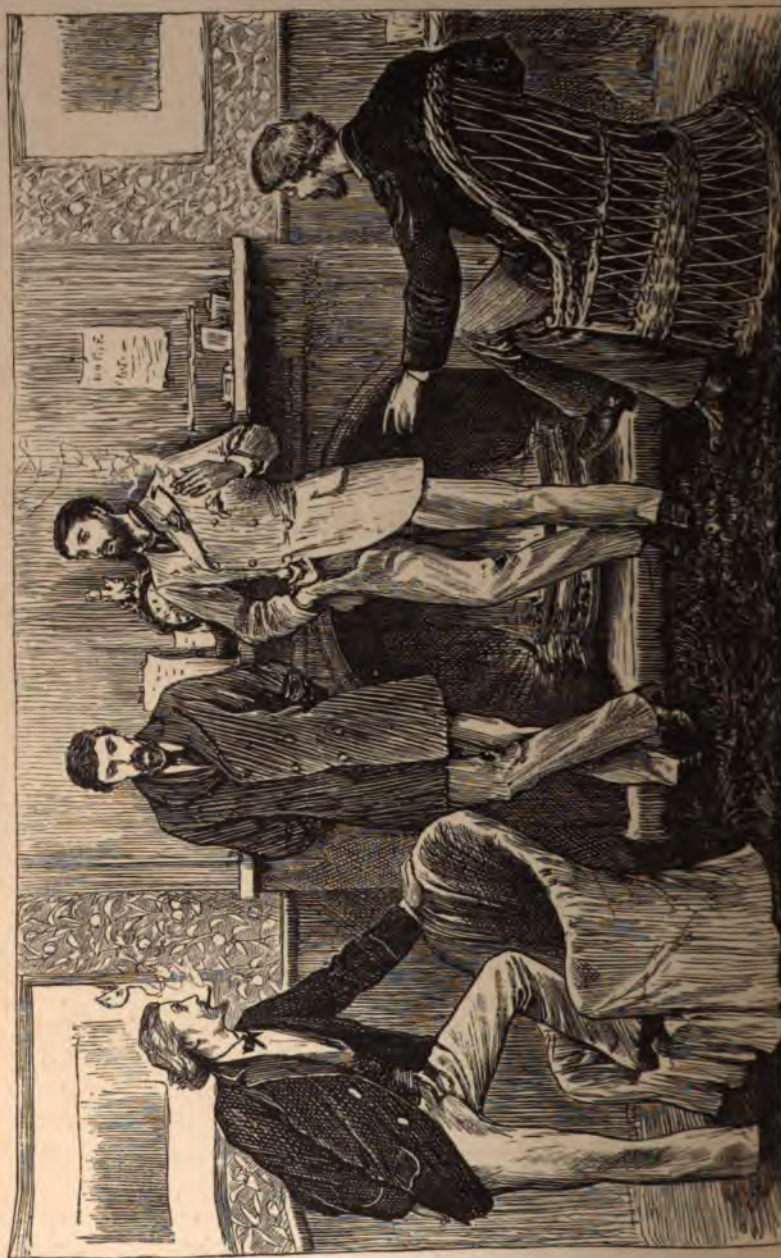
country. Europeans are as little disposed to question these assertions as to dispute the right to so sorry a pre-eminence. America has shown us the "biggest war," the most terrible explosions, the most disastrous railway accidents, and the most destructive fires. It is curious that the fear of being burnt in some public building, which in England is treated as a bugbear, is proved in America to have very substantial foundation. The destruction of the Cathedral at Santiago is not, perhaps, a case in point. It is, however, very remarkable, that close upon the heels of the fire at the Brooklyn Theatre, and the consequent loss of life which has been the cause of something like a panic among playgoers, treads the fire at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis, the results of which seem, so far as the accounts yet received can be trusted, to be scarcely less disastrous. Now, a fire in a theatre may be difficult to prevent. In the case of an hotel, nothing of the kind should be possible. In all those huge structures which rise on every hand, trustworthy watchmen should be kept on the premises all night, and the sight of fire should be followed by the ringing of alarm-bells which would be heard all over the house. There are few sleepers who will not be roused by such a sound. I was once the first to discover a fire in a building attached to a large hotel at a French watering-place. I awoke a waiter, who quite unnecessarily rang loudly the usual bell which summoned guests to dinner. This din amidst the stillness of an August night would have aroused the Seven Sleepers. In less than a minute every inmate, to the number of some hundreds, was in the courtyard of the hotel, with strange and often absurd articles of attire,

"In the alarm of fear caught up,"

and thrown over their night gear. There was no danger to those in the hotel—though the inmates of the building were rescued with some little difficulty—and, as the night was mild and balmy, the whole scene was diverting. It was enough, however, to prove that no real danger is to be dreaded, unless a niggardly management grudges the cost of adequate watch. Hotel life is obtaining a large development, and it may shortly be felt that wherever masses of people, whom fear might render helpless, are gathered together, some system of inspection should be enforced.

SYLVANUS URBAN.





THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1877.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHASTELARD.

“SO you are really going to be an heiress, my dearest?” Mary Blanchet said to Minola, when our heroine was settled at home again. “I knew you ought to be, and would be if right were done; but right so often isn’t done. My brother will be so glad to hear it!—but not as other people might be glad, you know.” For Mary began to be afraid that by a hasty word she might be filling the heart of her friend with suspicion of her brother.

“I don’t know, Mary. Mr. Money, and others I suppose, say so. I wish it were not true; I am all right as things are, and I hate the idea of gaining by this poor woman’s death. I think I should not feel so if we had been friends, and if I could think that it was like a kindly gift from her, and that she wished me to have it. But it is all so different. And then, what do I want of it?”

“One can do so much good with money,” said little Mary, sighing. She was thinking of her brother.

“Yes, that is true,” Minola said, thinking of Mary herself and of what she might perhaps do for her. “But don’t tell anyone about this, Mary—not even your brother—if you can well help it,” Minola added, knowing what little chance there would be of Mary’s keeping such a thing secret from her brother. “It is all uncertain and only talk as yet, you know.”

“These things are never secret, dearest,” Mary said, with a wise shake of the head. “Men always get to know of them. I think the

birds of the air carry the news abroad that a woman has money, or that she has not;" and Mary sighed again gently.

"Do you see much of an alteration in the ways of men towards me already, Mary? Do they hang around me in adoring groups? Do they lean enraptured over me as I sweep the chords of the harp? Do they who whispered that I sang like the crow before, now loudly declare that my voice puts the nightingale out of conceit with his own minstrelsy?"

"Now you are only talking nonsense, dear; for we know so few men—and then you don't play the harp, and you never sing in company. But, if you ask me, I think I do see some difference."

"Already, Mary?"

"Well, yes, I think so; in one instance at least. Not, surely, that you were not likely to have attentions enough paid to you in any case, if you cared about them or encouraged them, and that, even if you hadn't a sixpence in the world—but still——"

"But still it does enhance one's charms, you think? Come, Mary, tell me the name of this mercenary admirer. Depend upon it, all his arts shall fail."

"You are only laughing at me still, dearest; but there is something in it, I can tell you, for all that. It is not my idea alone, I can assure you. What do you think of a duke's brother for an admirer, Minola?"

Little Mary Blanchet was a crafty little personage. She thought she could not too soon begin working for her brother's cause by trying to throw discredit on the motives of all other possible wooers. She had observed when going now and then to the house of the Moneys, during the last few days, that the returned cadet of the one great ducal house whereof she had any knowledge was there every day, and that he was very attentive to Minola. The same remark had been made by Mrs. Money, and had called forth an indignant objection from Lucy, who protested against the thought of her Nola having a broken-down outcast like that for a lover. But Mary, who was almost terrified at the idea of sitting down in the same room with any member of the great family who owned the mausoleum at Keeton, was not certain how far the name of a family like that might not go with any girl, even Minola, and believed it not an unwise precaution to begin as soon as possible throwing discredit on his purposes.

Minola tried not to seem vexed. She had liked to talk to Mr. St. Paul when he came, as he did every day of her stay in Victoria Street. She had liked it because it gave her no trouble in thinking,

and it saved her from having to talk to others with whom she might have felt more embarrassed, and because it turned away attention from what might perhaps have otherwise been observed—as she feared, at least—by too keen eyes. If Mary must suspect anything, it was a relief to find that she only suspected this, and Minola tried to make merry with her about her absurdity. But in her secret heart she sickened at such talk, and such thoughts, and felt as if the very shadow of the fortune which was expected for her, falling ready on her path, was making it one of new pain and of still less accustomed shame.

“Poverty parts good company, used to be said,” Minola thought; a little money seems much more likely to part good company in my case.”

Yet that there are advantages in a command of money was soon made very clear to Minola. When she returned from a walk a day or two after, she found a specimen copy of Herbert Blanchet’s poems waiting her, with a note from Victor Heron. The letter was somewhat awkward and rueful. Mr. Heron explained that, by her press instructions, he had allowed Blanchet to have it all his own way in the arrangement of the style of his appearance in paper and tint; and that the cost had become something far greater than he had anticipated.

“You should never have been troubled about this,” Victor went on to say, “but that you made me promise that you alone should pay for this thing; I wish I hadn’t made any such promise, or consented that Blanchet should have his way in the business. To think of a young man, who has seen the world, leaving a matter of money and business in the hands of a girl and a poet! Blanchet has been doing it.”

Minola in all her trouble found room for wonder, delight, and something like alarm in looking at the superb edition in which the poems of Mr. Blanchet were to go before a world scarcely prepared for so much artistic gorgeousness. All that vellum paper, rare typography, costly and fantastic binding, and lavish illustration which would do for poetry had been done, without stint, on behalf of Herbert Blanchet. The leaves were as thick as parchment and as soft as satin. Only a very few lines of verse appeared on each broad curious page. Every initial letter of a sentence was a fantastic design. The whole school of Blanchet’s artistic friends had rushed in combination to enrich the pages, the margins, and the covers, with a fanciful illustration. If they only had been great, or even successful and popular artists, the book might have been worth its

weight in gold. Unfortunately, Mr. Blanchet's artistic friends were not yet great or famous. The outer world—the world, which, in the opinion of the school, was wholly composed of dullards and Philistines—knew as yet nothing about these artists, and neither blamed them nor praised them. The volume was as large in its superficial extent as an ordinary atlas, and some of the poems which occupied a whole page were not more than four lines in length. The whole thing seemed truly, in the words of a poet whom Mr. Blanchet especially despised, “all a wonder and a wild desire.”

Thinking of herself as the patroness and in some sort the parent of such a volume, Minola felt some such mixture of pride and timidity as a modest girl might own who has suddenly been made a princess, and is not quite certain whether she will be able to support her position with becoming nerve and dignity.

There came a little letter, too, from the poet himself. It ran in this fashion:—

Dear Patroness and Queen,—The Poet has not dared to send in unfitting casket the offering which your approval has made precious. The poems which are addressed to you must at least offer themselves in form not unworthy to be touched by your hand.

In all devotion yours,

HERBERT BLANCHET.

Nor did the volume want a poetical dedication. The second leaf contained the following:—

UNTO MY LADY PATRONESS AND QUEEN.

Upon my darkness may there well befall
 Light of all darkness, darkness of all light;
 Starfire of amber, dew of deathlike sheen;
 Waters that burn, pale fires that sicken all,
 And shadows all aglow with saffron light;
 But comes my lady, who is Glory's queen,
 And all the bright is dark, and pallid dark the bright.

Minola read this dedication again and again, puzzled, amused, angry, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry. “Am I Glory's queen?” she asked of her own soul. “And if I am, am I letting light or darkness in upon my poor poet? Am I depriving him of the amber, the dew, and the saffron light, or not? Is it praise or blame, this dedication? I suppose it must be praise, but I don't think anybody could tell from its words. Oh, my dear little Mary Blanchet, why must you have a brother?—and why must that brother be a poet?”

There was one consolation—the dedication did not set forth her name, and nobody could know who the lady patroness of the poet

might be. Minola felt inclined to be offended that she should be in any way brought into this folly, but she was not certain whether remonstrance or complaint might not be more ridiculous than utter silence. After all, nobody knew anything about her or cared, she said. If she were to complain in any way, it would only grieve poor Mary, whom she thought that her brother could have offended her friend and leader would drive well-nigh distracted. "What does it matter if I am made a little ridiculous in my own eyes?" she asked herself. "It is only in my own eyes, I suppose. Mary will look on it all as delightful; her brother of course means it for the best, and thinks it superb poetry; and there is no one else likely to care either way. It is not much to be a little more ridiculous in my own eyes than I have already made myself."

Perhaps—perhaps—let it be said with hesitation and much caution—there was something not wholly unwelcome to our heroine in the idea that she could be Glory's queen and all the rest of it to any human creature, not to say any poet, just now. She felt humbled and deeply depressed. In her own eyes she was lowered by what she knew of her own heart. Her pride had received a terrible wound, almost a death-wound. The little world she had made so proudly for herself had all crumbled into dust. It is not wonderful if at such a time there should be, in spite of her sense of the ridiculous and her senses generally, a certain soothing influence in the fact that there still was some one in whose eyes she appeared a person of account and even of dignity. At all events, let it be frankly said that, when the first shock and stir of the ridiculous were passed, Minola was not inclined to think more harshly than before of the poor poet who called her his patroness and his queen. As to the expense of the publication, she was a little startled at first, but that sensation very quickly passed away. She was not enough of a woman of business yet to care about the cost of anything so long as she had the money to pay. It would run her hard in her first year of independent life to pay this much; but then she could pay it and live somehow, and it would only be a case for strict economy in the future for some time. Besides, it seemed that, whether she would or not, she was likely to have much more money than she wanted or could use for any purposes of her own. Then she was further stimulated to carelessness by Mr. Heron's letter.

"If he thinks I care about money, or the cost of serving a friend, he is mistaken," she said; "his caution and his protestations are thrown away on me."

For she was much inclined to be unjust and harsh in her mind

towards Heron now. He had committed, all unconsciously, a terrible offence. He had, without knowing it, made her fall in love with him. So she made the best of the whole affair, cost, dedication, Glory's queen, and all; and when Mary Blanchet came to look at the precious volume, and to go into raptures over it, Minola did her very best to seem contented, and not even to suggest a criticism, or to ask what this or that meant. She reminded herself that the late Lord Lytton had written contemptuously of the "fools on fools" who "still ask what Hamlet means."

"This may be as far off from me as Hamlet from other people," she told herself. "Why confess myself a fool by asking what anything means? And in any case Mary Blanchet would not know any better than I."

By this resolve she made one woman happy.

But it was not only a woman on whom she had conferred happiness. Herbert Blanchet was as happy as even his sister could have wished him to be. The head of the poet swam in delight. He had never before been so proud and blest. He hung over his volume for hours; he could hardly get away from it. When he left it for a moment and tried to escape from its fascinations he found himself drawn back again into its presence. He touched fondly its soft satiny leaves as though they were the cheek of Beauty; he pressed his own cheek against them; he committed all the follies which we understand and admire in the immemorial raptures of the young lover or the father of the first-born.

"They must see this," he cried aloud. "They can't overlook a volume like this." "They" being, of course, that public whose opinion he had always despised—those critics whose praise he had always declared to be the worst censure to a man of true genius.

To do our poet justice, it must be owned that there was in his breast for the first time a deep, strong feeling of gratitude. That emotion came there with a strange overwhelming force, like that of intoxication to a man always rigidly sober before. If Minola had had him crowned a king, she could hardly have done any greater thing for him. Few men on earth can ever have had their dearest ambition so sweetly gratified as it was the lot of Herbert, the poet, to find his ambition gratified now. To have his poems so set before the world would have been a glory and a rapture, no matter though the patron's hand had been that of a withered old man or some fat frump of a dowager; but to be thus lifted to his longed-for pedestal by the hand of a young and beautiful woman was something which he had never dreamed of asleep, and seldom allowed even into the dreams

of his wild, vain waking hours. The emotion called up by the experience was as new as the experience itself. Mr. Blanchet felt profoundly grateful. In that moment of excitement he would probably, if need were, have laid down his life for Minola.

If Minola had known what strange effect had been wrought in the breast of her poet, she would assuredly have thought her money well laid out, even although she had wanted it far more than she did. "To making a man happy, ten pounds," is the peculiar entry on which a famous essay in the *Spectator* was founded. To make a man grateful for the first time is surely a nobler piece of work than to make him merely happy, and it ought fairly to cost a good deal more. Minola had made a man for the first time both grateful and happy. The work was a little expensive in this case, but what miser will say that the money was thrown away?

It is not likely, however, that Minola would have been quite so much delighted if she could have known all the feelings that her generous, improvident patronage had awakened in the poet's breast. For Mr. Blanchet knew women well, he thought; and he did not believe that mere kindness alone could have impelled Minola to such an act of bounty. Nor, making every needful allowance for the friendship between Miss Grey and his sister, did he find in that a sufficing explanation of Minola's liberality. He set himself to think over the whole matter coolly and impartially, and he could come to no other conclusion than that Miss Grey admired him. He was a handsome fellow, as he knew very well, and tall and romantic in appearance; what could be more natural than that a poetic young woman should fall in love with him? He felt sure that he had fallen in deepest love with her, but it is doubtful whether he was yet in a condition to analyse his own excited feelings very clearly. It is certain that he was madly in love with his poems, with their gorgeous first edition, with the pride and the prospect of the whole affair; and of course likewise in love with the patroness to whom he was indebted for so much of a strange delight. But how much was love of himself and how much of Minola he did not take time to consider.

There was an artistic and literary association to which Blanchet belonged, and amid which he passed most of his nights. It was not exactly a club, for it had neither definite rules nor even a distinct habitation. It was a little sect rather than a club. It was an association of men who believed each in himself, and all, at least for the present, in each other. Their essential condition of existence was scorn of the world's ways, politics, and theories of art. They held that man *himself* was a poor creature, unworthy of the artist's serious

consideration. All that related to the well-being of that wretched animal in the way of political government they looked down upon with mere contempt. The science which professed to concern itself about his health, the social philosophy which would take any account of his moral improvement, were alike ridiculous in the eyes of this æsthetic school. If, however, any uninitiated person should imagine that in setting up art as the only serious business of life they were likely to accept any common definition of art, he would find himself as open to their scorn as if he had tried to improve a bad law or subscribed to the funds of some religious organisation. Art with them was their own art. The enlightened parson, Thwackum, in "Tom Jones," observes that "When I mention religion I mean of course the Christian religion, and when I speak of the Christian religion I mean the Protestant religion, and when I speak of the Protestant religion I mean the religion of the Church of England." It was in this spirit that the confraternity to which Mr. Blanchet belonged defined art. They only meant their own particular sect; out of that there was no salvation. Art, it is said, hath no enemy but the ignorant. These artists, however, were the enemies of all art but their own.

At the present these genial brothers regularly met of nights in the lodgings of one of them, who happened to have a large studio in the west-central region of London, where so much of this unfashionable story happens to be cast. Victor Heron had many times been told of the genius that burned by night in that favoured haunt, and had expressed a modest wish to be allowed to pass for an hour within its light. Mr. Blanchet was glad of the opportunity of introducing such a friend; for it somehow seemed as if the consideration of any member of the fraternity was enhanced among his brothers not a little by the fact that he could introduce into their midst some distinguished personage from the despised outer world. With them Victor Heron might very well pass for a distinguished public man, as, in fact, he already did, with no design of his own that way, in the eyes of Herbert Blanchet. To Victor the school was all composed of gifted and rising men, whom it was a pride to know or even to meet. To the school, on the other hand, Victor was a remarkable public man, a tremendous "swell," who had done some wondrous things in some far-off countries, and who, for all they knew at the time, might be regarded by the world as the prospective Prime Minister of England.

There was a peculiar principle of reciprocity tacitly recognised among these brothers in art. No one of them would admit that

ere was anything which his brother knew and he did not know. If one of them read an author for the first time, and came to meet his fellows proud of his freshly-acquired knowledge, he found no man among them who would admit that he had not from his birth upwards been equally familiar with the author in question. It would be easy, surely, some one may say, to expose such pretension. Just so; of course it would. But when one brother had shown to-night that his friends had never read Schopenhauer, and in point of fact could not read him if they tried, who should guarantee that same brother against a similar exposure of his own harmless little false pretences to-morrow when he professed to know all about Euripides? It was not found convenient in this little circle to examine too closely into the pretensions of each other. "Live and let live" was the motto of the school, so far as their esoteric professions were concerned.

There was indeed a legend that some malign person, acquainted with the peculiarities of the school, had once compelled them to invent a patron poet. It was done in this fashion: the malign person talked confidently and fluently to one of the order concerning a French poet, whom he described as a gifted apostle of a kindred school, and whom he was pleased to name De Patroque. The youth thus talked to was not to be outdone, or even to be instructed. He gave out that he had long had his eyes fixed reverently on the genius of the gifted De Patroque. He talked largely, not to say bouncingly, of the great De Patroque among his friends, who, not to be outdone in their turn, talked to him and to others of the new apostle. The fame of De Patroque grew and grew, until at last ill-natured persons affirmed that several essays on his genius, and fraternal hymns of honour, were composed for him by the admirers of his mythical career.

To this select circle Mr. Blanchet had for some time proposed to introduce his friend Victor Heron. On the very day when the first copies of the gorgeous poems were submitted to privileged eyes, Mr. Blanchet called on his friend. He found the friend a little put out by the unexpected lavishness of the manner in which the poetic enterprise had been carried on.

"This will be an awfully expensive business, I'm afraid," Heron said, in an embarrassed tone, for he felt that it was a sort of profanation to talk of money matters with a young poet. "I wish you had let me do this thing myself, Blanchet. I'd not have minded so far as I'm concerned. But I don't know about her, you see—she may not have much money. Then, young ladies are generally so enthusiastic; she may not have thought of what the thing would cost."

"You need not think about that," Herbert said loftily. "Miss Grey will be a rich woman one of these days——"

"But I don't see that that much alters the matter, although I am decidedly glad to hear it for her own sake, if it will make her any happier than she is now—which, I take it, is not by any means certain. But I don't see throwing away her money without her knowing all about it any the more."

"Throwing away her money?" Herbert asked, in tones of lofty protest.

"Well, I don't mean that, of course," the good-natured Heron hastened to explain in all sincerity. "You know very well, my dear Blanchet, what I think of your merits and your poems, and of all true poets. I know that it is an honour for anyone, whether man or woman, to be allowed to help a poet to come out before the world and make a success. I only wish I had had the chance of doing such a thing for you; but this young lady, you know, I don't feel quite certain whether I ought to have spent her money so freely."

"I can reassure you, I think," the poet said, with chilling dignity; "I should never have allowed anyone to do anything for me without having satisfied myself that it was done in the unstinting spirit of friendship, and by some one whom such kindness would not hurt."

"All right; I am glad to hear you say so, of course, but you won't wonder at my scruples, perhaps——"

"Your scruples, my dear fellow, do you infinite honour," Mr. Blanchet said, with a slight dash of irony in his tone, which Heron did not at the moment perceive, being in truth engrossed by some other thoughts. "But you may accept my assurance that there is no further occasion for them, and we will, if you please, change the subject."

Victor did not feel by any means well satisfied that there was no occasion for scruple, nor did he at all like his poetic friend's way of looking at the matter. But he reflected that Blanchet might after all have good warrant for what he had said, and that it was not for him to cavil at the generosity of a rich girl—if she were rich—towards a poor poet.

So they went along, the poet and his distinguished political friend, to the scene of the artistic and literary gathering, which the latter was so proud to see, and the former so proud to show.

We have all read in story about the effect of some little magic word, which once spoken makes that which was lovely before seem but loathly, and what was kindly wisdom sound like fatuous malignity. Was there some such ill-omened charm working all that night on

Victor Heron? Nothing seemed to him like what he had expected. He was not impressed as he had felt sure he would be by the poets and other sons of genius. They did not seem to constitute an assembly of noble minds in whose midst he was to feel such reverence as the rude Gauls of history or legend felt in the presence of the Roman senators. The thoughts that he heard did not strike him as celestial in their origin. There was a good deal of disparagement and denunciation of absent authors and artists, which, if the talkers had not been men of genius, Victor would certainly have thought ill-natured and spiteful. There seemed, at least, to his untutored mind, to be little more than a technical relish of art in all they said. It was not art they cared for, but only a clique and its tricks. A group of discontented spinsters girding at their younger sisters who were married, could hardly have shown themselves more narrow-minded and malign. The effect on Victor was profoundly depressing. It was like that which might be wrought upon a youth who, after gazing in rapture on the performance of some queen of classic tragedy, is at his earnest desire taken to see her in her private life, and finds her slatternly of dress, mean of speech, wholly uninspired by her art, and only taking a genuine pleasure in disparagement or slander of her rivals.

If Victor had known the world better, he would have known that much, very much, of all this was but the mere affectation and nonsense of youth. These young men were as yet among the "odious race of the unappreciated." Yet a little, and some of them will make a success, and will have the credit of the world for what they do, and they will turn out good fellows, kindly, true, and even modest. Nothing makes some young men so insufferably conceited and aggressive as the idea that they are not successful, and that people know it. There are many of us mortals with whom prosperity only agrees. On the other hand, some of these youths will fail early, completely, and wholesomely in their artistic attempts, and will find out the fact for good, and will retire from the field altogether, and settle down to something else, and make a success, or at least a decent living, in some other way of life; and will forget all the worse teaching of their earlier days, and will look back without bitterness on the time when they tried to impress a dull world, and will have no feeling of hatred for those who have done better, but will marry and bring up children, and be Philistines and happy. Youth has only one season—luckily for a good many of us, who are decent fellows enough as long as we are content to be ourselves, and can do without affectation.

CHAPTER XVII.

"UNDER BONNYBELL'S WINDOW-PANES."

BUT there was something more in Victor Heron's feeling of depression that night, than came from the mere fact that he had found a few young artists not quite such heroic spirits as he thought they ought to be. It was the demeanour of Herbert Blanchet that especially spoiled the evening for him. In truth, the head of the poet was not a strong one, and was very easily turned by any little stimulant of whatever kind. His volume of poems this night affected all his being. He felt sure that he was at last about to force himself upon the recognition of the world, and he made up his mind that Miss Grey was in love with him. He conveyed hints of his approaching good fortune to his companions; and he received at first, with benign courtesy, their compliments on the success that seemed to await him in life and love. But when some too forward person suggested that he could possibly guess at the name of the heiress whose heart and hand were to bless the lucky poet, then Blanchet became gravely and even severely dignified.

"You will excuse me, Mellifont," he said grandly, the brandy and soda having, as was the wont of any such liquor taken by our poor poet, gone straight upward to his head, "you will excuse me, I am sure, if I say, this is not exactly a subject for jocularity, or even, permit me to add, for general conversation, although among friends. My distinguished friend, Mr. Heron, will, I am sure, exactly appreciate what I say. Things may not be so completely settled as to make it proper that they should be spoken of as if—as if, in short, they were settled; you will excuse me, Mellifont, my dear fellow—you will excuse me."

Victor Heron thought it time for him to go, and rose accordingly, and Mr. Blanchet insisted on accompanying him down the stairs and to the door of the house.

"I thought it right, you know," the over-dignified poet said, "to put a stop to that sort of thing. Men have no right to make such inferences. I should have no right myself to assume that things were settled in that sort of way. It is not just to others—to another, at least. You appreciate my motives, I am sure, Heron, my dear friend?"

"I don't know that I even quite understand what your friend was talking about," said Heron coldly. "But if it was about any lady, I should think such conjecturing highly improper and impertinent; and I should be rather inclined to put a stop to it even more quickly."

"Quite my idea—I am glad you entirely concur with me, and approve of the course I have taken. But of course you would do so. I knew I could count on your approval. By the way, you know Mellifont?"

"The man you talked to just now?"

"Yes, Mellifont—a very good fellow, though a little too fond of talking—I have had to reprove him more than once, I can tell you. But a very good fellow for all that, and one of the only true artists now alive. He is a composer—you must hear him play some bits from his opera. He is at work on an opera, you know—or perhaps you have not heard?"

"I have not heard—no. I am rather out of the way of such things, I fear," said Victor, beginning to feel, in spite of himself, a certain awe of a man who could compose an opera, and thinking that, after all, a certain allowance must be made for the genius of one who could do such things.

"Oh, you must hear some of it soon! We feel satisfied that it will sound the death-knell of all the existing schools of music. They are all wrong, sir, from first to last, from Mozart to Wagner—all wrong except Mellifont."

Victor was for the moment really staggered by the genius of this great man.

"What is his opera to be called?" he asked, not venturing to hazard any compromising observation.

"The Seven Deadly Sins. It is to be in seven acts, and each act is to give an entirely new illustration of a deadly sin—which Mellifont will show to be the only true virtues of mankind. It will make a revolution, I can tell you."

Victor thought it could hardly fail to do that if it were at all successful in the object set out by its author.

"It is to have seven heroines," the poet went on, still at the door, and refusing to allow Victor to depart: "Lot's daughters—let me see—Messalina, Locusta, Jezebel, I think, Theodora, and I believe Mrs. Brownrigg. It will be a splendid thing."

It was not easy for Victor to get away, for the poet had to tell him of other great works of art that were in the contemplation of members of the school. At length Blanchet released him, thanking him grandly for the assistance he had lent to the bringing out of his book, but adding even more grandly some words that fell painfully on Victor's ear.

"I hope to be independent of publishers and of drudgery before long; I fancy—I rather believe it depends upon myself, and I think I owe it to my own genius to raise myself above the necessity"

drudgery. I could then do something worthy of myself, and the few whose praise I value."

Victor escaped at last and walked away. He was in a very discontented mood; an unusual thing for him. He could not help believing that there must be, or at least might be, something in the idea which Blanchet so evidently wished people to receive. He feared that there must be something more than mere kindly patronage in Miss Grey's generosity towards Blanchet. The thought was strangely disagreeable to him. He could not think with patience of such a girl being in love with such a man. He was now disposed to exaggerate the demerits of the poet, and to believe anything mean of one who could take a girl's money and give out as an excuse for taking it that she was in love with him. "If I had a sister," he thought, "and any fellow were to give such hints about her, I wonder how I should like it, and I wonder how much of it I should stand!"

He felt sorry, very sorry, for Minola, and perhaps a little angry with her too for allowing to any man the chance of suggesting such things. The more he thought of her and all he had seen of her, the less she seemed fitted for such a lover as Mr. Blanchet. She had impressed Victor greatly by her manners, her fresh and frank character, and the simple, trusting generosity which was her transparent attribute. He began to look on the poet now as a mere fortune-hunter, who was fastening upon the girl because of the money which he expected her to have. He did not know how consuming a passion is the vanity of the small artistic mind—the mind which has art's ambition only, and not art's inspiration. Mr. Blanchet was not a fortune-hunter in the ordinary sense. His poems were to him as yet much dearer than any fortune. He was drawn to Minola, not because she had money, but because, having money, she was willing to spend some of it in bringing out his poems in a handsome edition.

Our hero's quixotic temper was thoroughly roused by the thought of some wrong which he fancied was about to be done to Minola. He was not one of those lucky beings who can let things alone. He never could let things alone. Had he had the gift of those who can, he would just then have been governor of some rising colony, and would have been in a fair way of promotion. He was tormented by the thought that there was something he ought to do to save Minola from some vaguely terrible fate, and by not being able to see what the something was which lay within his power to do. Before he had walked many yards he had worked himself into the idea that a plot of some sort was in preparation to entrap Minola into a marriage with one who, poet or not, was wholly unworthy of her.

energetic spirit at length suggested something to be done. Not, perhaps, a very practical or useful stroke of policy, but it was the only thing which occurred to him, and the only thing which he did at the moment. He started off at full speed to walk under the eaves of the house where Miss Grey was living. It was now fully midnight, and of course he had not the slightest idea of seeing her, and, indeed, would have been greatly embarrassed if he had. But he started off, nevertheless, to walk under her windows with as eager a step and as steady a purpose as if he were really going to rescue her from some imminent danger. It was only a short walk from where he then was to Minola's lodgings; but Heron was so eager in his purpose that the way seemed miles, which he was going with hasty strides.

When he reached the house where Minola lived, the aspect of the street was just such as, if he had been a lover, he might have expected to find. The house was all in darkness save for one

There was a looking-glass in that window, making it plain and almost observant of human creatures that it must be the window of the boudoir. How could a lover doubt that that must be the window of the room which was hers, and that she then watched the moon at midnight, and that she thought of love, and that her soul was in the blue ether? For the moment Victor found himself wishing that he were a lover—were the lover of the lady, fancy-fixed in that one lighted room, might be. But if it were Minola's room, he thought, she certainly had no recollection or any memory of him in her mind. It was a clear, soft moon, and the moon that shone on the near roof of the British Museum seemed as poetic and as sad as though it fell on the ruins of the Parthenon. No practice in colonial administration can wholly drive the poetic and the romantic out of the breast of a young man in his time of life. As he stood there, his grievance seemed as if it were the moon herself, but not by any means so poetic and lovely. He paced up and down, feeling very young and odd, and not his usual self. He was happy in a queer, boyish way that had a shamefaced sensation about it, as when a youth for the first time drinks suddenly of some sparkling wine, and feels his brain and heart all aflame with delicious ecstasy, and is afraid of the feeling which he delights in it.

As a natural part of the half-fantastic chivalry of his character, Victor should have felt a sort of satisfaction in thus for the moment being near Minola, as if by that means he were in some sort prepared to meet her against danger. If at that time any softer and warmer

feeling than mere friendship were mingling itself with Heron's sensations, he did not then know it. He thought of the girl as a sweet friend, new to him, indeed, but very dear, in whose happiness he felt deeply interested, and over whom he had taken it into his head that he had a right to watch. She seemed to be strangely alone in the world of London, and, indeed, to be at the same time not suited for anything in London but just such isolation. He never could think of her as mixing in the ordinary society of the metropolis. He could not think of her as one of the common crowd, following out mechanically the registered routine of the season's amusements, listening to the commonplace talk, and compliments, and cheap cynicism of the drawing-room and the five o'clock tea. To him she appeared as different from all that, and as poetically lifted above it, as if she were Hawthorne's Hilda, high up in her Roman tower, among her doves, and near to the blue sky. Except in the home of the Moneys, Heron had never seen Minola in anything that even looked like society; and there was a good deal of the odd and the fresh in that home which took it out of the range of the commonplace, and did not interfere with his poetic idealisation of Minola. Her presence and her way of life appeared alike to him a poetic creation. So quiet, self-sufficing a life, alone in the midst of the crowd, such simple strength of purpose, such a tranquil choice of the kind of existence that suited her best, such generosity, and such gracious loving kindness,—all this together made up a picture which had a natural fascination for a chivalrous young man, who had never before had time to allow the softer and more romantic elements of his nature any chance of expression. It may be that for the present Minola was to him but the first suggestion of an embodiment of all the vague, floating thoughts and visions of love and womanhood that must now and then cross the spiritual horizon of every young man, no matter how closely he may be occupied with colonial affairs and the condition of the coloured races. The hero of a French story, whereof there is not otherwise overmuch good to be said, speaks with a feeling as poetic as it is true when he says that in the nightingale's song he heard the story of the love that he ought to have known, but which had not yet come to him. Perhaps in the eyes and in the voice of Minola, Victor Heron unconsciously found this story told for him.

However that might be, it is certain that Heron found a curious satisfaction this night in passing again and again before Minola's door, and making believe to himself as if he were guarding her against danger. He might have remained on guard in this way, Heaven knows how long—for, as we know, he was not fond of early going to

bed—but that he suddenly “was aware,” as the old writers put it, of another watcher as well as himself. It was unmistakable. Another man came up and passed slowly once or twice under the same windows, and on the side of the street where Heron had put himself on guard. Then the new-comer, observing, no doubt, that he was not alone, had crossed to the other side of the street, and Heron thought he was only a chance passer and was gone altogether. Presently, however, he crossed the road again, and stood a short distance away from Heron as if he were watching him. Now, though Victor Heron was not a lover, he had just as much objection as any lover could have to being seen by observant eyes when watching under a girl’s window. The mere thought recalled him at once to chilling commonplace. He was for going away that moment; all the delight was gone out of his watching. But he was a little curious to know if the new-comer were really only a casual stranger whom his movements had stirred into idle curiosity. So he went straightway down the street and passed the unwelcome intruder. He felt sure the face of the man was known to him, although he could not at first recall to mind the person’s identity. He felt sure, too, by the way in which the man looked at him and then turned suddenly off, that the new-comer had recognised him as well. This was tormenting for the moment, as he went on perplexing himself by trying to think who it was that he had seen in this unexpected and unwished-for way. He walked slowly, and looked back once or twice. He could not see his disturber any more. The man had either gone away or was, perhaps, standing in the shadow of a doorway. Suddenly an idea flashed upon Heron.

“Why, of course,” he exclaimed, “it’s he! I ought to have known! It’s the man from Keeton—the hated rival.”

By “hated rival,” however, Heron did not mean a rival in love, but only in electioneering; for he now knew that it was Mr. Sheppard he had seen, and he remembered how Mr. Sheppard, when he met him in Minola’s room, had seemed oddly sullen and unwilling to fraternise. This was the reason why Heron called him the hated rival. His own idea of a rival in an election contest was that of a person whom one ought to ask to dinner, and treat with especial courtesy and fair offer of friendship.

Suddenly, however, another idea occurred to him.

“What on earth can he be doing there,” he asked, “under her window? Can it be possible that he, too, is a lover?”

He, too? Who, then, was *the* lover—the other lover? Heron did not believe, and would not admit, that Blanchet was a genuine lover at all. The whole theory of Victor’s duty to watch under Minola’s

windows was based on the assumption that Blanchet was no true lover, but a cunning hunter of fortune. Why, then, ask, Was Mr. Sheppard, too, a lover? Heron did not at the moment stop to ask himself any such question, but, after a while, the absurdity of his words occurred to him, and he was a little amused at, and a good deal ashamed of, his odd and hasty way of putting the question.

"Why shouldn't he be there as well as I?" he said. "Why should he be a lover any more than I?"

Then he began to assure himself that the hated rival must have been there only by chance; and it is doubtful whether, if he had thought much longer over the question, he would not have ended by convincing himself that nothing but the merest chance had brought him, too, under Minola's window-panes.

It was, indeed, Minola's window under which he had been watching; and she, too, was watching, and never dreamed that he was so near. She looked from her window not long after he had gone, and saw the street all lonely, and felt lonely herself, and shuddered, thinking that life would ever be a dreary piece of work for her. It is a melancholy fact that all that time, and even long after she had gone in shuddering from the window, poor Sheppard was standing in a doorway at the opposite side of the street, and that she not only never saw him, but never thought of him. Her thoughts were of Victor Heron, and of her own folly and her own love—that love which seemed such folly, which was so hopeless, which she knew, or, at least, believed, it was a sort of treason against friendship to indulge, although in absolute secret.

In Uhland's pretty poem called "Departure" a youth is going on his wanderings, and his comrades escort him a little on his way, and as they go along they pass beneath the windows of a pretty girl. The lad looks up, and would fain, if he might, have a rose from her hand, and yet tells himself that he would not have it—for to what end to have the rose, when she whom he loved cared nothing for him, and the rose would only wither with him, and to no purpose? When he has gone the girl strains her eyes after him in grief, and wonders what the world is to be to her now that he she loved is going far away, and never knew of her love. A few timely words might have spared all the heart-ache, no doubt; but it will be a very different world from that which we have known when all the words that might have been timely are spoken in time, or even when the feelings that might prompt the timely words have learned their own meaning at the right moment to give it breath.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"COUNSEL BEWRAYED."

Next morning Heron rose with a distinct purpose of doing
g to put Minola on her guard. His purpose to do
g was much more clear than his knowledge of what he had
o. Anyhow, he thought he would go and see Minola, and
thing to her. When he began to speak, he would probably
the thing to say. As he might have put it himself, Provi-
ould pull him through somehow. The first thing was to
peech of Minola. This, at least, ought not to be hard to

first idea was simply to go to her house and ask to see her.
a he was near the scene of his mounting guard the past
began to think of the difficulties that would be put in his
yone else were present. How, for example, could he pos-
what he specially wanted to say if Mary Blanchet were
or were even coming and going in and out of the room, as
almost sure to be? On the other hand, how could he
ask for a private conversation with Minola without stirring
er of absurd curiosity and conjecture? At the very least,
nchet would be sure to ask, when he had gone, what he had
say; and that would, under the circumstances, be rather
singing for Minola. He gave up, therefore, the idea of seeing
y at her own house.

her plan at once occurred to him. He knew how often
talked in Regent's Park—he would go and walk there about
which she usually chose, and he would go again and again
net her. So he started off for the Park, greatly relieved in
be doing anything. All the time there was a good deal o
his own account which he might, and, if he had been at all a
young man, would, have been doing. The time that he was
in trying to ward off from Minola a supposed danger might,
ly used, have procured him an interview with a Cabinet
or paved the way for easy success at the future election for

There were twenty things which Mr. Money had often told
ust do if he would have the faintest hope of any success in
; and all these things he was utterly neglecting because he
think that he was called on to give some advice to a girl
haps would repay him with little thanks for his officious
it interference.

He walked slowly through the Park, along the paths which he knew that she loved, and made for the Canal. It was a soft, grey day, with no sky seen. The air was surcharged with moisture; but it was not raining, and the grass was only as if a heavy dew had settled on it. The soft breath that floated over the fields was warm and languid. Only three colours were to be seen all across the Park: the green of the grass, the grey of the clouds, or of the one cloud rather, and the dull black of the tree-trunks. These colours, indeed, were softened, and shaded away, and blended into each other, with indefinable varieties of tone and delicate interchanges of effect. It was just the day to make a certain class of observer curse the stupid and foggy monotony of the English climate. It was the day, too, to gladden the heart of a certain refined class of artist with whom delicate effects of tone and shade are precious and familiar. Certainly it might be called a day of poetic cloud. To Victor, who had long been used to the unwinking steadiness of a tropical sun, there was something specially refreshing and delightful in the grass, the trees, and the cloud. He found himself yearning in heart for a life which would leave him more time and thought for the skies, the trees, and the air.

Suddenly the scene vanished from his eyes, and he only saw Minola Grey. He was now approaching the Canal, and he saw her leaning over the bridge and looking into the water. It was early in the day—too early for the nursemaids and the children and the ordinary walkers, and there was no one but Minola now in Heron's sight.

The girl, as she leaned on the railing of the bridge and looked into the water, might have been adopted by any artist as a model-figure of melancholy. If Victor had been less in a hurry with everything—if he had remained where he then was and looked at her unperceived for a few moments, Heaven knows what inspiration of ideas, what revealings about himself and her, might have come into his mind. But Victor waited for nothing—seldom in life gave himself much time to think; and, in any case, would have had an instinctive objection to even a moment's unperceived watching of a meditating girl. He was so rejoiced at the readiness with which his desire to meet her had been gratified, that he thought he could hardly seize his chance too soon. In his eagerness he even forgot that the task he had undertaken was rather embarrassing, and that he had not yet made up his mind as to what he was going to say. He was by Minola's side in a moment.

She was so much surprised and startled that Victor was quite

ashamed of having come upon her in such a sudden way. He had forgotten that all women have nerves, and get startled in ways unknown to men. At least, he assumed it must be for some reason of this kind that Minola seemed so much disturbed when he came up, but he certainly had not supposed that girls so clever and healthy as Miss Grey were usually troubled with nerves.

Minola recovered herself very soon, however, and got rid of all appearance of mere nervous embarrassment, although there was for a while a certain constraint in her manner.

"Have you been long here?" he asked.

"Not very long; at least, it did not seem long. I like to be here at this time; there are so few people."

"Yes; I knew you were likely to be here about this time if you were coming at all to-day," he said; an awkward remark, as it suggested that he had come expressly to meet her.

"I come here at all manner of times," she said; "but I think I like this time the best."

"You are not going any farther, I suppose?"

"No; I thought of turning back now, and going home."

"I'll walk a little way with you, if you will allow me?"

Of course she had no objection to make. They had walked in that place often before, and it was a matter of certainty that as they did meet they would walk together. He need hardly have asked her if she would allow him to walk with her now.

So they turned and walked a little off the beaten track, and under the trees. When they had walked a certain distance in one direction Victor turned round and she turned with him, as if she were merely obeying his signal of command. It has already been said more than once that Mr. Heron always went on as if he were ever so much older than she, and belonging, indeed, to a different stage of life. He bore himself as a man of forty or thereabouts might do with a young woman of Minola's age.

"How do you like Blanchet's book?" he asked abruptly.

"It is very beautiful, I suppose; it's a little too ornamental and fantastic perhaps for my taste; but I suppose that is in keeping with the style of the poems; and *he* is delighted with the book."

"It has cost a great deal of money—much more than it ought to have cost; I don't like the thing at all."

"But think of the joy given to the poet. It is surely not very dearly bought at the price. I never knew of a man so happy."

"Yes, yes; that is all very well for him——"

"It is very well for me too, Mr. Heron—to be able to do a kind-

ness for any human creature. I dare say it has given me as much pleasure as it has given him, and made me quite as proud too—and is not that something to gain?"

"Still, I can't help feeling uneasy about this thing. It has cost a heap of money, much more than I ever supposed it would, and I seem as if I had brought you into all the expense."

"How could that be, Mr. Heron? I expressly wished Mr. Blanchet to do as he pleased; and he understood me exactly as I wished him to do. You had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, yes! I had something to do with it; and then—excuse me—you are rather young perhaps——"

"Perhaps I can't be expected to know my own mind; or ought not to be trusted with the spending of my own money?"

"No, I didn't mean that; but you might not have known exactly what you were being let in for; and it is a good deal of money for a girl to pay."

"And in fact you don't think a girl ought to be allowed to spend her money without some wise person of the superior sex to guide her hand? Thank you very much, Mr. Heron, but I think I may have my own way in this at least. I have often told you that I left Keeton because I could not stand the control of wiser and better persons than myself. I am not at all a good girl, Mr. Heron; I never said I was. The counsels of the wise are sadly thrown away on me, I fear."

She spoke in a hard and ungenial tone, which he had not heard her use before. He could not help looking at her with an expression of wonder. She saw the expression and understood it.

"You are shocked at my want of sweet feminine docility? I ought not to have any ideas of my own, I suppose?"

"No; I am not shocked, and I am not at all such a ridiculous person as you would seem to suppose, and I have none of the ideas you set down to me; but you don't seem quite like yourself, and you speak as if you were offended with me for something."

"Offended?—oh, no; how could I possibly be offended? I am very much obliged, on the contrary, for the trouble you take for one who seems to you quite unable to take care of herself."

Victor did not like her tone. There was something aggressive in it. He was not experienced enough in the ways of society to cry content to that which grieved his heart, and his thoughts therefore showed themselves pretty clearly in his face.

"I don't like Blanchet's taking all this money," he said, after a moment of silence. "I don't think a man ought to take such a helping hand as that from—well, from——"

"From a woman, you were going to say? Why not from a woman, Mr. Heron? Are we never to do a kind thing, we unfortunate creatures, because we are women and are young?"

"No; I don't say that; but there are things it may become a woman to do, and which it doesn't quite so well become a man to profit by. I don't think Blanchet——"

"Mr. Blanchet seems to have a higher idea of what a woman's friendship may be than you have, Mr. Heron. He does not see any degradation in allowing a woman to hold him out a helping hand when he wants one. I like his ideas better than yours. You say you would have done this little service for him if you had been allowed. Why should there be any greater degradation to him in having it done by me? At all events, you can't wonder if I don't see it all at once."

"Of course, if you are satisfied and pleased, there is nothing more to be said in the matter."

"I am satisfied and pleased—why should I not be? I asked a friend to let me do something to help him, and he answered me just in the spirit in which I spoke. Of course I am glad to find that there is even one man who could take a friendly offer in a friendly way. There are not many such men, I suppose?"

Victor could not help smiling at her emphatic way of expressing her scorn of men.

"I do believe you have really turned yourself misanthropical by reading '*Le Misanthrope*,'" he said.

"Well, why should there not be a woman *Alceste*?—although I never knew any woman in real life more worthy to be classed with him than the men we meet in real life are. Miss *Alceste*, I think, would sound very pretty. I wish I could think myself entitled to bear such a name."

"Or Miss *Misanthrope*," he suggested. "How would that do for a young lady's name?"

"Admirably, I think. That would get over all the difficulty, too, and save foolish persons from thinking that one was setting up for another *Alceste*. I should like very much to be called Miss *Misanthrope*."

"If you go on as you are doing, you will soon be entitled to bear the name," said Victor gravely. "At the present moment, I don't know that I should much object to that."

"No? I am glad that anything I am likely to do has a chance of pleasing you. But why should you not object just at present? Why not now as well as at any other time?"

"Because I should like you to be a little misanthropical just now, and a little distrustful—of men, that is to say, Miss Grey."

She coloured slightly, although she had no idea of his meaning yet.

"I always thought you were full of trust in the whole human race, Mr. Heron; I thought you liked everybody and believed in everybody. Now you tell me to distrust all mankind."

"I didn't say that."

"No? Some particular person, then?"

"Some particular person, perhaps. At least, I don't mean exactly that," Heron hastened to explain, his conscience smiting him at the thought that perhaps after all he might be suggesting unjust suspicions of an absent man who was a sort of friend. "I only mean that you are very generous and unselfish, and that there might be persons who might try to make use of your good-nature, and whom perhaps you might not quite understand. I don't know whether I ought to speak about this at all."

"Nor I, Mr. Heron, I am sure; for I really don't know what you are speaking of or what mysterious danger is hanging over me. But I hope there is something of the kind, for I should so like to resemble a heroine of romance."

"There is not anything very romantic in prospect so far as I know," he said, now almost wishing he had said nothing, and yet feeling in his heart a serious fear that Minola might be led to put too much faith in Blanchet. "But if I might speak out freely, and without any fear of your misunderstanding me or being offended, there is something, Miss Grey, that I should very much like to say." He spoke in an uneasy and constrained way, forcing himself on to an ungracious task.

"You have been preaching distrust to me, Mr. Heron, and you have been finding fault generally with all women who trust anybody. To show you how your lessons are thrown away on me, I shall certainly trust you as much as you like, and I shall not misunderstand anything you say, nor be offended by it." There was something of her old sweet frankness in her manner as she spoke these words, and Heron was warmed by it.

"Well," he said at last, "you are a girl, and young, and living almost alone, and people tell me you are going to have money. You have promised to excuse my blunt way of talking out, haven't you? I almost wish for your sake, as you like to live this kind of life, that you had just enough of money to live upon and no more; but I hear that that is not the case, or at all events is not to be. Well, the only thing

s that people who I think are not true, and are not honest, and who are not worthy of you in any way whatever, may try to make you think that they are true, and sincere, and all the rest of it."

"Well, Mr. Heron, what if they do?"

"You may perhaps be persuaded to believe them."

"And even if I am, what matter is that? I had much rather be deceived in such things than know the truth, if the truth is to mean that people are all deceitful."

"I don't think you want to understand me," he said.

"Indeed I do; I only want to understand you; but I fail as yet. Why not speak out, Mr. Heron, like a man and a brother? If there is anything you want me to know, do please make me know it in the clearest way."

She was growing impatient.

"You will have lovers," he said, driven to despair when it seemed as if she could not understand a mere hint of any kind; "of course you must know that you are attractive and all that—and if you come to have money, you will be besieged with fellows—with admirers, I mean. Do be a little distrustful—of one at least; I don't like him, and I wish you didn't—and I can't very well tell you why, only that he does not seem to me to be manly or even honest."

She coloured a little; but she also smiled faintly, for she still did not understand him.

"I suppose I must know the man you mean, Mr. Heron; for I think he is the only man I ever heard you say anything against, and I have not forgotten. But what can have made you think that I needed any lecture about him? I don't suppose he ever thought about me in that way in his life, or would marry one of my birth and my bringing up even if I asked him. And in any case, Mr. Heron, I would not marry him even if he asked me. But what a shame it seems to arrange in advance for the refusing of a man who never showed the faintest intention of making an offer!"

At first Heron did not quite understand her. Then he suddenly caught her meaning.

"Oh, that fellow? I didn't mean him. I never could have supposed that you were likely to be taken in by him."

"To do him justice, Mr. Heron, he never seems to have any thought of taking anyone in. Such as he is, he always shows himself, I think."

"Oh, I don't care about him——"

"Nor I, Mr. Heron, I assure you. But whom, then, do you care about—in that sense?"

"I distrust a man who takes a woman's money in a reckless and selfish way," Heron said impetuously. "That is a man I would not trust. Don't trust him, Miss Grey; believe me, he is a cad—I mean, a selfish and deceitful fellow. I can't bear the thought of a girl like you being sacrificed—or sacrificing yourself, as you might do perhaps, and I tell you that he is just the sort of man——"

"Are you speaking of Mr. Blanchet now, Mr. Heron?" Her tone was cold and clear. She was evidently hurt, but determined now to have the whole question out.

"Yes, I am speaking of Blanchet, of course—of whom else could I be speaking in such a way?"

"Mr. Blanchet is my friend, Mr. Heron; I thought he was a friend of yours as well."

"Well, I thought he was a manly, honest sort of fellow—I don't think so now," Victor went on impetuously, warming himself as he went into increasing strength of conviction. "I know you will hate me for telling you this, but I can't help that. I am as much interested in your happiness as if—as if you were my sister—and if you were my sister I would just do the same."

It would, indeed, be idle to attempt to describe the course of the feelings that ran through Minola's breast as she listened to the words of this kind which he continued to pour out. But out of all that swept through her—out of shame, surprise, anger, grief—the one thought came uppermost, and survived, and guided her—the thought that she had only to leave Heron's appeal unanswered, and her secret was safe for ever.

She made up her mind, and was self-contained and composed to all appearance again.

"Let us not say any more about this, Mr. Heron; I am sure you mean it as a friend; and I never could allow myself to feel offended by anything said in friendship. I am sorry you have such an opinion of Mr. Blanchet; I have a much better opinion of him; I like him better than I like most men; but you know we have just agreed that I ought to be called 'Miss Misanthrope,' and I assure you I mean to do my very best to deserve the name. No—please don't say any more—I had rather not hear it, indeed; and if you know anything of women, Mr. Heron, you must know that we never take advice on these matters. No; trust to my earning my name of Miss Misanthrope, but don't tell me of the demerits of this or that particular man; I had rather hate men in the general than in all the particular."

cases—and how long we must have talked about this nonsense, for here is the gate of the Park ; and Mary Blanchet will be thinking that I am lost!”

They almost always parted at this Park gate. This time he felt that he must not attempt to go any farther with her. She smiled and nodded to him with a manner of constrained friendliness, and went her way; and Heron's heart was deeply moved, for he feared that he had lost his friend.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT is unfortunate for the Academy that the exhibition of this year should be less than brilliant, and it is still more unfortunate for the Academicians that they should be the principal source of its weakness. Neither the institution nor its members can well afford just now to make unnecessary blunders, and there are, indeed, many cogent reasons why on the present occasion they ought both to have been on their best behaviour. The quality of the exhibition as a whole ought to have been exceptionally high, in order to justify and explain several notorious cases of rejection; the contributions of many of the titled painters should scarcely have been so bad as they are, if the public is to be asked to approve the prominence accorded to them in the galleries. We are not apt in England to be rebellious against illogical or inadequate systems of government, so long as the practical conduct of affairs roughly satisfies a not too exacting sense of justice. The Academy might have kept undisturbed its rotten constitution, if the members of the Academy had been prudent enough to correct the errors of theory by a little discretion and good sense; but even the most patient public in the world may be aroused by steady persistence in wrong-doing, and it requires no gift of prophecy to predict that the Academy, unless it very quickly sets its house in better order, must give up all hope of maintaining the prestige it has enjoyed in the past. By its own failure, as well as by the success of other societies, it is fast losing any exceptional claim to rank as the national institution. A certain exceptional character it may continue to possess—a character that after a little while may not, perhaps, be altogether enviable; but to suppose that it can continue under present conditions to act as the representative of the various phases of modern English art, would be a blunder of which even the members themselves could scarcely be guilty. I am aware that to many persons such criticism of the Academy will seem needlessly severe, but I take leave to doubt whether those who are constantly anxious to shelter its abuses have the interests of the society truly at heart. The right government of an institution with these pretensions is a matter of national concern, for to its care has

been confided a great public trust; and it is, therefore, a mere impertinence to suggest that those who wish that this trust should be fitly and faithfully discharged are not justified in the free exercise of their right of criticism. No one was ever found so foolish as to hint that the advocates for reform in Parliament were actuated by any malign hostility to Parliamentary institutions, or that the party which sought the Disestablishment of the Irish Church harboured any personal enmity towards bishops, priests, or deacons. Those who are disposed to regard any criticism of the Academy as a personal affront are, indeed, only giving one more proof that they do not understand the essentially public character of the duties which it is called upon to discharge. They are fostering in the Academy itself that spirit of private exclusiveness which from the beginning has been its bane. The more the Academy or its friends choose to claim for it immunity from criticism, the more surely and speedily will they complete the process of isolation which must finally reduce the society to mere insignificance.

For if the Academy is not a public and national body, it is nothing at all. In the matter of instruction it certainly occupies no unapproachable position. The boast that the art education offered at Burlington House is free would be more important if that education were the best obtainable, whereas, as is well known, it is notoriously insufficient and incomplete; and the fact that the Academy has never made any attempt to establish higher art schools in the great provincial towns is significant of the kind of control which it exercises over the general art culture of the country. But the particular function of the Academy which we have now to consider concerns the management of the annual exhibition; and it is under no feeling of hostility to the institution, but with a most sincere wish for its reform, that I venture to draw attention to what appears to me to be the fatal defects of its system. First, however, it may perhaps be as well to offer a single instance of injustice in selection. In the Gallery of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street is now to be seen a large picture by Mr. J. D. Watson. Mr. Watson is a member of the Old Water Colour Society, and a practised artist. His work has never been to me specially attractive, nor does the present performance exhibit all the qualities of his art at their best; but it may be confidently affirmed that no one of capable judgment could avoid the confession that there is here a work manifestly superior, in all points which should appeal to artists, to very many pictures accepted by the Council and prominently placed by the hanging committee. Now, we know that to this and other

charges of a like nature the Academy has many ready answers; but, unfortunately, these answers are not all good, and they are none of them sufficient. The first plea is always want of space. They would wish, as the President declared last year, to satisfy the claims of all, if only the galleries at Burlington House offered room for their liberality. The fallacy of this defence is twofold. In the first place, it does not come well from the mouth of a society that reserves extravagant privileges for its own members, to declare that there is no means of satisfying the just demands of outsiders. The outsiders are the life and soul of the annual exhibition. There are many admirable artists enrolled in the list of Royal Academicians—men who, by their teaching and example, do their utmost to support the higher claims of art. The works of such men are always sure of a certain amount of attention, whether their contribution takes the shape of a statue by Mr. Leighton at Burlington House, or an imaginative design by Mr. Watts at the Grosvenor Gallery. But it is not by virtue of the possession of such men that the Academy Exhibition enjoys its present prestige. That prestige rests altogether upon an assumption, which the Academy are now doing their best to falsify, that the galleries at Burlington House annually contain a full representation of English art as a whole. And, as a national institution, it is clearly the duty of the Academy to satisfy this assumption. It is their duty to provide necessary space, and adequate machinery of selection. They have funds enough—funds accumulated mainly through the support of those very outsiders whose claims they now neglect—to enlarge the present building, or exchange it for another. And, unless they wish to see various sections of the artistic profession drifting away from under their control, they will do well to arouse themselves to a sense of the altered requirements of the time, and fit their resources to the larger duties they have to discharge. There are not wanting very significant signs that artists are growing weary and impatient of the treatment extended to them at Burlington House, and some already have found a better and more comfortable home elsewhere. No one whose knowledge of contemporary English art was bounded by the limits of the Academy Exhibition could have had any notion of the existence of the resources which have supplied the Grosvenor Gallery with one of the most interesting collections of modern pictures that has been brought together for some years. It is not necessary to declare that the men whose works are prominent here would have been rejected at Burlington House, although it is notoriously true that their contributions in past years have been treated with scant sympathy and consideration. The main point to observe is, that here

is a Gallery founded by private enterprise, and with no such prestige as the Academy enjoys, which has been able to win the support of the most studious painters of the time. Nor, if report speak truly, will the Grosvenor Gallery long remain the sole institution to compete with the Academy in the matter of exhibitions. It is, we believe, no secret that a number of younger painters, men whose work has but little in common with the kind of art most prominently represented at the Grosvenor, are now seriously debating the expediency of establishing a third great Gallery in London. They have ample resources at their command, and certainly no lack of powerful arguments in favour of the project; and, if this scheme should be carried into effect, the Academy will have to suffer the loss of another very important section of the younger artists—a section which in their aims and methods is as distinct as possible from that which gives its support to the Grosvenor. These are facts which the authorities at Burlington House would do well to ponder over very seriously. If these rival movements were prompted by sudden bitterness of disappointed feeling, there would be little to fear. Exhibitions of the rejected are never very brilliant or inspiring affairs; they always give to an artistic grievance its least favourable expression, and cannot be expected to carry much weight with the public. In these later movements, however, the motive power is not hostility to the Academy, but a desire to secure adequate means of representation. The promoters of the Grosvenor Gallery distinctly disavow any kind of unfriendliness towards the institution at Burlington House, and they have proved the sincerity of their professions by inviting members of the Academy to contribute to the exhibition. A similar attitude has been taken by those to whose efforts this more recent movement is due. "You have declared," they say in effect, to the Academy, "that you are unable, through insufficient space, to do justice to all the claims that annually press upon you. We frankly accept your declaration; but seeing that such is the state of things, and that the evil must increase instead of diminishing with the gradual enlargement of the artistic circle, we are very reluctantly compelled to seek elsewhere opportunities which, according to your own account, you are unable to afford." There is a certain urbanity about this view and statement of the case that would seem to bewilder the Royal Academicians.

Unhappily, however, the matter does not end here. Want of space is no doubt one constant source of dissatisfaction; but it is not the only, or even the most serious, evil. There is urgent need, not merely of a larger building, but of a more liberal constitution. If the galleries of the Academy stretched from Kensington to Whitechapel,

there would still remain just ground of complaint so long as the artists of the country were compelled to make their appeal to what is practically a fixed tribunal of taste. You may sift and shuffle the forty Academicians according to any principle you please; but you cannot thereby remove the vital objection to the present machinery, any more than you can transform a stagnant pool into a running river by the most perfect system of drainage ever devised. The government of the Academy is in fact an absolute despotism, limited only by death or retirement. Forty gentlemen, some of them highly accomplished artists, many of them but indifferent painters, are entrusted during their lifetime with an absolute control over the destinies of English art. How is it possible that a body so constituted can sympathise sufficiently with new movements in art, or fairly adjust the claims of painters whose style is remote from their own? Assuming even that they act always with a full sense of the responsibility of their office, what security can there be that they are competent to provide fitly for the great and various interests entrusted to their charge? I think it has never been sufficiently understood that the recent changes and so-called reforms in the Academy can have only the slightest possible effect upon that inner circle which practically governs the Academy. The increase in the Associate rank enlarges, not the governing, but the electoral, body of the society. The Associates have no power of influencing the acts of the society, save by the elevation at rare intervals of one of their own number into the sacred circle. Neither they nor the larger body of painters below them have the smallest power of determining the constitution of the jury for the year, or of selecting the members of the hanging committee. Here, indeed, we have a grievance that is worse than want of space, and more readily curable. Let the great body of exhibiting artists be admitted to some share in the choice of the jury by whom they are to be tried; let that jury, whatever may be its defects of judgment or knowledge, be at least in contact and sympathy with the various forms of art submitted to them. This is no ideal or visionary scheme; there are various ways in which it could be realised, and it is now practically in force in the management of the Paris Salon. That such a reform would remove all cause of discontent no one would be so foolish as to predict, but it would at least have the effect of saving the Academy from the reproach of provincialism in matters of artistic taste which there is now only too much to warrant.

If it were necessary to justify these criticisms by reference to the arrangement of the present exhibition, there would most assuredly be no lack of material. The hanging committee have doubtless had

grave disadvantages to contend with in the shape of ludicrous contributions by members of their own body. They deserve, so far, the sincere sympathy of all who have to pass a judgment upon their labours; and it is not too much to affirm that, if some of the most notable of these titled failures could have been banished altogether or sent heavenward, the general impression of the exhibition would have been vastly improved. But, although the hanging is not in any instance so deplorable as many instances of Academic painting that could be named, there are some blunders that seem worse than stupid. It would be hard to explain, and quite impossible to justify, the treatment which several competent artists have received; and where all is dark, it is perhaps better not to enter upon conjecture.

Let us turn, then, to the exhibition itself. Although not of brilliant effect as a whole, it is rich in signs of promise on the part of younger painters, who, as compared with the younger painters of France, show a more serious aim, greater sobriety of taste, and stronger individuality of style. It is remarkable, however, that the Academy should be weak where the Salon this year happens to be strongest—in the two departments of portrait and landscape. In the former, the success of Mr. Collier has very justly aroused great interest. The portrait of Major Forster is one of the most remarkable in the exhibition, and it would rank without discredit in any exhibition. Its execution has a freedom that is never careless, and a strength that has no suggestion of extravagance. We cannot even conjecture from the evidence of such a work what, if any, may be the scope of the artist's powers as regards invention or design, but we can at least be confident that a painter of these executive resources has made no mistake in the choice of a profession. The imitative skill which he here displays, the power of appreciating distinctions of texture, and of recording all the marks of individual character in face, gesture, and even in costume, is, moreover, controlled by an artistic sense that our realistic painters too often lack. The different parts of the picture are firmly held together, the colouring is of full strength, but it is finely controlled: there is none of the anarchy and confusion of bright tints, such as we may find this year in the contributions of artists of higher pretensions and longer experience. Mr. Millais's "Yeoman of the Guard," for example, exhibits certain morsels of masterly execution. Parts of the old man's face, the perfect setting of the eye in its appropriate depth of atmosphere, and the treatment of the fringe of white beard as it sinks into the ruff, are of grand quality: and it would be wonderful indeed if anything from Mr. Millais's hand were without such traces of his great skill. Even the hasty and coarse execution

of the lady's face in the sentimental subject-picture called "Yes," still keeps some suggestion of power—a suggestion that makes it only the harder to pardon a performance so little worthy of his fame. But neither in the one nor the other has the painter been able to govern the powerful colours he has summoned to his aid. There are passages in the painting of the old man's red coat which are absolute discords, showing a series of experiments in the treatment of a single local tint that are not in agreement with one another. Again, in Mr. Oules's portrait of the Recorder of London, where there is much that is powerful in the treatment of the face, the expanse of red robe owns no sort of relation with any other part of the picture. It attacks the eye independently, and destroys altogether any hope of unity in design. Mr. Oules is seen to better advantage in the portrait of Mr. Dixon. There are two portraits by Mr. Garland that deserve notice; not to speak of the contributions of accomplished artists like Mr. Watts, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Leighton, who are represented by works in this kind; Mr. Archer's full-length entitled "Rose," and Mr. Watts's head of Miss Tennant, being among the few satisfactory examples of feminine portraiture in the exhibition.

On the whole, however, the portraits of the Academy are not strong, whereas in the Salon they form a special feature of the exhibition. It would be impossible to name three works by English painters that could compare with Bonnat's portrait of M. Thiers, the head of a little girl in profile by Dubois, and Meissonier's cabinet portrait of Alexandre Dumas. In the Paris exhibition these three pre-eminent examples are supported by a goodly array of excellent works in this kind, by men like Fantin, Coroenne, Bastien-Lepage, Dubuffe, Clairin, and Wencker, and there is, indeed, scarcely one of the many galleries which does not contain some notable specimen of the art. Nor are the English landscapes as strong this year as they ought to be, considering the prestige the school is popularly supposed to enjoy. Mr. Hook is not better than, and Mr. Millais not so good as, last year; and although Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Oakes, and Mr. Peter Graham fairly support the claims of the Associate rank, their works do not reveal any new or unsuspected strength. Several of the younger men who are most successful show traces of foreign influence, notably Mr. Mark Fisher and Mr. Reid, neither of whom, by the way, has been treated quite according to his deserts. In pictures by Mr. Boughton and Mr. F. Morgan the beauty of landscape is skilfully associated with graceful figures, in a style of art which attracts some of the best energies of the younger school of painters. Mr. Boughton has rarely exhibited a work of such delicate beauty in colour as the

group of children overtaken by a storm, to which he has given the title of "Snow in Spring," and which may be chosen as a very delightful example of a kind of art that is the peculiar outgrowth of our own time. At no earlier period would a painter who sought a background for his figures have so carefully observed the changing moods of nature, or so minutely recorded the details of form and colour. It is not Mr. Boughton's purpose to give the stamp of an uncompromising realism to his painting, as we may see by the manner in which he seeks freedom for his fancy in the choice of costume belonging to an earlier day; and yet, in the treatment of the scene in which he disposes these graceful forms, the study of nature is searching and complete. How he contrives to combine these apparently opposite elements, to balance the romantic and partly fanciful beauty of his figures with the entire veracity of the landscape, in such a manner that the result has a harmony of its own, we need not stay to inquire. All that we wish now to point out is, that this kind of art is of late invention, and that it could never have existed but for that devotion to landscape and to all the changes of weather to which landscape is subject, which has been the dominant characteristic of modern painting. And to the same movement is to be attributed the closer observation of the ways of peasant life, and the keener interest in the realities of peasant labour, which so many of the younger painters now exhibit. Out of a number of works in this kind to be seen at the Academy, the most robust and the most original is the "Potato Harvest," by Mr. R. W. Macbeth. There is much more than a reminiscence of the men who may be said to have founded the school, in the grouping and expressive drawing of these vigorous labourers in the Fens; and if Mr. Macbeth, as he advances, can but add refinement to his strength, enriching both his draughtsmanship and his colour by the record of certain delicate and subtle truths which he now sometimes fails to perceive or to secure, he must unquestionably take a foremost rank among the artists of his generation. No English painter who has undertaken to deal with this class of subjects has been endowed with a more masculine force of invention, and has been able to command greater variety of appropriate gesture, than Mr. Macbeth here displays. A fine sympathy with rustic character is also the distinguishing quality in Mr. Herkomer's group of Bavarian peasants, a picture noticeable, besides, for a greater freedom in the treatment of the landscape than the artist has hitherto displayed. The shifting grey clouds caught in the gap between the hills form an effective background for the forms and faces of these simple folk, who, under the menace of rough

weather, have the more need to pray for their crops. The "Cowslips" of Mr. Leslie has more affinity with the fanciful idyllic art of Mr. Boughton than with the stronger realism of Mr. Macbeth and Mr. Herkomer. These soft-eyed, graceful children inhabit a realm of the artist's own creation; they have not been touched by the briars of our rough, working-day world, and their tender forms are innocent of the harder ways of rustic life.

In the class of elegant genre painting there are two pictures of particular distinction; the one by Mr. Orchardson, called the "Sword Dance," and the other, called a "Spring Time Idyll," by Mr. Shade. The rare talent possessed by Mr. Orchardson has seldom found finer exercise than in the complex group of fair ladies and brave men whom he has here collected. He is one of the few English painters who know how to infuse a sense of style into the treatment of these familiar themes, to give them an independent artistic value without sacrificing the impression of reality, and to endow the simplest movements with an air of distinction and grace. There is a courage and *naïveté* about the design of the picture amply justified by the beauty of the result—a result that would have been beyond the power of any artist to gain who was not constantly on the alert to register those subtle unobserved truths of nature which, when they are translated into the world of art, give a sense of magic and refinement even to the commonest themes. Mr. Shade's design presented none of the difficulties which Mr. Orchardson had to encounter, but it is not without a kindred merit. We are bound to confess that to us his name is new, and yet it is difficult to believe that a work of such finesse and delicacy can have been produced by quite inexperienced hands. The pleasant lighting of the scene, the sunlight striking through the leafy boughs and flickering across the grassy slope upon which the two figures are disposed, and the skilful composition of the figures themselves, would seem to indicate an executive skill, and a mature taste in design, that we do not look for in the first essays of youth. But whatever may be the age of the artist, his picture deserves very attentive consideration; and it is pleasant to perceive that in his case, at least, the hanging committee have not forgotten to do their duty. To the two pictures already named may be added two others by painters of established reputation. The "Sacrifice" (51), by Mr. Marcus Stone, is one of the most studiously planned and carefully executed pictures in the exhibition. It bears everywhere the marks of sound training and cultivated taste—qualities in which our painters are too often deficient, and for the lack of which their works have constantly failed to win the respect of foreign critics, who

refuse, upon any plea of sentiment, to pardon a blundering *technique*. The second picture referred to is Mr. Marks's "Bit of Blue," an old gentleman examining with a complacent smile a newly acquired specimen of Oriental porcelain. The artistic claims of this little study are very much higher than can be allowed to the larger, and in some sense more important, work by the same painter.

There is a group of pictures in the present exhibition which, although not inherently related to one another in regard to style or theme, are accidentally connected by the fact that they have all been purchased by the Council out of the resources of the Chantrey Fund. They are the "Harmony" (14), by Mr. Frank Dicksee; the three panels illustrating the story of Ruth (574), by Mr. Rooke; a Sea-piece (577), by Mr. Wyllie; and the "Death of Amy Robsart" (1027), by Mr. W. F. Yeames. Of the last-mentioned work the most that can be said is that it is a respectable experiment in a style possessing no vitality, by a painter possessing no special aptitude for the style. In the absence of any published declaration upon the subject, it would be hazardous to conjecture what is the view taken by the Academy of its duties under Chantrey's will. The will itself, however, is accessible to all, and it is right the public should know that by its terms, which we may suppose were settled with due forethought and deliberation, the Council of the Academy is empowered to form a national collection of works of English art. It was the intention of the testator, clearly set forth, that the works so purchased should subsequently become the property of the nation; and as there is the express statement in the will that there is to be no limitation to the productions of living artists, it is only right to assume that Chantrey intended the bequest to be devoted to the acquisition of the best, without reference to any other consideration. That the public will take this view of the matter there can be no doubt, for a representative gallery of the works of English masters has long been a public want. It is but natural, therefore, that all who are interested in the formation of such a gallery should look with anxiety to the manner in which the Academy discharges its trust. The permanent usefulness of the fund must largely depend upon the establishment at the outset of sound principles of selection. What the present Council chooses to do will be accepted as a precedent by Councils to come; and, if the public responsibility of the Academy in the matter is not firmly asserted and fully acknowledged, there is but little hope for the future. Estimating the recent purchases by the light of these considerations, it can scarcely, *I think, be contended* that they are altogether satisfactory. Th

difficulties of the Council have no doubt been greater than outside critics can fairly judge of, and the evidence would doubtless go far to show that a sincere attempt has been made to satisfy every phase of opinion. If the picture of Mr. Yeames is excepted, perhaps no very serious fault can be found with the quality of the pictures chosen. Mr. Dicksee's work has, I think, less of promise than of performance: it is a creditable essay of a young artist; but it contains little to warrant great expectations for his future. Mr. Rooke, a conscientious and gifted student of the art of Mr. Burne Jones, has undoubtedly contributed one of the most serious designs of the year. Two years ago, when he sought and missed the Academy medal, it was not difficult to predict for him a remarkable career; and although Mr. Wyllie's little Sea-piece is comparatively insignificant, such qualities as it contains are of a good order. But the point to be observed in regard to all these three purchases is that they would seem to have been prompted rather by a desire to encourage young men than to secure great works for the nation. Not one of these artists can be said to have yet firmly asserted his own individuality; each is for the moment giving expression more to what he has acquired than to what he has of his own to bestow, and it is therefore difficult, from the public point of view, to see why such works should have been bought for a national collection. It would have been safer, surely, to have purchased the products of artists whose talent has stood the test of conflicting opinions, whose reputation is assured by general consent, or who have at least fairly outgrown the imitative stage of their career.

In one instance this higher principle has been followed, and in the purchase of Mr. Leighton's statue the Council have gone far to silence criticism upon more questionable acts of patronage. The "Athlete," in virtue of the great qualities of style which it possesses, holds almost a unique place in the exhibition, whether as regards painting or sculpture. To say that it surpasses in interest all the contributions of the professional English sculptors put together, is, indeed, to say very little. Mr. Leighton proves that he can afford to be judged by a much more severe standard of criticism; he may summon to the consideration of his experiment in sculpture a taste as exacting as he could ever have demanded for his work in painting. In certain very important respects, in the grasp of masculine character, and in the expression of energetic action, the "Athlete" may, we think, be regarded as his highest achievement. The peculiar condition of the sculptor's art seems so far to have served as an extra support and stimulus to his invention, bracing his powers to

stronger and more nervous production; while on the other hand the completeness with which he has satisfied the special requirements of his newly-adopted craft, noticeable especially in the agreeable composition of the figure from every point of view, is perhaps the most remarkable fruit of his artistic learning and fine culture which he has ever offered to the public. It would of course, however, be too much to expect that any change of material could effect a radical change in the artist's invention; and those who have been wont to find in Mr. Leighton's painting a lack of that direct inspiration from nature which alone can give to art its full vitality, will be forced to admit that his sculpture does not entirely escape the same reproach. The distinction between the kind of beauty that is sought and found in the study of reality, and that which compels reality to take a form predetermined by art, is often subtle enough, but it is always of vital consequence. Broadly, it is the distinction between imitative and original work; and even in a superb example like the present, where there is so little to desire, the distinction may perhaps be illustrated by the single criticism that this deadly conflict seems to be waged too much for the ends of grace, and not enough for victory—a criticism that might be supported in detail by a reference to the somewhat strained position of the left arm, giving as it does a very agreeable arrangement of line, but not of convincing use to the athlete in his struggle. With this single reproach, very reluctantly offered, I take leave of a work that stands out, beyond all question, as the capital achievement of the exhibition, and to the rare technical merits of which no one who is not a trained artist can be competent to pay the full tribute of praise.

There are one or two other members of the Academy who are seen to advantage in the present exhibition. Mr. Pettie's "Sword and Dagger Fight" possesses very telling qualities of dramatic effect. The scene is conceived with a force and simplicity that are rare in the treatment of such subjects, while those who are indifferent to the interest of the story may find enough to enjoy in the confident and brilliant skill of its execution. The artist's technical resources find, however, a more complete expression in the single figure of a "Lady of the Seventeenth Century," a work that affords perhaps stronger evidence of the distinct gifts of a colourist than any other in the gallery. Every tint is fresh and fair, and yet to each has been assigned its right weight and value in the general scheme; and although there is no extravagant display of executive power, no hint of that unfortunate artistic temper that must be for ever drawing attention to the ease as well as to the excellence of its craft, the painting through-

out keeps the vivid freshness of quality that is the reward of a genuine science. Mr. Calderon's "Home they brought her Warrior Dead" is an improvement upon contributions of recent years, and is besides vastly superior to other works from his hand to be found in the present exhibition. The composition as a whole wants distinction, and there are certain incidents in it that are deficient in taste. Its merit rests upon a certain passion of expression in the two principal figures of mother and child, and upon greater thoroughness in the painting of detail than he has lately thought fit to bestow.

Mr. Long's "Egyptian Feast" being the largest picture in the exhibition, the hanging committee have sapiently placed it in one of the smallest rooms, where the crowds that will surely be attracted by the popular reputation of its author will be able to enjoy the agreeable fumes ascending from the refreshment room, but can scarcely hope to get a fair view of the picture itself. Mr. Long's picture is not in our judgment a masterpiece, but it certainly deserved more respectful treatment at the hands of a society like the Academy, which, to judge from the average contributions of the members, cannot well afford to discourage younger talent. Mr. Long has laboured at his task very conscientiously and with a rare resource, and there are perhaps few English painters of the time who could have produced a work of the same scale and pretensions. The colour is carefully balanced; the drawing, although not everywhere beyond reproach, and nowhere very expressive, bears evidence of training and study; and the composition has all the excellence we have a right to expect from an artist who is not impelled to his labour by any strong invention. Those who can be satisfied with executive skill and with the kind of taste and judgment in design that study may yield, will find here little to desire: others will be disposed to demand, and will certainly miss, the signs of imaginative power and the presence of a sustaining sense of style; and these again will not be disappointed if they have rightly gauged the artist's resources by a study of his achievements in the past.

In this brief review of the works in the Academy I have purposely refrained from discussing the mass of unfortunate contributions by Academicians which give to the first view of the galleries such an unfavourable impression. It is perhaps not too much to hope that these deplorable essays, although obtrusively exposed, do not any longer deceive or mislead the public judgment. The evil is slowly but very surely working its own cure. In maintaining their extravagant privileges in the face of all reason and argument, these gentlemen are now even less considerate of their own reputation than of the public convenience. They have made themselves, in fact,

something in the nature of a joke. That the joke has its serious side in the disrepute into which it is fast bringing the Academy itself, I have already tried to show; but perhaps on the whole it is better that things should take their course, and run without hindrance till they become a manifest scandal. And certainly those who have faith in the future of English art may be the more disposed to adopt this view from the fact that painters and their works are no longer altogether at the mercy of the Academy or its Council.

It would have been more agreeable, had my limits allowed of it, to have entered more at length into what is admirable in the exhibition, and to have added my tribute to the works of many whose names I have unintentionally omitted. In this list, however, are the names of men like Mr. Tadema, M. Dalou, and Mr. Albert Moore, who have little need of praise, and whose works no visitor to the Academy is likely to miss.

J. COMYNS CARR.

SOME FACTS AND FICTIONS OF ZOOLOGY.

WHEN the country swain, loitering along some lane, comes to a standstill to contemplate, with awe and wonder, the spectacle of a mass of the familiar "hair-eels" or "hair-worms" wriggling about in a pool, he plods on his way firmly convinced that, as he has been taught to believe, he has just witnessed the results of the transformation of some horse's hairs into living creatures. So familiar is this belief to people of professedly higher culture than the countryman, that the transformation just alluded to has to all, save a few thinking persons and zoologists, become a matter of the most commonplace kind. When some quarrymen, engaged in splitting up the rocks, have succeeded in dislodging some huge mass of stone, there may sometimes be seen to hop from among the *débris* a lively toad or frog, which comes to be regarded by the excavators with feelings akin to those of superstitious wonder and amazement. The animal may or may not be captured; but the fact is duly chronicled in the local newspapers, and people wonder for a season over the phenomenon of a veritable Rip Van Winkle of a frog, which, to all appearance, has lived for "thousands of years in the solid rock." Nor do the hair-worm and the frog stand alone in respect of their marvellous origin. Popular zoology is full of such marvels. We find unicorns, mermaids, and mermen; geese developed from the shell-fish known as "barnacles;" we are told that crocodiles may weep, and that sirens can sing—in short, there is nothing so wonderful to be told of animals that people will not believe the tale; whilst, curiously enough, when they are told of veritable facts of animal life, heads begin to shake and doubts to be expressed, until the zoologist despairs of educating people into distinguishing fact from fiction, and truth from theories and unsupported beliefs. The story told of the old lady, whose youthful acquaintance of seafaring habits entertained her with tales of the wonders he had seen, finds, after all, a close application in the world at large. The dame listened with delight, appreciation, and belief, to accounts of mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, and

to tales of lands where gold, and silver, and precious stones were more than plentiful. But when the narrator descended to tell of fishes that were able to raise themselves out of the water in flight, the old lady's credulity began to fancy itself imposed upon; for she indignantly repressed what she considered the lad's tendency to exaggeration, saying, "Sugar mountains may be, and rivers of rum may be, but fish that flee ne'er can be!" Many popular beliefs concerning animals partake of the character of the old lady's opinions regarding the real and the fabulous; and the circumstance tells powerfully in favour of the opinion that a knowledge of our surroundings in the world, and an intelligent conception of animal and plant life, should form part of the school-training of every boy and girl.

The tracing of myths and fables is a very interesting task, and it may, therefore, form a curious study, if we endeavour to investigate very briefly a few of the popular and erroneous beliefs regarding lower animals. The belief regarding the origin of the hair-worms is both widely spread and ancient. Shakespeare tells us that

Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison.

The hair-worms certainly present the appearance of long, delicate black hairs, which move about with great activity amidst the mud of pools and ditches. These worms, in the early stages of their existence, inhabit the bodies of insects, and may be found coiled up within the grasshopper, which thus gives shelter to a guest exceeding many times the length of the body of its host. Sooner or later the hair-worm, or *Gordius* as the naturalist terms it, leaves the body of the insect, and lays its eggs, which are fastened together in long strings, in water. From each egg a little creature armed with minute hooks is produced, and this young hair-worm burrows its way into the body of some insect, there to repeat the history of its parent. Such is the well-ascertained history of the hair-worm, excluding entirely the popular belief in its origin. There certainly does exist in science a theory known as that of "spontaneous generation," which, in ancient times, accounted for the production of insects and other animals by assuming that they were produced in some mysterious fashion out of lifeless matter. But not even the most ardent believer in the extreme modification of this theory which holds a place in modern scientific belief, would venture to maintain the production of a hair-worm by the mysterious vivification of an inert substance such as a horse's hair.

The expression "crocodile's tears" has passed into common use, and it therefore may be worth while noting the probable origin of this myth. Shakespeare, with that wide extent of knowledge which enabled him to draw similes from every department of human thought, says that

Gloster's show
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers.

The poet thus indicates the belief that not only do crocodiles shed tears, but that sympathising passengers, turning to commiserate the reptile's woes, are seized and destroyed by the treacherous creatures. That quaint and credulous old author—the earliest writer of English prose—Sir John Maundeville, in his "*Voiage*," or account of his "*Travaile*," published about 1356—in which, by the way, there are to be found accounts of not a few wonderful things in the way of zoological curiosities—tells us that in a certain "*contre* and be all yonde, ben great plenty of Crokodilles, that is, a manner of a long Serpent as I have seyde before." He further remarks that "these Serpents slew men," and devoured them, weeping; and he tells us, too, that "whan thei eaten thei meven (move) the over jowe (upper jaw), and nought the nether (lower) jowe: and thei have no tonge (tongue)." Sir John thus states two popular beliefs of his time and of days prior to his age, namely, that crocodiles moved their upper jaws, and that a tongue was absent in these animals.

As regards the tears of the crocodiles, no foundation of fact exists for the belief in such sympathetic exhibitions. But a highly probable explanation may be given of the manner in which such a belief originated. These reptiles unquestionably emit very loud and singularly plaintive cries, compared by some travellers to the mournful howling of dogs. The earlier and credulous travellers would very naturally associate tears with these cries, and, once begun, the supposition would be readily propagated, for error and myth are ever plants of quick growth. The belief in the movement of the upper jaw rests on an apparent basis of fact. The lower jaw is joined to the skull very far back on the latter, and the mouth-opening thus comes to be singularly wide; whilst, when the mouth opens, the skull and upper jaw are apparently observed to move. This is not the case, however; the apparent movement arising from the manner in which the lower jaw and the skull are joined together. The belief in the absence of the tongue is even more readily explained. When the mouth is widely opened, no tongue is to be seen. This organ is not only present, but is, moreover, of large size; it is, however, firmly

attached to the floor of the mouth, and is specially adapted, from its peculiar form and structure, to assist these animals in the capture and swallowing of their prey.

One of the most curious fables regarding animals which can well be mentioned, is that respecting the so-called "Bernicle" or "Barnacle Geese," which by the naturalists and educated persons of the Middle Ages were believed to be produced by those little Crustaceans named "Barnacles." With the "Barnacles" everyone must be familiar who has examined the floating drift-wood of the sea-beach, or who has seen ships docked in a seaport town. A barnacle is simply a kind of crab enclosed in a triangular shell, and attached by a fleshy stalk to fixed objects. If the barnacle is not familiar to readers, certain near relations of these animals must be well known, by sight at least, as amongst the most familiar denizens of our sea-coasts. These latter are the "Sea Acorns" or *Balan*i, whose little conical shells we crush by hundreds as we walk over the rocks at low-water mark; whilst every wooden pile immersed in the sea becomes coated in a short time with a thick crust of these "Sea Acorns." If we place one of these little animals, barnacle or acorn—the latter wanting the stalk of the former—in its native waters, we shall observe a beautiful little series of feathery plumes to wave backwards and forwards, and ever and anon to be quickly withdrawn into the secure recesses of the shell. These organs are the modified feet of the animal, which not only serve for sweeping food-particles into the mouth, but act also as breathing-organs. We may, therefore, find it a curious study to inquire through what extraordinary transformation and confusion of ideas such an animal could be credited with giving origin to a veritable goose; and the investigation of the subject will afford a singularly apt illustration of the ready manner in which the fable of one year or period becomes transmitted and transformed into the secure and firm belief of the next.

We may begin our investigation by inquiring into some of the opinions which were entertained on this subject and ventilated by certain old writers. Between 1154 and 1189 Giraldus Cambrensis, in a work entitled "*Topographia Hiberniæ*," written in Latin, remarks concerning "many birds which are called *Bernacæ* : against nature, nature produces them in a most extraordinary way. They are like marsh geese, but somewhat smaller. They are produced from fir-timber tossed along the sea, and are at first like gum. Afterwards they hang down by their beaks, as if from a sea-weed attached to the timber, surrounded by shells, in order to grow more freely." *Giraldus is here evidently describing the barnacles themselves.* He

continues: "Having thus, in process of time, been clothed with a strong coat of feathers, they either fall into the water or fly freely away into the air. They derive their food and growth from the sap of the wood or the sea, by a secret and most wonderful process of alimentation. I have frequently, with my own eyes, seen more than a thousand of these small bodies of birds, hanging down on the sea-shore from one piece of timber, enclosed in shells, and already formed." Here, again, our author is speaking of the barnacles themselves, with which he naturally confuses the geese, since he presumes the Crustaceans are simply geese in an undeveloped state. He further informs his readers that, owing to their presumably marine origin, "bishops and clergymen in some parts of Ireland do not scruple to dine off these birds at the time of fasting, because they are not flesh, nor born of flesh," although, for certain other and theological reasons, Giraldus disputes the legality of this practice of the Hibernian clerics.

In the year 1527 appeared "The Hystory and Cronickis of Scotland, with the cosmography and dyscription thair of, compilit be the noble Clerk Maister Hector Boece, Channon of Aberdene." Boece's "History" was written in Latin, the title we have just quoted being that of the English version of the work (1540), which title further sets forth that Boece's work was "Translatit laity in our vulgar and commoun langage be Maister Johne Bellenden, Archedene of Murray, And Imprentit in Edinburgh, be me Thomas Davidson, prenter to the Kyngis nobyll grace." In this learned work the author discredits the popular ideas regarding the origin of the geese. "Sum men belevis that thir clakis (geese) growis on treis be the nebbis (bills). Bot thair opinioun is vane. And becaus the nature and procreation of thir clakis is strange, we have maid na lytyll laboure and deligence to serche ye treuth and verite yairof, we have salit (sailed) throw ye seis quhare thir clakis ar bred, and I fynd be gret experience, that the nature of the seis is mair relevant caus of thair procreation than ony uthir thyng." According to Boece, then, "the nature of the seis" formed the chief element in the production of the geese, and our author proceeds to relate how "all treis (trees) that ar cassin in the seis be proces of tyme apperis first wormeetin (worm-eaten), and in the small boris and hollis (holes) thair of growis small worms." Our author no doubt here alludes to the ravages of the *Teredo*, or ship-worm, which burrows into timber, and with which the barnacles themselves are thus confused. Then he continues, the "wormis" first "schaw (show) thair heid and feit, and last of all thay schaw thair plumis and wyngis. Finally, quhen thay ar cumyn to the just

mesure and quantite of geis, thay fle in the aire as othir fowlis dois, as was notably provyn, in the yeir of God ane thousand iii hundred lxxxx, in sicht of mony pepyll, besyde the castell of Petslego." On the occasion referred to, Boece tells us that a great tree was cast on shore and was divided, by order of the "lard" of the ground, by means of a saw. Wonderful to relate, the tree was found not merely to be riddled with a "multitude of wormis," throwing themselves out of the holes of the tree, but some of the "wormis" had "baith heid, feit and wyngis," but, adds the author, "thay had no fedderis (feathers)."

Unquestionably either the scientific use of the imagination had operated in this instance in inducing the observers to believe that in this tree, riddled by the ship-worms, and possibly having barnacles attached to it, they beheld young geese; or Boece had construed the appearances described, as those representing the embryo-stages of the barnacle-geese.

Boece further relates how a ship named the *Christofir* was brought to Leith, and was broken down because her timbers had grown old and failing. In these timbers were beheld the same "wormeetin" appearances, "all the hollis thairof" being "full of geis." Boece again most emphatically rejects the idea that the "geis" were produced from the wood of which the timbers were composed, and once more proclaims his belief that the "nature of the seis resolvit in geis" may be accepted as the true and final explanation of their origin. A certain "Maister Alexander Galloway" had apparently strolled with the historian along the sea-coast, the former giving "his mynd with maist ernist besynes to serche the verite of this obscure and mysty dowtis." Lifting up a piece of tangle, they beheld the sea-weed to be hanging full of mussel-shells from the root to the branches. Maister Galloway opened one of the mussel-shells, and was "mair astonist than afore" to find no fish therein, but a perfectly-shaped "foule, smal and gret" as corresponded to the "quantity of the shell." And once again Boece draws the inference that the trees or wood on which the creatures are found have nothing to do with the origin of the birds; and that the fowls are begotten of the "oceane see, quhilk," concludes our author, "is the caus and production of mony wonderful thingis."

More than fifty years after the publication of Boece's "History," old Gerard of London, the famous "master in chirurgerie" of his day, gave an account of the barnacle-geese, and not only entered into minute particulars of its growth and origin, but illustrated its manner of production by means of the engraver's art of his &

Gerard's "Herball," published in 1597, thus contains, amongst much that is curious in medical lore, a very quaint piece of zoological history. He tells us that "in the north parts of Scotland, and the Ilands adjacent, called Orchades (Orkneys)," are found "certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour tending to russet; wherein are contained little living creatures: which shels in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them grow those little living foules whom we call Barnakles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese; but the other that do fall upon the land, perish, and come to nothing: thus much by the writings of others, and also from the mouths of people of those parts, which may," concludes Gerard, "very well accord with truth."

Not content with hearsay evidence, however, Gerard relates what his eyes saw and hands touched. He describes how on the coasts of a certain "small Ilande in Lancashire called Pile of Foulders" (probably Peel Island), the wreckage of ships is cast up by the waves, along with the trunks and branches "of old and rotten trees." On these wooden rejectamenta "a certaine spume or froth" grows, according to Gerard. This spume "in time breedeth unto certaine shels, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour." This description, it may be remarked, clearly applies to the barnacles themselves. Gerard then continues to point out how, when the shell is perfectly formed, it "gapeth open, and the first thing that appeereth is the foresaid lace or string"—the substance described by Gerard as contained within the shell—"next come the legs of the Birde hanging out; and as it groweth greater, it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come foorth, and hangeth only by the bill; in short space after it commeth to full maturitie, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a foule, bigger then a Mallard, and lesser then a Goose, having blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white . . . which the people of Lancashire call by no other name then a tree Goose."

Accompanying this description is the engraving of the bernicle-tree, bearing its geese-progeny. From the open shells in two cases, the little geese are seen protruding, whilst several of the fully-fledged fowls are disporting themselves in the sea below. Gerard's concluding piece of information, with its exordium, must not be omitted. "They spawn," says the wise apothecary, "as it were, in March or Aprill; the Geese are found in Maie or June, and come to fulnesse of feathers in the moneth after. And thus hauing, through God's assistance, discoursed somewhat at large of Grasses, Herbes, Shrubs,

Trees, Mosses, and certaine excrescences of the earth, with other things moe incident to the Historie thereof, we conclude and end our present volume, with this woonder of England. For which God's name be euer honored and praised." It is to be remarked that Gerard's description of the goose-progeny of the barnacle-tree exactly corresponds with the appearance of the bird known to ornithologists as the "barnacle-geese," whilst there can be no doubt that, skilled as was this author in the natural-history lore of his day, there was no other feeling in his mind than that of firm belief in and pious wonder at the curious relations between the shells and their fowl-offspring. Gerard thus attributes the origin of the latter to the barnacles. He says nothing of the "wormeetin" holes and burrows so frequently mentioned by Boece, nor would he have agreed with the latter in crediting the "nature of the oceane see" with their production, save in so far as their barnacle-parents lived and existed in the waters of the ocean.

The last account of this curious fable which we may allude to in the present instance is that of Sir Robert Moray, who, in his work entitled "*A Relation concerning Barnacles*," published in the "*Philosophical Transactions*" of the Royal Society in 1677-78, gives a succinct account of these crustaceans and their bird-progeny. Sir Robert is described as "lately one of His Majesties Council for the Kingdom of Scotland," and we may therefore justly assume his account to represent that of a cultured, observant person of his day and generation. The account begins by remarking that the "most ordinary trees" found in the western islands of Scotland "are Firr and Ash." "Being," continues Sir Robert, "in the Island of East (Uist), I saw lying upon the shore a cut of a large Firr-tree of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ foot diameter, and 9 or 10 foot long; which had lain so long out of the water that it was very dry: And most of the shells that had formerly cover'd it, were worn or rubb'd off. Only on the parts that lay next the ground, there still hung multitudes of little Shells; having within them little Birds, perfectly shap'd, supposed to be Barnacles." Here again the description applies to the barnacles; the "little birds" they are described as containing being of course the bodies of the shell-fish.

"The Shells," continues the narrator, "hang at the Tree by a Neck longer than the Shell," this "neck" being represented by the stalk of the barnacle. The neck is described as being composed "of a kind of filmy substance, round, and hollow, and creassed, not unlike the Wind-pipe of a Chicken; spreading out broadest where it is fastened to the Tree, from which it seems to draw and convey the

matter which serves for the growth and vegetation of the Shell and the little Bird within it." Sir Robert Moray therefore agrees in respect of the manner of nourishment of the barnacles with the opinion of Giraldus already quoted. The author goes on to describe the "Bird" found in every shell he opened; remarking that "there appeared nothing wanting as to the internal parts, for making up a perfect Sea-fowl: every little part appearing so distinctly, that the whole looked like a large Bird seen through a concave or diminishing Glass, colour and feature being everywhere so clear and neat." The "Bird" is most minutely described as to its bill, eyes, head, neck, breast, wings, tail, and feet, the feathers being "everywhere perfectly shaped, and blackish-coloured. All being dead and dry," says Sir Robert, "I did not look after the Internal parts of them," a statement decidedly inconsistent with his previous assertion as to the perfect condition of the "internal parts;" and he takes care to add, "nor did I ever see any of the little Birds alive, nor met with anybody that did. Only some credible persons," he concludes, "have assured me they have seen some as big as their fist."

This last writer thus avers that he saw little birds within the shells he clearly enough describes as those of the barnacles. We must either credit Sir Robert with describing what he never saw, or with misconstruing what he did see. His description of the goose corresponds with that of the barnacle-geese, the reputed progeny of the shells; and it would, therefore, seem that this author, with the myth at hand, saw the barnacles only with the eyes of a credulous observer, and thus beheld, in the inside of each shell—if, indeed, his research actually extended thus far—the reproduction in miniature of a goose, with which, as a mature bird, he was well acquainted.

We give on the next page a woodcut, copied from Munster's "Cosmography" (1550), a very popular book in its time, showing the tree with its fruit, and the geese which are supposed to have just escaped from it.

This historical ramble may fitly preface what we have to say regarding the probable origin of the myth. By what means could the barnacles become credited with the power of producing the well-known geese? Once started, the progress and growth of the myth are easily accounted for. The mere transmission of a fable from one generation or century to another is a simply explained circumstance, and one exemplified by the practices of our own times. The process of accretion and addition is also well illustrated in the perpetuation of fables; since the tale is certain to lose nothing in its historical journey, but, on the contrary, to receive additional elaboration with

increasing age. Professor Max Müller, after discussing various theories of the origin of the barnacle myth, declares in favour of the idea that confusion of language and alterations of names lie at the root of the error. The learned author of the "Science of Language" argues that the true barnacles were named, properly enough, *bernaculæ*, and lays stress on the fact that bernicle geese were first caught in Ireland. That country becomes *Hibernia* in Latin, and the Irish geese were accordingly named *Hibernicæ*, or *Hiberniculæ*. By the omission of the first syllable—no uncommon operation for words to undergo—we obtain the name *Berniculæ* for the geese, this term being almost synonymous with the name *Bernaculæ* already applied, as we have seen, to the barnacles. Bernicle-geese and bernicle-



shells, confused in name, thus became confused in nature ; and, once started, the ordinary process of growth was sufficient to further intensify, and render more realistic, the story of the bernicle-tree and its wonderful progeny.

By way of a companion legend to that of the Barnacle-tree we may select the story of the "Lamb-tree" of Cathay, told by Sir John Maundeville, whose notes of travel regarding crocodiles' tears, and other points in the conformation of these reptiles, have already been referred to. Sir John, in that chapter of his work which treats "Of the Contries and Yles that ben bezonde the Lond of Cathay; and of the Frutes there," &c., relates that in Cathay "there growethe a manner of Fruyt, as thoughe it were Gowrdes: and whan thei

ben rype, men kутten (cut) hem a to (them in two), and men fynden with inne a lytyle Best (beast), in Flessche in Bon and Blode (bone and blood) as though it were a lytyle Lomb (lamb) with outhen wolle (without wool). And men eten both the Frut and the Best; and that," says Sir John, "is a gret marveylle. Of that fruit," he continues, "I have eten; alle thoughe it were wondirfulle"—this being added, no doubt, from an idea that there might possibly be some stay-at-home persons who would take Sir John's statement *cum grano salis*, "But that," adds this worthy "knyght of Ingelond," "I knowe wel that God is marveyllous in his Werkes." And not to be behind the inhabitants of Cathay in a tale of wonders, the knight related to these Easterns "als gret a marveylle to hem that is amonges us; and that was of the Bernakes. For I tolde hem hat in oure Countree weren Trees that beren a Fruyt, that becomen Briddes (birds) fleeynge: and tho that fellen in the Water lyven (live); and thei that fallen on the Erthe dyen anon: and thei ben right gode to mannes mete (man's meat). And here had thei als gret marvayle," concludes Sir John, "that sufne of hem trowed it were an impossible thing to be." Probably the inhabitants of Cathay, knowing their own weakness as regards the lamb-tree, might possess a fellow-feeling for their visitor's credulity, knowing well, from experience, the readiness with which a "gret marvayle" could be evolved and sustained.

Passing from the sphere of the mythical and marvellous as represented in mediæval times, we may shortly discuss a question, which, of all others, may justly claim a place in the records of zoological curiosities—namely, the famous and oft-repeated story of the "Toad from the solid rock," as the country newspapers style the incident. Regularly, year by year, and in company with the reports of the sea-serpent's reappearance, we may read of the discoveries of toads and frogs in situations and under circumstances suggestive of a singular vitality on the part of the amphibians, of more than usual credulity on the part of the hearers, or of a large share of inventive genius in the narrators of such tales. The question possesses for everyone a certain degree of interest, evoked by the curious and strange features presented on the face of the tales. And it may therefore not only prove an interesting but also a useful study, if we endeavour to arrive at some just and logical conceptions of these wonderful narrations.

Instances of the discovery of toads and frogs in solid rocks need not be specially given; suffice it to say, that these narratives are repeated year by year with little variation. A large block of stone or face of rock is detached from its site, and a toad or frog is seen hereafter to be hopping about in its usual lively manner. The com-

clusion to which the bystanders invariably come is, that the animal must have been contained within the rock, and that it was liberated by the dislodgment of the mass. Now, in many instances, cases of the appearance of toads during quarrying-operations have been found, on close examination, to present no evidence whatever that the appearance of the animals was due to the dislodgment of the stones. A frog or toad may be found hopping about amongst some recently formed *débris*, and the animal is at once seized upon and reported as having emerged from the rocks into the light of day. There is in such a case not the slightest ground for supposing any such thing; the animal may more reasonably be presumed to have hopped into the *débris* from its ordinary habitat. But laying aside narratives of this kind, which lose their plausibility under a very common-place scrutiny, there still exist cases, reported in an apparently exact and truthful manner, in which these animals have been alleged to appear from the inner crevices of rocks after the removal of large masses of the formations. We shall assume these latter tales to contain a plain, unvarnished statement of what was observed, and deal with the evidence they present on this footing.

One or two notable examples of such verified tales are related by Smellie, in his "Philosophy of Natural History." Thus, in the "Memoirs of the French Academy of Science" for 1719, a toad is described as having been found in the heart of an elm-tree; and another is stated to have been found in the heart of an old oak-tree, in 1731, near Nantz. The condition of the trees is not expressly stated, nor are we afforded any information regarding the appearance of the toads—particulars of considerable importance in view of the suggestions and explanations to be presently brought forward. Smellie himself, whilst inclined to be sceptical in regard to the truth or exactness of many of the tales told of the vitality of toads, yet regards the matter as affording food for reflection, since he remarks, "But I mean not to persuade, for I cannot satisfy myself; all I intend is, to recommend to those gentlemen who may hereafter chance to see such rare phenomena, a strict examination of every circumstance that can throw light upon a subject so dark and mysterious; for the vulgar, ever inclined to render uncommon appearances still more marvellous, are not to be trusted."

This author strikes the key-note of the inquiry in his concluding words, and we shall find that the explanation of the matter really lies in the clear understanding of what are the probabilities, and what the actual details, of the cases presented for consideration. We may firstly, then, glance at a few of the peculiarities of the frogs and toads, regarded from a zoological point of view. As everyone knows,

these animals emerge from the egg in the form of little fish-like "tadpoles," provided with outside gills, which are soon replaced by inside gills, resembling those of fishes. The hind legs are next developed, and the fore limbs follow a little later; whilst, with the development of lungs, and the disappearance of the gills and tail, the animal leaves the water, and remains for the rest of its life an air-breathing, terrestrial animal. Then, secondly, in the adult frog or toad, the naturalist would point to the importance of the skin as not only supplementing but, in some cases, actually supplanting the work of the lungs as the breathing organ. Frogs and toads will live for months under water, and will survive the excision of the lungs for like periods; the skin in such cases serving as the breathing surface. A third point worthy of remembrance is included in the facts just related, and is implied in the information that these animals can exist for long periods without food, and with but a limited supply of air. We can understand this toleration on the part of these animals when we take into consideration their cold-blooded habits, which do not necessitate, and which are not accompanied by, the amount of vital activity which we are accustomed to note in higher animals. And, as a last feature in the purely scientific history of the frogs and toads, it may be remarked that these animals are known to live for long periods. One pet toad is mentioned by a Mr. Arscott as having attained, to his knowledge, the age of thirty-six years; and a greater age still might have been recorded of this specimen, but for the untoward treatment it sustained at the hands, or rather beak, of a tame raven. In all probability it may be safely assumed that, when the conditions of life are favourable, these creatures may attain a highly venerable age—regarding the lapse of time from a purely human and interested point of view.

We may now enquire whether or not the foregoing considerations may serve to throw any light upon the tales of the quarryman. The first point to which attention may be directed is that involved in the statement that the amphibian has been imprisoned in a *solid* rock. Much stress is usually laid on the fact that the rock was solid; this fact being held as implying the great age, not to say antiquity, of the rock and its supposed tenant. The impartial observer, after an examination of the evidence presented, will be inclined to doubt greatly the justification for inserting the adjective "solid;" for usually no evidence whatever is forthcoming as to the state of the rock prior to its removal. No previous examination of the rock is or can be made, from the circumstance that no interest can possibly attach to its condition until its removal reveals the apparent wonder it contained,

in the shape of the live toad. And we rarely, if ever, find mention of any examination of the rock being made subsequently to the discovery. Hence, a first and grave objection may be taken to the validity of the supposition that the rock was solid, and it may be fairly urged that on this supposition the whole question turns and depends. For if the rock cannot be proved to have been impermeable to and barred against the entrance of living creatures, the objector may proceed to show the possibility of the toad having gained admission, under certain notable circumstances, to its prison-house.

The frog or toad in its young state, and having just entered upon its terrestrial life, is a small creature, which could, with the utmost ease, wriggle into crevices and crannies of a size which would almost preclude such apertures being noticed at all. Gaining access to a roomier crevice or nook within, and finding there a due supply of air, along with a dietary consisting chiefly of insects, the animal would grow with tolerable rapidity, and would increase to such an extent that egress through its aperture of entrance would become an impossibility. Next, let us suppose that the toleration of the toad's system to starvation and a limited supply of air is taken into account, together with the fact that these creatures will hibernate during each winter, and thus economise, as it were, their vital activity and strength; and after the animal has thus existed for a year or two—no doubt under singularly hard conditions—let us imagine that the rock is split up by the wedge and lever of the excavator; we can then readily enough account for the apparently inexplicable story of "the toad in the rock." "There is the toad and here is the solid rock," say the gossips. "There is an animal which has singular powers of sustaining life under untoward conditions, and which, in its young state, could have gained admittance to the rock through a mere crevice," says the naturalist in reply. Doubtless, the great army of the unconvinced may still believe in the tale as told them, for the weighing of evidence and the placing *pros* and *cons* in fair contrast are not tasks of congenial or wonted kind in the ordinary run of life. Some people there will be who will believe in the original solid rock and its toad, despite the assertion of the geologist that the earliest fossils of toads appear in almost the last formed rocks, and that a live toad in rocks of very ancient age—presuming, according to the popular belief, that the animal was enclosed when the rock was formed—would be as great an anomaly and wonder as the mention as an historical fact of an express-train or the telegraph in the days of the patriarchs. The reasonable mind, however, will ponder and consider each feature of the case, and will rather prefer to countenance a supposition based on ordinary

experience, than an explanation brought ready-made from the domain of the miraculous. Whilst not the least noteworthy feature of these cases is that included in the remark of Smellie respecting the tendency of uneducated and superstitious persons to magnify what is uncommon, and in his sage conclusion that, as a rule, such persons in the matter of their relations "are not to be trusted."

But it must also be noted that we possess valuable evidence of a positive and direct kind bearing on the duration of life in toads under adverse circumstances; and, as this evidence tells most powerfully against the supposition that the existence of those creatures can be indefinitely prolonged, it forms of itself a veritable court of appeal in the cases under discussion. The late Dr. Buckland, curious to learn the exact extent of the vitality of the toad, caused, in the year 1825, two large blocks of stone to be prepared. One of the blocks was taken from the oolite limestone, and in this first stone, twelve cells were excavated. Each cell was 1 foot deep and 5 inches in diameter. The mouth of each cell was grooved so as to admit of two covers being placed over the aperture; the first or lower cover being of glass, and the upper one of slate. Both covers were so adapted that they could be firmly luted down with clay or putty; the object of this double protection being that the slate cover could be raised so as to inspect the contained object through the closed glass cover without admitting air. In the second or sandstone block, a series of twelve cells was also excavated; these latter cells being, however, of smaller size than those of the limestone block, each cell being only 6 inches in depth by 5 inches in diameter. These cells were likewise fitted with double covers.

On November 26, 1825, a live toad—kept for some time previously to ensure its being healthy—was placed in each of the twenty-four cells. The largest specimen weighed 1,185 grains, and the smallest 115 grains. The stones and the immured toads were buried on the day mentioned, 3 feet deep, in Dr. Buckland's garden. There they lay until December 10, 1826, when they were disinterred and their tenants examined. All the toads in the smaller cells of the sandstone block were dead, and from the progress of decomposition it was inferred that they had succumbed long before the date of disinterment. The majority of the toads in the limestone block were alive, and, curiously enough, one or two had actually increased in weight. Thus, No. 5, which at the commencement of its captivity had weighed 1,185 grains, had increased to 1,265 grains; but the glass cover of No. 5's cell was found to be cracked. Insects and air must, therefore, have obtained admittance and have afforded nourishment to the

imprisoned toad ; this supposition being rendered the more likely by the discovery that in one of the cells, the covers of which were also cracked and the tenant of which was dead, numerous insects were found. No. 9, weighing originally 988 grains, had increased during its incarceration to 1,116 grains ; but No. 1, which in the year 1825 had weighed 924 grains, was found in December 1826 to have decreased to 698 grains ; and No. 11, originally weighing 936 grains, had likewise disagreed with the imprisonment, weighing only 652 grains when examined in 1826.

At the period when the blocks of stone were thus prepared, four toads were pinned up in holes 5 inches deep and 3 inches in diameter, cut in the stem of an apple tree ; the holes being firmly plugged with tightly-fitting wooden plugs. These four toads were found to be dead when examined along with the others in 1826 ; and of four others enclosed in basins made of plaster-of-Paris, and which were also buried in Dr. Buckland's garden, two were found to be dead at the end of a year, their comrades being alive, but looking starved and meagre. The toads which were found alive in the limestone block in December 1826 were again immured and buried, but were found to be dead, without leaving a single survivor, at the end of the second year of their imprisonment.

These experiments may fairly be said to prove two points. They firstly show that even under circumstances of a favourable kind when compared with the condition popularly believed in—namely, that of being enclosed in a *solid* rock—the limit of the toad's life may be assumed to be within two years ; this period being no doubt capable of being extended when the animal possesses a slight advantage, exemplified by the admission of air and insect-food. And, secondly, we may argue that these experiments show that toads when rigorously treated, like other animals, become starved and meagre, and by no means resemble the lively, well-fed animals reported as having emerged from an imprisonment extending, in popular estimation, through periods of inconceivable duration. These tales are, in short, as devoid of actual foundation as are the modern beliefs in the venomous properties of the toad, or the ancient beliefs in the occult and mystic powers of various parts of its frame when used in incantations. Shakespeare, whilst attributing to the toad venomous qualities, has yet immortalised it in his famous simile, by crediting it with the possession of a "precious jewel." But even in the latter case the animal gets but scant justice ; for science strips it of its poetical reputation, and in this, as in other respects, shows it, despite fable and myth, to be an interesting but commonplace member of the animal series.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE GRAND TURK AT HOME.

PART II.

I WAS venturesome enough to promise, in the first portion of these remarks, that my brief consideration of the Grand Turk as a fighting animal should be followed by a discourse portraying him as an animal that smokes pipes, eats *pilaf*, drinks coffee (and occasionally *raki*), and who has more wives than he is entitled to possess. Let me premise that the only Turk of whom I intend to say anything is he of Constantinople—the Moslem of Stamboul; and to him and the varieties of him as visible on the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, I intend exclusively to confine myself: for the simple reason, that he and his varieties happen to be the only Turks whom I have seen and about whom I know anything. Possibly Anglo-Turks may tell me that the Osmanli, as he is evident at Stamboul, is not by any means a typical or representative Turk, and that if I wished to become fully acquainted with the full worth of the Turkish character—its simplicity, love of truth, sense of honour, integrity, piety, and so forth—I should travel into Roumelia or Bulgaria, or, above all, to Asia Minor. But as I cannot forget that Constantinople is the capital of the Ottoman Empire, both in Europe and in Asia; as the metropolis in question is notoriously the seat of government both political and ecclesiastical, and of such arts and sciences as Turkey possesses; and as, finally and notoriously, it is from Constantinople that the Pashas and nearly the whole of the officials who rule the different provinces are drawn, I conceive that I am warranted in regarding the Turk of Stamboul as the typical and representative Grand Turk at Home. Were there any other cities in the Empire politically or socially worth consideration—did Broussa, or Bagdad, or Adrianople, or Damascus, possess, with regard to Constantinople, a twentieth part of the importance which Manchester and Liverpool, Glasgow and Birmingham, Leeds and Sheffield, possess with regard to London, I should not look on the denizen of Stamboul as a representative of Turkish character and manners. As it is, not overlooking the existence of Smyrna, which is notable enough as a commercial emporium, but is so cosmopolitan as to be as little typical of

Mahometan Turkey as Odessa is of Slavonic Russia, I hold the doctrine which Heinrich Heine held touching the pre-eminence of Paris over the provincial towns of France ; and I say, paraphrasing the German satirist, that, Constantinople being the Head of Islam, the opinions of Broussa or Bagdad, Adrianople or Philippopolis, are of no more account than the opinions of a man's Legs. In stating this, nevertheless, I bear in mind the axiom which warns us that there is no rule without an exception. Damascus and Bagdad, Philippopolis and Adrianople, and the other provincial towns of Turkey, do now and again assume momentary proportions of importance as compared with Stamboul : when their inhabitants burst forth in a frenzy of religious fanaticism and fall to slaughtering Christians right and left. The so-called "Bulgarian Atrocities" did not by any means constitute the kind of frenzy I mean. The massacres in question were only "administrative measures" deliberately settled and arranged in the bureaux of the Seraskierat and Vizierat of Stamboul, and carried out by the very practical executive of Bashi-Bazouks and Circassian *tcherkesses*, and by Mr. Gladstone's celebrated Bimbashis, Kaimakams, and Zaptiehs. An outbreak of local *odium theologicum* in Turkey is quite another thing.

If we wish to obtain anything approaching even a rudimentary acquaintance with the Grand Turk at Home, we are bound to consider the animal (deem me not needlessly discourteous in so qualifying him ; what says the Aristotelian scholiast ? *Τὸ ζῷον ὅνπερ ἄνθρωπον καλοῦμεν*) from a dual point of view : first as an Old and next as a Young Turk. The first section of Osmanlis may be further subdivided into Good Old Turks and Rascally Old Turks. The second does not appear to be susceptible of any process of subdivision.

I should very much like to be able to schedule, *à la* Theophrastus, the leading characteristics of Nice Young Turks and Nasty Young Turks ; but I have never yet discovered the nice element among the juvenile Osmanlis—I mean those of adult years—whom I have met.

Let me endeavour to catch a glimpse of the Good Old Turk. I will suppose him to be about sixty years of age ; thus, about the period of Sultan Mahmoud's making an end of the Janissaries, the G. O. T.—suppose we call him Hadji Ibrahim for shortness—was a small boy tracing the letters of the Turkish alphabet in a tray full of sand in the *mekteb* or elementary school attached to the mosque of his district. As a young man he studied his Koran assiduously at a *medressch* or college ; and as a theological or legal student—the terms are convertible—he would nowadays be known and make a noise in the world as a Softa. That term is, I suppose, of Arabico-Persian origin ; still you may compare it with the Greek σόφος, and with the

American collegiate-slang "soph." Of course he made when young the pilgrimage to Mecca. Thence his title of Hadji. Possibly he may be a Descendant of the Prophet; and in that case he would be entitled to wear a green turban, and might be greeted among the faithful as an Emir; but his illustrious ancestry, while it gave him much social consideration among the "serious classes" of Stamboul, would not by any means confer social rank upon him. The door-keeper or the sweeper-out of the mosque, the cobbler or kibab-seller in the next blind alley—nay, the beggar in the next gate—might be, equally with Hadji Ibrahim, a Descendant of the Prophet, privileged to wear a verdant rag round his head, and claiming equal veneration from believers. The Hadji has not been in the army. He has never even held any civil appointments under Government beyond those, perchance, of a *cadi* or judge, or a mufti or expounder of the sacro-legal law. In all probability he is a clerical lawyer or a legal-cleric, for it is extremely difficult in Turkey to know where the priest ends and the lawyer begins. Was it not the same with us in England? Were not our early chancellors usually prelates? Were not our diplomatists, so late as the times of Henry VIII., generally doctors of the civil law and advocates in the ecclesiastical courts? It is not at all unlikely that the Good Old Turk may have held high clerical rank as an Imam or a Mollah, or perhaps he has served the inferior but still respectable offices of a *Kodja*, or Elder, a *Mooktar*, or head of a district, or of a *Kiatib* or scribe and registrar. At all events, he is or has been more or less intimately connected with the *Ulema*, the corporate term for the professors of law and religion in Islam. Very rarely has Hadji Ibrahim been a merchant on an extensive scale; and in scarcely any case is he a banker. Wholesale commerce and finance he leaves, and contemptuously leaves, to the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Levantines generally. The inland carpet and tobacco trade is mainly in the hands of the Persians and the Syrians. There are government factories and arsenals galore in Constantinople; but a native Moslem manufacturer of anything more important than pipe-bowls and sticks and brazen coffee-pots and trays, might in vain be sought for. The Grand Turk does not even make the cut-glass *carafes* for the *narghilés* which he smokes, the fez caps which he wears, or the attar-of-rose bottles at which his *khanoums* smell. The fezzes are made at Marseilles and at Strasburg; the cut-glass *carafes* and perfume-vials come from Vienna; and the very attar-of-rose trade itself is monopolised by a few enterprising Germans settled in Turkey. As for the silken fabrics of Broussa, which make such pretty ball-dresses

and opera-cloaks for European ladies, and the renowned Turkey carpets so highly prized as an adornment for European dining-rooms—those *tapis* of wondrously harmonious hue, of which the pattern, it has been said, is like nothing in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth—none of these things are the products of millionaire manufacturers; they are made piecemeal at cottage looms and frames by poor artisans with, as a rule, no more capital than the old “garret masters” of Birmingham had. The factors or middlemen who distribute these products are not Osmanlis, but Greeks, Turks, and Levantines. It is not, in fact, the mission of the Grand Turk to make anything on a large scale. It is, on the contrary, his mission to destroy everything on which he can lay his annihilating paw, and on the very grandest of scales. He was born, seemingly, not only *fruges consumere*, but likewise to burn the standing crops, and to root up the growing fruit-trees, to choke the wells, to smash the bridges, ruin the roads, unroof the houses, and generally “raise Cain and break things” for the greater glory of Allah and of Mahomet.

When Hadji Ibrahim was a little boy his head was kept shaven and he wore a scarlet skull-cap with a muslin turban (white or green) twisted round it, an embroidered caftan, very baggy breeches, and roomy slippers and papouches. His father, who flourished in the reign of Sultan Selim, used to wear a turban as big as a good-sized pumpkin, and, in winter time, a robe with ample sleeves and skirts reaching to his heels, and lined with more or less expensive fur. If Hadji Ibrahim be indeed a Descendant of the Prophet, or if he be still actively engaged in the service of the mosque or the exposition of the law, he will wear a tolerable-sized turban, a flowing robe, and a broad sash girt round his loins. The only concessions made to modern European notions apparent in his costume may be, first, that he carries a handsome watch and chain, and next, that he no longer appears in the street with his bare feet ill protected by flapping papouches. In early youth and adolescence he found that it was quite possible to be good and happy without socks; but of late years he has not disdained the assistance of Balbriggan hosiery, nor even of Blucher or side-spring boots. And—above all things bear this in mind—the Good Old Turk is nothing without his umbrella. He prefers one of a stout build, and of a tint verging upon that of pickled cabbage. Such an umbrella, abating its sanguinolent hue, was the illustrious Mrs. Gamp accustomed to carry. It is quite feasible, on the other hand, for Hadji Ibrahim to be the very best old Turk, and yet to have all but discarded the Oriental costume. If he be a practising

lawyer, a practising ecclesiastic, or a shopkeeper in active business in the Bezisteen or in a Khan, he may adhere to the turban and the caftan; otherwise the all-but universal costume of respectable Turks is uniform, consisting of a black frock-coat with a standing collar, the whole garment cut as squarely as a Quaker's, a waist-coat, and "pants" of European fashion, but of somewhat ready-made slop-shop guise, and the distinguishing scarlet fez cap, with a *gland* or broad tassel of the darkest indigo-blue pendent behind. The fez (pronounced *fesch*) is a headgear of Moorish and strictly orthodox origin, and was obviously, in old time, the core round which the peripheral turban was wound. The Turkish lady's fez, indeed, shrinks to the dimensions of a tiny skull-cap, round which she disposes her *yashmak*. But Sultan Mahmoud was as sternly determined to coerce the upper classes among his subjects to discard their flowing caftans and sashes, and their pumpkin-shaped turbans, as Peter the Great was resolved to force his boyards to shave off their beards and substitute European coats and small-clothes for the Tartar dress they had been wont for centuries to wear. Mahmoud was the first Osmanli Sultan whose *turbah* or tomb was, after his death, surmounted by a scarlet fez in lieu of a spheroidal turban. That was one, perhaps, among the many causes which led to this notable Ottoman reformer being called the "Giaour" or "Infidel" Padishah.

If the Good Old Turk be a tolerably wealthy individual—you may be sure, if he is rich, that he does not entrust his money to the keeping of an Armenian *shroff* or of a Greek *trapesites*, but that he prefers to send it to the orthodox treasury attached to the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent in Stamboul¹—it is probable that his home will be furnished in a tolerably comfortable manner, and that it may even contain a few looking-glasses and a French clock or two. At the same time it is likely enough that he will, as a rule, go to bed with his clothes on: heaping in winter time a number of furs and quilted coverlets over his limbs to keep himself warm; and that the bed itself will be only an ordinary sitting-room divan, with some cushions to serve the purpose of pillows. And now, touching the very important question of

¹ I should speak here, perhaps, more appropriately in the past than in the present tense. Every stranger who visits the Suleimanyeh Mosque at Stamboul must have observed, piled up on the gallery on the northern side, an immense number of cases, chests, and coffers, of every kind and material, from iron and solid leather to rough pine. These boxes, according to the guide-books and the dragomen, are full of money and plate in gold and silver, and are here deposited as an inviolable national bank. Every deposit is duly registered at the *suffo* of the Suleimanyeh, and can be withdrawn by the owner on the production of the proper document. Since the war these deposits may have been taken away.

t. The Turkish *cuisine*—which, save in the matter of rice, differs *cælo* from the Indian system of cooking, inasmuch as it comprises a few highly spiced dishes—is far from perfection ; yet it is by no means to be despised. Even so accomplished an expert as the late Alexis Soyer, who visited Stamboul on his way to the Crimea more than twenty years ago, frankly confessed that there was a great deal to be praised in the Ottoman kitchen. When the clever cook and excellent man in question went with a letter of introduction from M. de Vido, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's *chef*, to the chief cook of Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid, and was in consequence permitted to visit the imperial palace of Dolma Batché, his first inquiry was naturally for the kitchen, where he found between one and two hundred Moslems busily engaged in manipulating dishes *à la Turque* ; “many of which,” adds Soyer with professional gravity, “I conscientiously tested.” He was told, moreover, that the copper stewpans used in cooking were re-tinned every day internally, and he saw that they shone like so much silver. The Turkish process of concoction, albeit slow, he proved of as sure—everything being cooked or stewed on a pile of hot ashes laid on a slab of marble ; the succulence and aroma of every dish were thereby fully retained. His panegyrics, however, were not unmingled with censure. “The floor of the kitchen,” he remarks, “was rather ill-paved ; and the attendants were in the habit of strewing everything not wanted for immediate use on the ground in an untidy trick.” “I could trace,” adds Soyer, “from the interior of the palace less than seventy huge shaft chimneys sprouting out from the roof of this gastronomic temple. . . . It was now near twelve o'clock, when a crowd of tray-bearers made their appearance in the kitchen, and with the greatest alacrity were loaded with heaps of dishes belonging to the first, second, and third courses. I ascertained on inquiry that these were for the dinners of the ladies of the harem. White, snowy-looking cloths were thrown over each tray, and to my astonishment the trays were all carried to the old palace on the Bosphorus, a distance of nearly half a mile, on the bearers' heads—the new kitchen at the latter place having been destroyed by fire, and the Sultan's meals being only prepared there in a private cuisine, his Majesty always dining alone ; which custom was instituted by Mahomet II., who, as the story goes, had no fear of poison, but was afraid that his servants would rob him of his food while he was conveying it from his plate to his mouth.” The testimony of an observant eye-witness as to the multiplicity of meals required every day for the ladies of the harem, and concurrently for the slaves and the familiar Monsters who wait on the ladies, has certainly not lost its

value at this time of day. It has the rather become more valuable as showing the inherent difficulties of reconciling the demands of enlightened civilisation with the abominable system which regulates the relations between the sexes in Turkey. Every Sultan has to maintain thousands of useless mouths—the mouths of women who should properly be the wives of his poorer subjects, but who, the moment they enter the imperial seraglio, are at once and irrevocably “sealed” to the Caliph, just as, in addition to his ninety wives, Prophet Brigham Young has a contingent of spinsters “sealed” to him. It is true that the ladies of the harem are never sent adrift. They may grow old and ugly and decrepit, but they are yet sheltered and clothed, and receive their daily rations of *kibabs* and *pilaf* and *halva*. They are so many Frau von Joels (you remember the mellifluously tootling Herr at Evans’s, in poor Paddy Green’s time), and, to quote Paddy’s advertisement, “in consequence of their services, are always retained in this establishment.” I mean, the Grand Turk’s. Each incoming Sultan inherits a legacy of female Von Joels. Mahmoud had to keep a host of Selim’s womankind. Abd-ul-Medjid was troubled with Mahmoud’s “leavings” as well as his own; and it is possible that among the permanent pensioners of the actual Abd-ul-Hamid there may be ladies belonging to the bygone seraglios, not only of Abd-ul-Aziz (the mad Mourad I take no account of), but of Abd-ul-Medjid, Mahmoud, and even Selim, who was only strangled seventy years ago; and the ladies of the harem, you will please to remember, begin their apprenticeship at a very early age indeed. Thus the *archimageiros* of the imperial kitchen at Dolma Batché has to provide at high noon every day for the diet of an Hospital for Incurables, a Refuge for the Destitute, and an Asylum for Idiots.

Every Good Old Turk does not, of course, dine as a sultan dines; but there is, nevertheless, only a slight difference between the fundamentals of Turkish dinners, high or low. The Grand Turk himself was originally, it is almost unnecessary to point out, a Djagetai or Oughouzian Tartar, who brought nothing with him into Asia Minor save a willingness to eat horseflesh and a decided fondness for sour cream and milk, a fondness which he yet retains. There are no more popular dishes at this day in the bazaar cookshops of Stamboul than *kaimaki* (which has nothing to do with the Bulgarian Atrocities, Mr. Gladstone), the *ἀφρόγαλα* of the Greek rayahs, and *yaourt*, or sour cream. The elegancies of Turkish cookery are, like the elegancies of the Turkish language, borrowed from the Arabs, whose *kebche mechoni* are the Osmanli kibabs, and whose *khamies* (mutton with eggs and tomatoes), *mekhetteur* (sricasseed chicken with chick

peas), *dolma* (meat stuffed with beans mashed with spices), *zellife* (sheep's head with vinegar and garlic), *khilia* (*bouilli* with oil and vinegar), *boufata* (soup with bread-crusts), *mehammsa* (soup with dumplings, flavoured with lemon), *beurgoule* (pounded wheat swimming in butter), *zelabiya* and *gheribiya* (puff-paste made with fine flour and oil), have all their analogous and their convertible names among the Turks. The famous *khalva*, or *halva*, of which more anon, a cake made with butter, honey, almonds, and very fine wheaten flour, and scented with some subtle perfume, is the equally popular *bakloua* of the Arabs. Of the more strictly national Turkish dishes, the leading ones are their cucumber and tomato soups, their fried sardines, bar-fish, gurnet and sturgeon, their kids and lambs roasted whole, their fried eels and celery, and their succulent but too greasy confectionery. Soyer used to enumerate a host of Turkish dishes, among which I remember "haharam bouton," "Partligan bastiel," "sakhath kabac," "Baclavas gynerish;" but as the good man was, until the end of his useful life, unable to speak any language but a strange Babylonish dialect, "like fustian cut on silk or satin;" and as he would be, on occasion, somewhat too poetically imaginative, I account his supplementary Turkish *mets* as so much *boustifaille*, as the French say. Of the so-called Turkish *plats* in Urban Dubois' "Cosmopolitan Cookery," I never saw any in Constantinople save *pilaf*, fowl and rice, which is a dish common to the whole East, and which was even naturalised by the Arabs in Andalusia and Granada, where (supposing that any fowls or any rice can be obtained) the dish is still deservedly a favourite under the name of *pollo con arroz*. The drawbacks (so a European gastronome might opine) to the Turkish cuisine are these. Only one dish is served at a time; a set dinner will often consist of as many as fifty *plats*; sweet and savoury dishes are indiscriminately mixed during the repast; the sauces are so thin that they must needs be sopped up with bread if you wish to taste them; you are only allowed to drink horse fashion at the end of your dinner; and the ladies dine apart from the gentlemen. Beshrew the Grand Turk, and everything that is his! A Good Old Turk, like my ideal Hadji Ibrahim, never touches anything stronger than water at his meals; but there are many highly respectable and Koran-abiding Osmanlis who, although they scrupulously avoid wine-bibbing, see no harm in tossing off, just before dinner, a thimbleful of *raki*, a very nasty spirituous liquor distilled from mastic, and which has a strong flavour of turpentine varnish. The way of taking your *raki* as a whet before dinner is this. You have your thimbleful of spirit and a large tumbler of cold water brought

you on a brazen tray. First gulp down about a gill of *aqua pura*; on the top of that throw in your *raki*, and then cap with another gill of water. The alcohol, thus disposed *en sandwich* between two layers of the pure element, is, so they say, a wonderful appetiser.

My good old Hadji used, until he was past forty years of age, to eat with his fingers. With nimble digits he conveyed meat, vegetables, and pastry to his mouth; and when he wished to show especial favour to a guest who was dining with him, he would roll up some *pilaf* or *kibab* into a ball, and, with a pious ejaculation of *Kosh geddin* or *Sifa geddin*, would cram the dainty morsel into the guest's mouth. To his soup, however, he used a spoon of boxwood or ivory, of horn or tortoiseshell, or even of silver or gold, according to his circumstances; but there were no soup-plates. It was emphatically *la fortune du pot*; and every Turk's spoon was to the fore, to help himself out of the soup-tureen. It was not, however, nor is it at this day, polite to begin an attack on the victuals until the signal is given by the host, who says, in a cheerful tone, "*Booyoozoon*," equivalent to "Welcome!" "Fall to!" "Come on, you hungry wolves!" and then the dinner becomes a matter of every Turk for himself, and Mahomet (who was very fond of mutton and garlic) for them all. Since the Crimean War, Hadji Ibrahim has used knives and forks instead of his fingers at dinner-time; and, indeed, electro-plate is now as commonly sold in the shops of Stamboul as in those of the Strand or Oxford Street. When Hadji Ibrahim was much younger he fed much more coarsely than is his custom now. He was particularly addicted to a kind of black pudding made of sheep's tripe, liver, and heart, and of a particularly nasty mess of calves' intestines fried with oil and saffron. These dishes are now only to be found in the cookshops of the very poorest quarters of Stamboul. Ere I close this notice of the culinary economy of the Grand Turk, I may mention that in old-fashioned families the guests at dinner squat round a huge brass tray placed on an octagonal table or stool, supported on short arches rather than legs. There are plenty of table-napkins, which, indeed, are wanted throughout the repast. Huge ewers of water or sherbet are carried round for the guests to quench their thirst withal, and hands are washed both before and after dinner. At the conclusion of the meal come coffee and pipes. On very grand occasions professional story-tellers, singers, and (in the nights after the fasting days of Ramazan) even dancers may be called in to divert the guests; but as a rule, within a couple of hours after dinner is over, everybody has assumed "the horizontal position" and is fast asleep.

You will have gathered, I hope, from the foregoing, a definite

notion of the fact that Hadji Ibrahim is not by any means a bad fellow. He was always deeply learned in the Koran, and, if he belongs to the legal section of the Ulema, he must be as deeply versed in all the commentators on the sacred laws. He may have studied a little logic and rhetoric in his youth, and, if he have a good memory, he may be tolerably familiar with the masterpieces of Turkish and Persian poetry. He knows most of the stories in the Arabian Nights, and a good many more tales into the bargain, which, were they published in England as a supplement to the Thousand and One, might at once attract the attention of the police. Beyond this characteristically Osmanli erudition the Good Old Turk is profoundly illiterate, although within the last few years plenty of newspapers in the Turkish language have been published in Stamboul for his edification. As the journals in question are, as a rule, crammed full of lies, I fail to perceive that the Good Old Turk is, on the whole, much edified thereby. He is a grave and saturnine personage, and he is, from the Moslem point of view, eminently pious; but from his infancy he has been inflated with a persuasion of the ineffable superiority of his own faith, and with contempt, bordering on hatred, for the professors of every other religion. Tolerant and benevolent as he may be in some things, he cannot help, as a Mussulman, entertaining this exalted idea of himself, based on the precepts of the False Prophet with his pretended revelations from heaven. He cannot help, *bourré* as he is with belief in his Lying Evangel,¹ nourishing feelings of disdain and aversion for those who are at war with his creed. The Koran encourages him in so doing. Look at it for yourself. I hear that the precious pack of lies may be had for ninepence at the bookstalls. "The prayers of the infidel are not prayers, but wanderings," says the Koran. "I withdraw my foot and turn away my face," says Mahomet, "from a society in which the faithful are mixed with the ungodly." Nor is the uncharitableness of this sentiment extinguished or even mitigated by the death of its object. "Pray not for those whose death is eternal," is a precept of the Mahometan church; as is "Defile not thy

¹ Among the monstrous theories put forth by the pro-Turks of the London press who are shrieking for us to go to war with Russia, is a hypothesis that "a reconciliation is possible between the Crescent and the Cross," and that the Mahometan religion, as "a sublime form of Unitarianism," deserves at least to be spoken of with respect. But how about Mahomet and the divinity of his mission? The man must have been either a true prophet or a damnable liar (I use the adjective deliberately), and I submit that it is logically impossible to reconcile truth and falsehood, or to entertain any feeling of respect for a Liar. If the shrieking pro-Turks would be candid enough to own that they consider Christianity itself to be an imposture, I should be better able to understand their position.

feet by passing over the graves of men, the enemies of God and His Prophet." Thus Hadji Ibrahim punctually performs at all the canonical hours of the day the *namaz* or prayer, which is chiefly a confession of the Divine attributes and of the nothingness of man. He never misses the prescribed ablutions. He has made his pilgrimage. He fasts duly (and as rigorously as a Jew on the Black Fast) during the days of Ramazan; but in the nights thereof he joins in, or at least tolerates, merriment which Europeans would scarcely qualify as decorous. He never misses sacrificing a sheep at the Feast of Kourban Bairam. He protects and gives alms to wandering dervishes. He feeds the pariah dogs, although he believes them to be unclean animals, and would not keep a pet dog of his own for a pocketful of sequins. He relieves beggars, cripples, and blind men, and is imbued with a vague idea that mad people are somehow divinely inspired, and should be treated with veneration. He is a confirmed predestinarian; and should he fall into poverty bears his misery with resignation and patiently undergoes the extremities of hunger and privation. He never smokes opium, and (unlike many Good Old Turks of the last generation), would shudder from resorting to such a stimulant as corrosive sublimate. He believes that the *Sandjal Sherif* or Standard of Mahomet, which is said to be kept locked up in a kind of *mikrah* or shrine in the Old Seraglio (some people say that the tattered and apocryphal rag was burnt years ago), is the palladium of the Empire; and that were it unfurled to-morrow, the Moscovs would melt away on the Danube and in Transcaucasia like snow before the sun. There must have been a great many Good Old Turks among the Members of that Grand Council whose final vote led Midhat Pacha last January to reject the "irreducible minimum" of terms offered by the Conference. "The time has come," exclaimed one of the Good Old Turks, rising in the conclave, "to put on woollen cloaks, light red candles, sharpen our swords, and trust in Allah."

It should be added, that the Good Old Turk believes implicitly in the influence of the Evil Eye, just as the Shepherd in Virgil ascribed the diseased appearance of his flock to the malicious glances of an enemy; and as Pliny relates, that the Thessalian necromancers used to destroy whole harvests merely by speaking well of them.¹ Hadji believes, too, in omens, prognostics, and portents. The Good Old Turks regarded the art of portrait-painting with horror, and held the good old doctrine that it was unlawful to imitate graphically any portion of

¹ The Sultan's state caïque is guaranteed against the Evil Eye by the insertion of a clove of garlic in the prow of the vessel, and a similar precaution is used with very pile of firewood in the courtyard of a public bath.

the human body save the hands and feet of Mahomet—the Prophet's body being concealed by the wings of legions of angels—and that no angel would enter a house where there was an effigy of a human being. But Hadji Ibrahim, although he has never been photographed, and would sternly refuse permission to his wives to have their *cartes de visite* taken, will turn over with naïve gratification the pages of the *Illustrated London News*, and will even invest a few paras now and again in the purchase of the *Stamboul Punch*—I forget its Turkish name—a flimsy sheet, with vile woodcuts caricaturing the Giaours, but especially the Moscov section thereof. So much, then, for the average and respectable Turk of the present day. He is invariably married, but he is not necessarily the husband of the maximum four, of three, or even of two wives. He is oftentimes content with a single helpmate. *Cela n'empêche pas* other divagations. On the whole, his character may be described as a composition of contradictory qualities. He is at once brave and pusillanimous, shrewd and simple-minded, active and indolent; passing from austere devotion to the most disgusting obscenity; fastidiously delicate and coarsely voluptuous; exquisitely polite and grossly unmannerly; “now seated on a celestial bed, and now battenning on garbage.” If the respectable Turk rises (to his own misfortune and that of his countrymen) to high rank in the State, he becomes alternately haughty and humble, arrogant and cunning, liberal and sordid; and, in general, it must be confessed that the qualities which least deserve our approbation are the most prominent in his transformed nature. Within a very short time after his elevation he exhibits unmistakable symptoms of losing all his respectable qualities; but he is still very far removed from the typical Rascally Old Turk.

This unmitigated scoundrel's (imaginary) name is Cacus Pasha. It is Barabbas Bey. It is Buccaneer Effendi. The Rascally Old Turk is one of Sultan Mahmoud's bad bargains. He may be, like my Good Old Turk, between fifty and sixty years of age; and when he was about nineteen the Reforming Caliph sent him to Western Europe to study the arts and sciences of the Giaours. Perhaps, if I call him Jerry Abershaw Pasha, confusion may be avoided. Perhaps he was a student at the *Ecole Polytechnique* at Paris. Probably he graduated at a military college at Vienna. Possibly he may have served a year or two in the English navy. Long ago he learnt to speak French and German, to drink brandy and champagne, to play lansquenet and *écarté* (and to cheat at these games when he can), and to set such trifles as the honour of women and the respect due to parents at nought. Perhaps he has been

in the diplomatic service and has filled the post of Secretary of Legation and even of Minister Plenipotentiary in half a dozen capitals. From every city he has brought away a fresh vice. He has long since ceased to believe in Mahomet or in his Koran. He believes in nothing beyond the holiness of bakshish. He will give bribes in order to get a place; and so soon as he has procured his appointment he begins to take bribes to recoup himself for his outlay. He is as cruel as death, and as rapacious as the grave. The horseleech had three daughters, but we have been left in doubt as to the remaining members of his family. The horseleech must have had sons, and his eldest born must have been Jerry Abershaw Pasha. He has held many offices, civil and military, under the State; but as Bimbashi, Yuzbashi, Kaimakam or Zaptieh, as Mr. W. E. Gladstone would say; as an Agha or a Beglerbeg, as a Defterdar, a Ferik, a Gumruckji, a Mudir, a Murschin, a Mushir governing a Vilayet—what you will, in fine, in the Moslem Government hierarchy, he has never done anything but rob, rob, rob. He has plundered and speculated equally for pleasure and for profit. St. Francis, good man, used to call wolves and hyænas his Brothers; when he was cauterised for an issue he entreated his Cousin the Fire to use him gently and discreetly, and in his last moments he affectionately welcomed his Sister Death. Less metaphorically, Jerry Abershaw Pasha might call embezzlement his Uncle, and say to malversation “Be thou my Mother.” The wretch is gangrened with all kinds of unutterable vices. His whole life has been one impudent cynical fraud. He is immensely rich. He keeps carriages and gives dinners *à la Russe*. He has a splendid *konak* or town house in Stamboul, and a sumptuous *yali* at Scutari, or on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. His stolen wealth is judiciously invested in our three per cents. or in the French fives. He ought to have been hanged five-and-twenty years ago; but instead of the halter the *grand cordon* of the Medjidié encircles his bull neck, and his felon’s breast is all plastered over with stars and ribbons. This is Jerry Abershaw Pasha, and he only forms one of a “ring” of Pashas, Effendis, and Beys, as debauched and as dishonest as he. Whether it is the Rascally Old Turk, or my worthy friend Hadji Ibrahim, who has the most to do, just now, with governing the Ottoman Empire, I will not undertake to say.

Unfortunately, there is a young person by the name of Gulnare, Gulbeyaz, or Dudu—by the name of Aïcha, Djemila, or Fatima, call her what you will—who is constrained to be the wife, or rather one of the wives, now of the Good, and now of the Rascally Old Turk. This young person is a plump, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed, glossy-haired

creature, kind-hearted and affectionate, adorably childlike, profoundly ignorant, and grossly immoral—when she has the chance of indulging in immorality—simply because she has never been taught what morals mean. She has been trained exclusively with one view and with one purpose, that of being a pretty Animal and serving the sensuality of her lord. She (being all womanly) would like to show her pretty face and figure in public, to go to operas, plays, and balls, and to talk innocently with other men besides her brutally jealous spouse ; but the Grand Turk shuts Leila, Gulnare, or Aïcha up in a harem ; surrounds her with a cordon of negro slaves and Familiar Monsters, and when she goes abroad constrains her to disguise herself in a square-cut cloak, hideously baggy trowsers, and a shroudlike veil. The last the poor little woman is artful enough to convert into the most transparent of screens ; but she cannot rid herself of her bedquilt-like-looking cloak, and her bolster-case-looking pantaloons. Except on occasions of peculiar festivity the nearest male relatives she possesses are excluded from the harem, the very windows of which are grated and latticed so as to conceal her from the view of the outside world. The European, familiarised with the idea of the natural equality of the sexes (and, I may add, with the general moral superiority of women over men) looks with anger mingled with compassion on the situation of the Turkish women, and feels inclined to agree at once with the spirit of Diderot's indignant apostrophe, *Femme, que je te plains.*" In a great many instances, however, the Turkish women—the *khanoum* at least, or *grande dame* at least—is not, it must in common justice be admitted, a person very much materially to be pitied. She can receive and mingle to an unlimited extent in the company of her own sex. Let the economy of her visiting list, for example, be glanced at.

The art of visiting among the Turkish ladies may be divided into three sections, comprising interviews which are asked for, arranged, and duly announced, visits of "surprise," and visits of the hap-hazard or "happy-go-lucky" kind. And first, of formal interviews. When one or more ladies inhabiting the same harem wish to pay a visit to the inmates of another *gynæceum*, they send a couple of *djarichs*, or humble companions, accompanied by a Familiar Monster (usually a negro, but there are a few white specimens of the abominable non-descripts), to inform the *khanoum* who is to be interviewed of their ladyships' intention to "spend a long day" with her. The usages of Mahometan etiquette demand that the *khanoum* should receive this intimation with a countenance beaming with smiles, and that she should inform the *djarichs* or the Familiar Monster that she will be

inexpressibly charmed to see Mesdames Leila and Djemila, Aïcha, Gulnare, and Co. at the appointed hour, although in her heart of hearts she may wish her fair friends at Jehanum. There is, in any case, no getting out of it; and the *khanoum* is bound to postpone any appointments for visiting on her own account which she may have made. So she sends round among her friends to inform them that something of the nature of a "shake up" is imminent in her establishment, and to invite them to join in the party. I dare say you observed, if you have been in the East, that the Turkish ladies you meet in the streets of Stamboul generally seem to be full of business, and as though bent upon some important errand. Depend upon it they are on their way to some harem "shake up" to which they have just been bidden, and are as pressed for time as that immortal White Rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland," who was so desperately afraid that he would be too late for the Duchess's tea party. The *khanoum* does not confine her invitations to the ladies of her own religion—if the poor woman have any religion at all beyond a dull belief that she is a mere animal intended for sensual enjoyment, and that her main business in this world is to wear fine clothes, please her lord, and bear children to him. At any rate, she is rarely a fanatic, and very willingly extends her hospitality to the *Cocanas*, or Christians, and the *Boulitzas*, or Jewish ladies among her acquaintance—who, as a rule, are only too glad to join in the high jinks in contemplation. Nothing is more common than to hear Englishwomen who have been sojourners for a lengthened period in Constantinople speak in enthusiastic terms of the material *bien-être* of the Turkish ladies, of their hospitality and amiability, and of the happiness in which, apparently, their lives are passed. According to these optimists—and some of the most fervent pro-Turks I have met have been the wives of English and American Protestant missionaries—the Turkish *khanoums* have nothing whatever to grumble at here below; and if woman were indeed only a being "*qui s'habille, se déshabille, se rhabille, et babille*," if her sole vocations in this world were eating, drinking, smoking, sleeping, and scandal-magging, I should be at one with the optimists. As it is, I do not agree with them; because, as a man, I decline to look upon a woman as a mere animal, to be petted, and caressed, and kept in high condition, but otherwise treated as though she had four legs instead of two, and as for a Soul, had none at all. As a man, I am not content with admiring my own treasure at home; I desire that she shall be, in all virtue and honesty, admired abroad, and that she shall not hide her light under the harem bushel, but make it shine in society. She has

her own and her best kingdom in her house, just as the Queen has at Osborne or Balmoral; but every good woman is a kind of queen, who has public as well as private duties and responsibilities, and is bound to go among her subjects and show them the light of her countenance, and comfort them with fair words. It is not without horror that I have ever been able to contemplate the idea of a nun; but a Turkish woman is a *married nun*, with a great hulking Turk for a Confessor, and in that aspect the poor creature's condition seems to be ten times more horrible.

The *khanoum's* "shake up" may be a very merry one, still its observances are as strictly conventional as those of an English "kettledrum" or of a "small and early." Everybody dresses in her bravest clothes. European ladies settled in the East have told me that many of the wives of the great Pashas and Effendis have recently taken to dressing altogether *à la Franque*—polonaises, sweeping trains, "dress improvers," high-heeled shoes, chignons, topknots, sham tresses and all; but in the majority of Turkish harems the old Osmanli costume is still worn. That costume is in effect identical with the dress described with the free-and-easy literalness of the early years of the eighteenth century in the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In the morning the Turkish lady "loafs" about her harem in her shirt sleeves and a loose pair of silken knickerbockers reaching a little below the knee. Her lower limbs and feet are bare, and the latter are thrust into embroidered slippers. Full dress means the hair braided and plaited, curled and frizzed, or interstrung with coins or jewels in a hundred different modes, and surmounted by a pretty little tarbouch or a fez cap. Full dress means the arching of the eyebrows, and their prolongation till they meet with dark paint, the tinging of the inside of the eyelids with *kohl* or antimony, and the dyeing of the finger nails with *hennah*, a preparation of the pounded leaves of the colouring shrub cyprus. In the way of apparel, full dress *à la Turque* means an inner garment—chemise, smock, tunic, surplice, whatever you like to call it, of cambric or silk richly embroidered—trowsers as deep as a well and as wide as a church-door falling gracefully over the instep; a little jacket of velvet and embroidery, but more *à la Grecque* than Osmanli fashion, a gorgeous sash of brocade satin, and very often an exterior tunic or mantle of some sumptuous stuff. When the *khanoum* goes abroad, to the bath, to the mosque, or to pay visits, all these fripperies are concealed under the *ferijee*, a coat of square cut but not inelegant form, and a pair of very baggy overall trowsers; the disguise being completed by the white muslin or gauze *yashmak* or veil. Formerly the *ferijee* for

out-door wear was almost invariably of black silk, and the slippered feet were thrust into boots of soft yellow leather, while the veil was so thick and so decorously disposed as entirely to conceal the features of the wearer. At present the *ferijee* is worn of all kinds of gay colours, the shapeless buff understandings have been replaced by well-gartered stockings of silk or thread, and well-laced or well-buttoned gaiter or military-heeled boots ; while the *yashmak* (when the *khanoum* is young and good-looking) has become the flimsiest of false pretences into which an ostensible screen for the face can possibly be converted. Still it is quite practicable for the veil to be so arranged as really to hide the face, and as one Turkish lady in a *ferijee*, baggy trousers, and a *yashmak* is as like unto another as two pears are mutually resemblant, I should, were I a Turk, be in a continuous state of furious dubiety as to whether the lady whom I saw trotting or waddling (for the *khanoum* does often waddle) before me in the narrow lanes of Stamboul were my own wife or somebody else's, and whether the "shake up" to which she was presumably bent were of a thoroughly legitimate nature. As regards the manner in which the ladies enjoy themselves in the harems to which they have invited themselves, there is little, possibly, to add to the admirable description given by Mrs. Edward Hornby, when in 1858 she, in company with other English ladies, visited the harem of Kiza Pasha. The visitors accepted an invitation to a banquet, at which warm ryebread covered with caraway seeds, soups, smoking *pilafs*, and pancakes swimming in butter and honey were among the chief dishes. The *khanoums*, according to Mrs. Hornby, gave a loose and unseemly rein to their appetites, being stimulated by official female buffoons, who served the dishes with appropriate jokes to each *met*, the utterance of which "funniments" excited the most uproarious merriment, not only from the *khanoums*, but from the negro slaves in attendance. Mrs. Hornby describes the chief jester as "a wild and most extraordinary looking woman, with an immensity of broad humour and drollery in her face." The quality of the fun seems to have been of the very coarsest ; and the English ladies congratulated themselves on their inability to understand witticisms at which a fair Circassian, the second wife of the Pasha, "between the intervals of licking her fingers and her spoon and popping titbits on our plates, laughed so complacently." It may be discreetly hinted that European ladies who do understand Turkish make no secret of the fact that the ordinary harem talk of Osmanli ladies is closely akin to the conversation of Dula and Aspasia and the other ladies who wait upon Evadne in the "Maid's Tragedy" of

Beaumont and Fletcher—that is to say, it is ribaldry of the very grossest and most shameless kind.

The next in order of the three kinds of harem visits is the “surprise” one. The ladies make no announcement of their intention to come, but fall upon their hostesses, as the Americans would say, “like a hundred of bricks.” Of course the *khanoum* makes a number of apologies, tantamount to “So sorry; why didn’t you say you were coming?” But coffee in the East is soon made; *chiboucks*, *narghilés*, and cigarettes are always on hand, and should the domestic larder be in a depleted condition, *kibabs*, sour cream, pastry, and lollipops can always be obtained at a moment’s notice from the cookshop or the street-stall round the corner. Among the faults of the Grand Turk, male or female, the sins of inhospitality, and of “stuck-uppishness,” cannot certainly be reckoned. The Turk who is a snob, and the Turkish lady who “gives herself airs,” are yet happily non-existent entities.

The hap-hazard or “happy-go-lucky” order of visits is going out, I am told, and it may be time for such an eccentric institution to disappear. The old custom was for a host of frisky Turkish matrons to band themselves together and seek admission to harems the inmates of which were totally unknown to them. The *Coconas* and the *Boulitzas*, it is said, are usually too timid to indulge in such pranks without Osmanli assistance, but a Turkish *khanoum pur sang* is as bold as the brass of her own *manghal*, and turns a strange house out of windows without the slightest scruple. Whether these uninvited guests are occasionally received with such practical protests against their intrusion as pailsful of water, or broomsticks wielded by negro slaves or the Familiar Monsters, I am unable to state; but I have heard that a Moslem lady who declines to harbour a party of “happy-go-lucky” friskers is thenceforward set down as a personage sadly deficient in tact and refinement. There is yet another *réunion* eminently characteristic of the Grand Turkesses at home. There are the *khalva yedjessi*, or evenings named after the little friable cakes, made of flour, almonds, and honey, called *khalva* or *halva*, of which the Turks, both male and female, are inordinately fond, and which are consumed in vast quantities at these nocturnal merrymakings, which, for the rest, are comparatively rare, the Turkish women usually going to bed soon after sunset. No male Turk is permitted to join in a *khalva* party at which any ladies belonging to other harems are present. When the gathering is exclusively a family one, the husband, his sons, and boys of a beardless age may join in the festivities, which usually take place in honour of a birth, a marriage, a family reconciliation after a

quarrel, or the promotion of the head of the house to some elevated grade.

I can scarcely imagine, however, that scandal-magging, coffee-drinking, cigarette-smoking, and lollipop-sucking, even in the friskiest of "shake ups" can compensate for the real grievances of the consort of the Grand Turk at Home. At the very best she is but the slave of her husband's will and the creature of his appetite. She is controlled more or less in all the important actions of life, and is her own mistress only when she has a mind to indulge in childish gambols or tomfool tricks. Apart from her "surprise-parties" and "long days" among her gossips, she must regulate her behaviour so as to obtain the divided and slightly-determined favour of a master whom she can scarcely love—in the sense that Milton understood love—and whom she may possibly detest. There is no warranty that she will not be treated with insult and caprice; she is liable to be tormented by jealousy or by the hopelessness of ungratified desire; and her womanliness is perpetually outraged by the revoltingly indelicate guardianship of the wretches whom one may well disdain to speak of more explicitly than as "Familiar Monsters." The detestable breed, it is said, is dying out; but the article is still demanded, the supply yet comes to Stamboul; the manufacture continues; and the manufacturers are (so I am told) Armenian Christians. Napoleon the Great, it will be remembered, stamped out the infamy seventy years since in every part of the Italian peninsula save the States of the Pope. In Papal Rome, and in the Sistine Chapel, years ago, these ears have heard "the Pope's singers"—the cousins-german of the Grand Turk's Familiar Monsters—shrilly squall.

From the most favourable point of view, then, the position of a Turkish woman can scarcely be an enviable one. Even if she loves her husband—even if he be endeared to her by his constancy and kindness and by her own sense of gratitude, affection, and duty—the fonder she is of him the more unhappy she must be, since he must be frequently absent from her. She can *never* be seen abroad with him, nor can he always be at home with her. The embellishment of her person, to an extent even greater than personal comfort or personal vanity requires, must be, after the cares of her household and her children, her chief relaxation; and the task of perpetually putting on and taking off fine clothes, to be admired by none but her husband, must at last become irksome to her. It is said that "women dress for women," that is to say, that they hope by the brilliancy of their toilettes to make other women enviously fearful of being rendered less attractive in the eyes of men; but the Turkish wife, however

gaily she dresses, can only make her fellow wives jealous, and two or three women who are doomed to pass their lives together will grow tired at last of quarrelling with each other.

"To a true Englishwoman," wrote, long ago, one of the most observant of travellers in Turkey, "the duties exercised by a Turkish woman must appear as degrading as her pleasures are insipid. To drink coffee and eat sweetmeats; to play at draughts and watch the indecent motions of a puppet-show; to perform set ablutions and to recite set forms of prayer so many times a day, must augment instead of diminishing the normal wearisomeness of existence; and yet from the earliest period of history the women of Asia have submitted to these restrictions; and the same, or nearly the same, system was established in Athens and in Rome, and subsisted until the degeneracy of manners and the progress of luxury had tarnished the glory and sapped the foundations of those illustrious republics." Ay, most observant of travellers! but at no period of Roman history were the Roman ladies utterly sequestered from the sight of mankind; and in the institution of the Hetairai, Athens possessed a splendid albeit slightly immoral compensating balance to the gynæceum. It was reserved for the Grand Turk at Home to perfect the abominable system of the social obliteration of woman. He has chained his Andromeda to the rock of his harem, but Captain Perseus of the Life Guards Winged will come that way on his flying charger shortly, and he will unchain Andromeda—I mean, Aïcha or Leila—and vanquish the monster at the base of the rock, and the Grand Turk his master to boot, and despatch Turk and Monster to the Tophet whither they should have been sent long ago.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

ON SOME MARVELS IN TELEGRAPHY.

PART I.

WITHIN the last few years Electric Telegraphy has received some developments which seem wonderful even by comparison with those other wonders which had before been achieved by this method of communication. In reality, all the marvels of electric telegraphy are involved, so to speak, in the great marvel of electricity itself, a phenomenon as yet utterly beyond the interpretation of physicists, though not more so than its fellow marvels, light and heat. We may, indeed, draw a comparison between some of the most wonderful results which have recently been achieved by the study of heat and light and those effected in the application of electricity to telegraphy. It is as startling to those unfamiliar with the characteristics of light, or rather with certain peculiarities resulting from these characteristics, to be told that an astronomer can tell whether there is water in the air of Mars or Venus, or iron vapour in the atmosphere of Aldebaran or Betelgeux, as it is to those unfamiliar with the characteristics of electricity, or with the results obtained in consequence of these characteristics, to be told that a written message can be copied by telegraph, a map or diagram reproduced, or, most wonderful of all, a musical air correctly repeated, or a verbal message made verbally audible. Telegraphic marvels such as these bear to the original marvel of mere telegraphic communication somewhat the same relation which the marvels of spectroscopic analysis as applied to the celestial orbs bear to that older marvel the telescopic scrutiny of those bodies. In each case, also, there lies at the back of all these marvels a greater marvel yet—electricity in the one case, light in the other.

I propose in this essay to sketch the principles on which some of the more recent wonders of telegraphic communication depend. I do not intend to describe at any length the actual details or construction of the various instruments employed. Precisely as the principles of spectroscopic analysis can be made clear to the general

reader without the examination of the peculiarities of spectroscopic instruments, so can the methods and principles of telegraphic communication be understood without examining instrumental details. In fact, it may be questioned whether general explanations are not in such cases more useful than more detailed ones, seeing that these must of necessity be insufficient for a student who requires to know the subject practically in all its details, while they deter the general reader by technicalities in which he cannot be expected to take any interest. If it be asked, whether I myself, who undertake to explain the principles of certain methods of telegraphic communication, have examined *practically* the actual instrumental working of these methods, I answer frankly that I have not done so. As some sort of proof, however, that without such practical familiarity with working details the principles of the construction of instruments may be thoroughly understood, I may mention that the first spectroscopic battery I ever looked through—one in which the dispersive power before obtained in such instruments had been practically doubled—was of my own invention, constructed (with a slight mechanical modification) by Mr. Browning, and applied at once successfully to the study of the sun by Mr. Huggins, in whose observatory I saw through this instrument the solar spectrum extended to a length which, could it all have been seen at once, would have equalled many feet.¹ On the other hand, it is possible to have a considerable practical experience of scientific instruments without sound knowledge of the principles of their construction; insomuch that instances have been known in which men who have effected important discoveries by the use of some scientific instrument have obtained their first clear conception of the principles of its construction from a popular description.

It may be well to consider, but very briefly, some of the methods of communication which were employed before the electric telegraph was invented. Some of the methods of electric telegraphy have their antitypes, so to speak, in methods of telegraphy used ages before the application of electricity. The earliest employment of telegraphy was probably in signalling the approach of invading armies by beacon fires. The use of this method must have been well known in the time of Jeremiah, since he warns the Benjamites "to set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem," because "evil appeareth out of the north and great destruction." Later, instead of the simple beacon fire, combinations were used. Thus, by an act of the Scottish

¹ The instrument was lent to Mr. Huggins by Mr. W. Spottiswoode.

Parliament in 1455, the blazing of one bale indicated the probable approach of the English, two bales that they were coming indeed, and four bales blazing beside each other that they were in great force. The smoke of beacon fires served as signals by day, but not so effectively, except under very favourable atmospheric conditions.

Torches held in the hand, waved, depressed, and so forth, were anciently used in military signalling at night ; while in the day time boards of various figures in different positions indicated either different messages or different letters, as might be prearranged.

Hooke communicated to the Royal Society in 1684 a paper describing a method of "communicating one's mind at great distances." The letters were represented by various combinations of straight lines, which might be agreed upon previously if secrecy were desired, otherwise the same forms might represent constantly the same letters. With four straight planks any letter of this alphabet could be formed as wanted, and being then run out on a framework (resembling a gallows in Hooke's picture), could be seen from a distant station. Two curved beams, combined in various ways, served for arbitrary signals.

Chappe, in 1793, devised an improvement on this in what was called the T telegraph. An upright post supported a cross-bar (the top of the T), at each end of which were the short dependent beams, making the figure a complete Roman capital T. The horizontal bar as first used could be worked by ropes within the telegraph house, so as to be inclined either to right or left. It thus had three positions. Each dependent beam could be worked (also from within the house) so as to turn upwards, horizontally, or downwards (regarding the top bar of the T as horizontal), thus having also three positions. It is easily seen that, since each position of one short beam could be combined with each position of the other, the two together would present three times three arrangements, or nine in all ; and as these nine could be given with the cross-bar in any one of its three positions, there were in all twenty-seven possible positions. M. Chappe used an alphabet of only sixteen letters, so that all messages could readily be communicated by this telegraph. For shorter distances, indeed, and in all later uses of Chappe's telegraph, the short beams could be used in intermediate positions, by which 256 different signals could be formed. Such telegraphs were employed on a line beginning at the Louvre and proceeding by Montmartre to Lisle, by which communications were conveyed from the Committee of Public Welfare to the armies in the Low Countries. Telescopes were used at each station. Barrère stated, in an address to the Convention on

August 17, 1794, that the news of the recapture of Lisle had been sent by this line of communication to Paris in one hour after the French troops had entered that city. Thus the message was conveyed at the rate of more than 120 miles per hour.

Various other devices were suggested and employed during the first half of the present century. The semaphores still used in railway signalling illustrate the general form which most of these methods assumed. An upright, with two arms, each capable of assuming six distinct positions (excluding the upright position), would give forty-eight different signals; thus each would give six signals alone, or twelve for the pair, and each of the six signals of one combined with each of the six signals of the other would give thirty-six signals, making forty-eight in all. This number suffices to express the letters of the alphabet (twenty-five only are needed), the Arabic numerals, and thirteen arbitrary signals.

The progress of improvement in such methods of signalling promised to be rapid, before the invention of the electric telegraph, or rather, before it was shown how the principle of the electric telegraph could be put practically into operation. We have seen that they were capable of transmitting messages with considerable rapidity, more than twice as fast as we could now send a written message by express train. But they were rough and imperfect. They were all, also, exposed to one serious defect. In thick weather they became useless. Sometimes, at the very time when it was most important that messages should be quickly transmitted, fog interrupted the signalling. Sir J. Barrow relates that during the Peninsular War grave anxiety was occasioned for several hours by the interruption of a message from Plymouth, really intended to convey news of a victory. The words transmitted were, "Wellington defeated;" the message of which these words formed the beginning was: "Wellington defeated the French at" &c. As Barrow remarks, if the message had run, "French defeated at" &c., the interruption of the message would have been of less consequence.

Although the employment of electricity as a means of communicating at a distance was suggested before the end of the last century, in fact, so far back as 1774, the idea has only been worked out during the last forty years. It is curious indeed to note that until the middle of the present century the word "telegraph," which is now always understood as equivalent to electric telegraph, unless the contrary is expressed, was commonly understood to refer to semaphore signalling,¹ unless the word "electric" were added.

¹ Thus in *Christie Johnstone*, written in 1853, when Flucker Johnstone tells
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The general principle underlying all systems of telegraphic communication by electricity is very commonly misunderstood. The idea seems to prevail that electricity can be sent out along a wire to any place where some suitable arrangement has been made to receive it. In one sense this is correct. But the fact that the electricity has to make a circuit, returning to the place from which it is transmitted, seems not generally understood. Yet, unless this is understood, the principle, even the possibility, of electric communication is not recognised.

Let us, at the outset, clearly understand the nature of electric communication.

In a variety of ways, a certain property called electricity can be excited in all bodies, but more readily in some than in others. This property presents itself in two forms, which are called positive and negative electricity, words which we may conveniently use, but which must not be regarded as representing any real knowledge of the distinction between these two kinds of electricity. In fact, let it be remembered throughout, that we do not in the least know what electricity is; we only know certain of the phenomena which it produces. Any body which has become charged with electricity, either positive or negative, will part with its charge to bodies in a neutral condition, or charged with the opposite electricity (negative or positive). But the transference is made much more readily to some substances than to others—so slowly, indeed, to some, that in ordinary experiments the transference may be regarded as not taking place at all. Substances of the former kind are called good conductors of electricity; those which receive the transfer of electricity less readily are said to be bad conductors; and those which scarcely receive it at all are called insulating substances. The reader must not confound the quality I am here speaking of with readiness to become charged with electricity. On the contrary, the bodies which most freely receive and transmit electricity are least readily charged with electricity, while insulating substances are readily electrified. Glass is an insulator, but if glass is briskly rubbed it becomes charged (or rather, the part rubbed becomes charged) with positive electricity, formerly called *vitreous* electricity for this reason; and again, if wax or resin, which are both good insu-

Christie the story of the widow's sorrows, giving it word for word, and even throwing in what dramatists call "the business," he says, "'Here ye'll play your hand like a geraffe.' 'Geraffe?' she says; 'that's a beast, I'm thinking.' 'Na; it's the thing on the hill that makes signals.' 'Telegraph, ye fulish goloshen! 'Oo, ay, telegraph! geraffe's sunnest said for a'.'" 'Playing the hand like a telegraph' would now be as unmeaning as Flucker Johnstone's original description.

lators, be rubbed, the part rubbed becomes charged with negative, formerly called *resinous*, electricity.

Electricity, then, positive or negative, however generated, passes freely along conducting substances, but is stopped by an insulating body, just as light passes through transparent substances, but is stopped by an opaque body. Moreover, electricity may be made to pass to any distance along conducting bodies suitably insulated. Thus, it might seem that we have here the problem of distant communication solved. In fact, the first suggestion of the use of electricity in telegraphy was based on this property. When a charge of electricity has been obtained by the use of an ordinary electrical machine, this charge can be drawn off at a distant point, if a conducting channel properly insulated connects that point with the bodies (of whatever nature) which have been charged with electricity. In 1747, Dr Watson exhibited electrical effects from the discharges of Leyden jars (vessels suitably constructed to receive and retain electricity) at a distance of two miles from the electrical machine. In 1774, Le Sage proposed that by means of wires the electricity developed by an electrical machine should be transmitted by insulated wires to a point where an electroscope, or instrument for indicating the presence of electricity, should by its movements mark the letters of the alphabet, one wire being provided for each letter. In 1798 B  thencourt repeated Watson's experiment, increasing the distance to 27 miles, the extremities of his line of communication being at Madrid and Aranjuez. (Guillemin, by the way, in his "Applications of the Physical Forces," passes over Watson's experiment; in fact, throughout his chapters on the electric telegraph, the steam engine, and other subjects, he seems desirous of conveying as far as possible the impression that all the great advances of modern science had their origin in Paris and its neighbourhood.)

From Watson's time until 1823 attempts were made in this country and on the Continent to make the electrical machine serve as the means of telegraphic communication. All the familiar phenomena of the lecture-room have been suggested as signals. The motion of pith balls, the electric spark, the perforation of paper by the spark, the discharge of sparks on a fulminating pane (a glass sheet on which pieces of tinfoil are suitably arranged, so that sparks passing from one to another form various figures or devices), and other phenomena were proposed and employed experimentally. But, practically, these methods were not effectual. The familiar phenomenon of the electric spark explains the cause of failure. The spark indicates the passage of electricity across an insulating medium—dry air—when a good

conductor approaches within a certain distance of the charged body. The greater the charge of electricity, the greater is the distance over which the electricity will thus make its escape. Insulation, then, for many miles of wire, and, still more, for a complete system of communication such as we now have, was hopeless, so long as frictional electricity was employed, or considerable electrical intensity required.

We have now to consider how galvanic electricity, discovered in 1790, was rendered available for telegraphic communication. In the first place, let us consider what galvanic or voltaic electricity is.

I have said that electricity can be generated in many ways. It may be said, indeed, that every change in the condition of a substance, whether from mechanical causes, as, for instance, a blow, a series of small blows, friction, and so forth, from change of temperature, moisture, and the like, or from the action of light, or from chemical processes, results in the development of more or less electricity.

When a plate of metal is placed in a vessel containing some acid (diluted) which acts chemically on the metal, this action generates negative electricity, which passes away as it is generated. But if a plate of a different metal, either not chemically affected by the acid or less affected than the former, be placed in the dilute acid, the two plates being only partially immersed and not in contact, then, when a wire is carried from one plate to the other, the excess of positive electricity in the plate least affected by the acid is conveyed to the other, or, in effect, discharged; the chemical action, however, continues, or rather is markedly increased, fresh electricity is generated, and the excess of positive electricity in the plate least affected is constantly discharged. Thus, along the wire connecting the two metals a current of electricity passes from the metal least affected to the metal most affected; a current of negative electricity passes in a contrary direction in the dilute acid.

I have spoken here of currents passing along the wire and in the acid, and shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the plate of metal least affected as the positive pole, this plate being regarded, in this case, as a source whence a current of positive electricity flows along the wire connection to the other plate, which is called the negative pole. But I must remind the reader that this is only a convenient way of expressing the fact that the wire assumes a certain condition when it connects two such plates, and is capable of producing certain effects. Whether in reality any process is taking place which can be justly compared to the flow of a current one way or the other, or whether a negative cur-

rent flows along the current one way, while the positive current flows the other way, are questions still unanswered. We need not here enter into them, however. In fact, very little is known about these points. Nor need we consider here the various ways in which many pairs of plates such as I have described can be combined in many vessels of dilute acid to strengthen the current. Let it simply be noted that such a combination is called a battery; that when the extreme plates of opposite kinds are connected by a wire, a current of electricity passes along the wire from the extreme plate of that metal which is least affected, forming the positive pole, to the other extreme plate of that metal which is most affected, and forms the negative pole. The metals commonly employed are zinc and copper, the former being the one most affected by the action of the dilute acid, usually sulphuric acid. But it must here be mentioned that the chemical process, affecting both metals, but one chiefly, would soon render a battery of the kind described useless; wherefore arrangements are made in various ways for maintaining the efficiency of the dilute acid and of the metallic plates, especially the copper: for the action of the acid on the zinc tends, otherwise, to form on the copper a deposit of zinc. I need not describe the various arrangements for forming what are called constant batteries, as Daniell's, Grove's, Bunsen's, and others. Let it be understood that, instead of a current which would rapidly grow weaker and weaker, these batteries give a steady current for a considerable time. Without this, as will presently be seen, telegraphic communication would be impossible.

We have, then, in a galvanic battery a steady source of electricity. This electricity is of low intensity, incompetent to produce the more striking phenomena of frictional electricity. Let us, however, consider how it would operate at a distance.

The current will pass along any length of conducting substance properly insulated. Suppose, then, an insulated wire passes along a wire from the positive pole of a battery at a station A to a station B, and thence back to the negative pole at the station A. Then the current passes along it, and this can be indicated at B by some action such as electricity of low intensity can produce. If now the continuity of the wire be interrupted close by the positive pole at A, the current ceases and the action is no longer produced. The observer at B knows then that the continuity of the wire has been interrupted; he has been, in fact, signalled to that effect.

But, as I have said, the electrical phenomena which can be produced by the current along a wire connecting the positive and negative poles of a galvanic battery are not striking. They do not afford

effective signals, when the distance traversed is very great and the battery not exceptionally strong. Thus, at first, galvanic electricity was not more successful in practice than frictional electricity.

It was not until the effect of the galvanic current on the magnetic needle had been discovered that electricity became practically available in telegraphy.

Oersted discovered in 1820 that a magnetic needle poised horizontally is deflected when the galvanic current passes above it (parallel to the needle's length) or below it. If the current passes above it, the north end of the needle turns towards the east when the current travels from north to south, but towards the west when the current travels from south to north; on the other hand, if the current passes below the needle, the north end turns towards the west when the current travels from south to north, and towards the east when the current travels from north to south. The deflection will be greater or less according to the power of the current. It would be very slight indeed in the case of a needle, however delicately poised, above or below which passed a wire conveying a galvanic current from a distant station. But the effect can be intensified, as follows:—

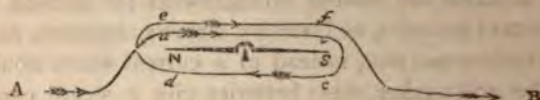


FIG. 1.

Suppose *a b c d e f* to be a part of the wire from A to B, passing above a delicately poised magnetic needle *N S*, along *a b* and then below the needle along *c d*, and then above again along *e f*, and so to the station B. Let a current traverse the wire in the direction shown by the arrow. Then *N* the north end of the needle is deflected towards the east by the current passing along *a b*. But it is also deflected to the east by the current passing along *c d*. For this produces a deflection the reverse of that which would be produced by a current in the same direction above the needle—that is, in direction *b a*, and therefore the same as that produced by the current along *a b*. The current along *e f* also, of course, produces a deflection of the end *N* towards the east. All three parts then, *a b*, *c d*, *e f*, conspire to increase the deflection of the end *N* towards the east. If the wire were twisted once again round *N S*, the deflection would be further increased; and finally, if the wire be coiled in the way shown in Fig. 1, but with a great number of coils, the deflection of the north end towards the east, almost imperceptible without

such coils, will become sufficiently obvious. If the direction of the current be changed, the end N will be correspondingly deflected towards the west.

The needle need not be suspended horizontally. If it hang vertically, that is, turn freely on a horizontal axis, and the coil be carried round it as above described, the deflection of the upper end will be to the right or to the left, according to the direction of the current. The needle actually seen, moreover, is not the one acted upon by the current. This one is inside the coil, the one seen turns on the same axis which projects through the coil.

If then the observer at the station B have a magnetic needle suitably suspended, round which the wire from the battery at A has been coiled, he can tell by the movement of the needle whether a current is passing along the wire in one direction or in the other, while if the needle is at rest he knows that no current is passing.



FIG. 2.

Now suppose that P and N are the positive and negative poles of a galvanic battery at A, and that a wire passes from P to the station B, where it is coiled round a needle suspended vertically at *n*, and thence passes to the negative pole N. Let the wire be interrupted at *a b* and also at *c d*. Then no current passes along the wire, and the needle *n* remains at rest in a vertical position. Now suppose the



FIG. 3.

points *a b* connected by the wire *a b*, and at the same moment the points *c d* connected by the wire *c d*, then a current flows along P *a b* to B, as shown in Fig. 2, circuiting the coil round the needle *n* and returning by *d c* to N. The upper end of the needle is deflected to the right while this current continues to flow; returning to rest

when the connection is broken at $a b$ and $c d$. Next, let $c b$ and $a d$ be simultaneously connected as shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 3. (It will be understood that $a d$ and $b c$ do not touch each other where they cross.) The current will now flow from P along $a d$ to B, circuiting round the needle n in a contrary direction to that in which it flowed in the former case, returning by $b c$ to N. The upper end of the needle is deflected then to the left while the current continues to flow along this course.

I need not here describe the mechanical devices by which the connection at $a b$ and $c d$ can be instantly changed so that the current may flow either along $a b$ and $d c$, as in fig. 2, circuiting the needle in one direction, or along $a d$ and $b c$, as in fig. 3, circuiting the needle in the other direction. As I said at the outset, this paper is not intended to deal with details of construction, only to describe the general principles of telegraphic communication, and especially those points which have to be explained in order that recent inventions may be understood. The reader will see that nothing can be easier than so to arrange matters that, by turning a handle, either $a b$ and $c d$ may be connected, or $a d$ and $c b$, or both lines of communication, interrupted. The mechanism for effecting this is called the *commutator*.

Two points remain, however, to be explained: First, A must be a receiving station as well as a transmitting station; secondly, the wire connecting B with N, in figs. 2 and 3, can be dispensed with, for it is found that if at B the wire is carried down to a large metal plate placed some depth underground, while the wire at d is carried down to another plate similarly buried underground, the circuit is completed even better than along such a return wire as is shown in the figures. The earth either acts the part of a return wire, or else, by continually carrying off the electricity, allows the current to flow continuously along the single wire. We may compare the current carried along the complete wire current, to water circulating in a pipe extending continuously from a reservoir to a distance and back again to the reservoir. Water sucked up continuously at one end could be carried through the pipe so long as it was continuously returned to the reservoir at the other; but it could equally be carried through a pipe extending from that reservoir to some place where it could communicate with the open sea—the reservoir itself communicating with the open sea,—an arrangement corresponding to that by which the return wire is dispensed with, and the current from the wire received into the earth.

The discovery that the return wire may be dispensed with was made by Steinheil in 1837.

The actual arrangement, then, is in essentials that represented in fig. 4.

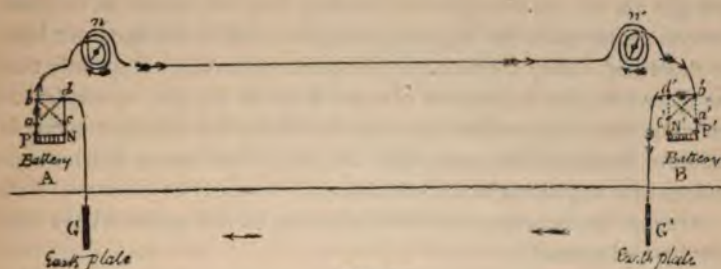


FIG. 4.

A and B are the two stations, P N is the battery at A, P' N' the battery at B; P' P' the positive poles, N' N' the negative poles. At *n* is the needle of station A, at *n'* the needle of station B. When the handle of the commutator is in its mean position—which is supposed to be the case at station B—the points *b' d'* are connected with each other, but neither with *a'* nor *c'*; no current, then, passes from B to A, but station B is in a condition to receive messages. (If *b'* and *d'* were not connected, of course no messages could be received, since the current from A would be stopped at *b'*—which does not mean that it would pass round *n'* to *b'*, but that, the passage being stopped at *b'*, the current would not flow at all. When (the commutator at B being in its mean position, or *d' b'* connected, and communication with *c'* and *a'* interrupted) the handle of the commutator at A is turned from its mean position in *one* direction, *a* and *b* are connected, as are *c* and *d*—as shown in the figure—while the connection between *b* and *d* is broken. Thus the current passes from P by *a* and *b*, round the needle *n*; thence to station B, round needle *n'*, and by *d'* and *b'*, to the earth plate *G'*; and so along the earth to *G*, and by *d c*, to the negative pole N. The upper end of the needle of both stations is deflected to the right by the passage of the current in this direction. When the handle of the commutator at A is turned in the other direction, *b* and *c* are connected, as also *a* and *d*; the current from P passes along *a d* to the ground plate *G*, thence to *G'*, along *b' d'*, round the needle *n'*, back by the wire to the station A, where, after circuiting the needle *n* in the same direction as the needle *n'*, it travels by *b* and *c* to the negative pole N. The upper end of the needle, at both stations, is deflected to the left by the passage of the current in this direction.

It is easily seen that, with two wires and one battery, two needles can be worked at both stations, either one moving alone, or the other

alone, or both together; but for the two to move differently, two batteries must be used. The systems by which either the movements of a single needle, or of a pair of needles, may be made to indicate the various letters of the alphabet, numerals, and so on, need not here be described. They are of course altogether arbitrary, except only that the more frequent occurrence of certain letters, as *e*, *t*, *a*, renders it desirable that these should be represented by the simplest symbols (as by a single deflection to right or left), while letters which occur seldom may require several deflections.

One of the inventions to which the title of this paper relates can now be understood.

In the arrangement described, when a message is transmitted, the needle of the sender vibrates synchronously with the needle at the station to which the message is sent. Therefore, till that message is finished, none can be received at the transmitting station. In what is called duplex telegraphy, this state of things is altered, the needle at the sending station being left unaffected by the transmitted current, so as to be able to receive messages, and in self-recording systems to record them. This is done by dividing the current from the battery into two parts of equal efficiency, acting on the needle at the transmitting station in contrary directions, so that this needle remains unaffected, and ready to indicate signals from the distant station. The principle of this arrangement is indicated in Fig. 5. Here *a b n* represents the main wire of communication with the distant station, coiled round the needle of the transmitting station in one direction; the dotted lines indicate a finer short wire, coiled round the needle in a contrary direction. When a message is transmitted, the current along the main wire tends to deflect the needle at *n* in one direction, while the current along the auxiliary wire tends to deflect it in the other direction. If the thickness and length of the short wire are such as to make these two tendencies equal, the needle remains at rest, while a message is transmitted to the distant station along the main wire. In this state of things, if a current is sent from the distant station along the wire in the direction indicated by the dotted arrow, this current also circuits the auxiliary wire, but in the direction indicated by the arrows on the dotted curve, which is the same direction in which it circuits the main wire. Thus the needle is deflected, and a signal received. When the direction of the chief current at the trans-



FIG. 5.

mitting station is reversed, so also is the direction of the artificial current, so that again the needle is balanced; similarly, if the direction of the current from the distant station is reversed, so also is the direction in which this current traverses the auxiliary wire, so that again both effects conspire to deflect the needle. There is, however, another way in which an auxiliary wire may be made to work. It may be so arranged that, when a message is transmitted, the divided current flowing equally in opposite directions, the instrument at the sending station is not affected; but that when the operator at the distant station sends a current along the main wire, this neutralises the current coming towards him, which current had before balanced the artificial current. The latter, being no longer counterbalanced, deflects the needle; so that, in point of fact, by this arrangement, the signal received at a station is produced by the artificial current at that station, though of course the real cause of the signal is the transmission of the neutralising current from the distant station.

The great value of duplex telegraphy is manifest. Not only can messages be sent simultaneously in both directions along the wire—a circumstance which of itself would double the work which the wire is capable of doing—but all loss of time in arranging about the order of outward and homeward messages is prevented. The saving of time is especially important on long lines, and in submarine telegraphy. It is also here that the chief difficulties of duplex telegraphy have been encountered. The chief current and the artificial current must exactly balance each other. For this purpose the flow along each must be equal. In passing through the long wire, the current has to encounter a greater resistance than in traversing the short wire; to compensate for this difference, the short wire must be much finer than the long one. The longer the main wire, the more delicate is the task of effecting an exact balance. But in the case of submarine wires, another and a much more serious difficulty has to be overcome. A land wire is well insulated. A submarine wire is separated by but a relatively moderate thickness of gutta percha from water, an excellent conductor, communicating directly with the earth, and is, moreover, surrounded by a protecting sheathing of iron wires, laid spirally round the core, within which lies the copper conductor. Such a cable, as Faraday long since showed, acts precisely as an enormous Leyden jar; or rather, Faraday showed that such a cable, without the wire sheathing, would act when submerged as a Leyden jar, the conducting wire acting as the interior metallic coating of such a jar, the gutta percha as the glass of the jar (the insulating medium), and the water acting as the exterior metallic coating. Wheatstone showed

further that such a cable, with a wire sheathing, would act as a Leyden jar, even though not submerged, the metal sheathing taking the part of the exterior coating of the jar. Now, regarding the cable thus as a condenser, we see that the transmission of a current along it may in effect be compared with the passage of a fluid along a pipe of considerable capacity, into which and from which it is conveyed by pipes of small capacity. There will be retardation of the flow of water corresponding to the time necessary to fill up the large part of the pipe; the water may indeed begin to flow through as quickly as though there were no enlargement of the bore of the pipe, but the full flow from the farther end will be delayed. Just so it is with a current transmitted through a submarine cable. The current travels instantly (or with the velocity of freest electrical transmission) along the entire line; but it does not attain a sufficient intensity to be recognised for some time, nor its full intensity till a still longer interval has elapsed. The more delicate the means of recognising its flow, the more quickly is the signal received. The time intervals in-question are not, indeed, very great. With Thomson's mirror galvanometer, in which the slightest motion of the needle is indicated by a beam of light (reflected from a small mirror moving with the needle), the Atlantic cable conveys its signal from Valentia to Newfoundland in about one second, while with the less sensitive galvanometer before used the time would be rather more than two seconds.

Now, in duplex telegraphy the artificial current must be equal to the chief current in intensity all the time; so that, since in submarine telegraphy the current rises gradually to its full strength and as gradually subsides, the artificial current must do the same. Reverting to the illustration derived from the flow of water, if we had a small pipe the rapid flow through which was to carry as much water one way as the slow flow through a large pipe was to carry water the other way, then if the large pipe had a widening along one part of its long course the short pipe would require to have a similar widening along the corresponding part of its short course. And to make the illustration perfect, the widenings along the large pipe should be unequal in different parts of the pipe's length; for the capacity of a submarine cable, regarded as a condenser, is different along different parts of its length. What is wanted, then, for a satisfactory system of duplex telegraphy in the case of submarine cables, is an artificial circuit which shall not only correspond as a whole to the long circuit, but shall reproduce at the corresponding parts of its own length all the varieties of capacity existing along various parts of the length of the submarine cable.

Several attempts have been made by electricians to accomplish this result. Let it be noticed that two points have to be considered : the intensity of the current's action, which depends on the resistance it has to overcome in traversing the circuit, and the velocity of transmission, depending on the capacity of various parts of the circuit to condense or collect electricity. Varley, Stearn, and others have endeavoured by various combinations of condensers with resistance coils to meet these two requisites. But the action of artificial circuits thus arranged was not sufficiently uniform. Recently Mr. J. Muirhead, jun., has met the difficulty in the following way (I follow partially the account given in the *Times* of February 3 last, which the reader will now have no difficulty in understanding) :—He has formed his second circuit by sheets of paper prepared with paraffin, and having upon one side a strip of tinfoil, wound to and fro to represent resistance. Through this the artificial current is conducted. On the other side is a sheet of tinfoil to represent the sheathing,¹ and to correspond to the capacity of the wire. Each sheet of paper thus prepared may be made to represent precisely a given length of cable, having enough tinfoil on one side to furnish the resistance, and on the other to furnish the capacity. A sufficient number of such sheets would exactly represent the cable, and thus the artificial or non-signalling part of the current would be precisely equivalent to the signalling part, so far as its action on the needle at the transmitting station was concerned. "The new plan was first tried on a working scale," says the *Times*, "on the line between Marseilles and Bona ; but it has since been brought into operation from Marseilles to Malta, from Suez to Aden, and lastly, from Aden to Bombay. On a recent occasion when there was a break-down upon the Indo-European line, the duplex system rendered essential service, and maintained telegraphic communication which would otherwise have been most seriously interfered with." The invention we may well believe "cannot fail to be highly profitable to the proprietors of submarine cables," or to bring about "before long a material reduction in the cost of messages from places beyond the seas."

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

(To be continued.)

¹ Not "to represent the gutta percha," as stated in the *Times* account of Mr. Muirhead's invention. The gutta percha corresponds to the insulating material of the artificial circuit; viz., the prepared paper through which the current along the tinfoil strips acts inductively on the coating of tinfoil.

EARLY ITALIAN NOVELS.

IN that famous Battle of the Books, which it is recorded by Swift was waged on a Friday in St. James's Library, and with which, in this present age of progress and enlightenment, everyone is, doubtless, quite familiar, we read of the discomfiture of Dryden by Virgil, and of Cowley by Pindar ; while the result of the engagement between Bacon and Aristotle is left undetermined ; but nothing whatever is said about the issue of the fight of the warriors drawn up respectively on the sides of ancient and modern narrative. It seems probable, however, that the Dean of St. Patrick's would, in this part of the engagement, have followed Fontenelle and Perrault, and have given the laurel to the moderns, though he was unwilling to give his verdict against Pliny in favour of Voiture, or to prefer the Cid of Corneille to the Agamemnon of Æschylus. There can be little doubt, one would imagine, as to the greater desert of the "Ivanhoe" of Walter Scott or "The Caxtons" of Bulwer when compared with the "Clitopho" and "Leucippe" of Achilles Tatius, or the Æthiopics of that backsliding bishop who is said to have resigned his ecclesiastical preferment in order to preserve his precious romance.

If a romance be considered as a monster, the result of an unnatural marriage between truth and falsehood, it may be allowed that the nearer it resembles the former, the likelier and more worthy it is to obtain regard. The greater interest in the nearer approach to reality of modern over ancient romances is as evident as their superiority in satire and in humour. The state of modern society would alone, *ceteris paribus*, render the new novel better than the old. The inferior condition of women among the ancients deprived them of the use of the most important part of the novelist's machinery. Women, we take it, are the life of novels. Two species of novel, at least, exist in great numbers at present, for which the ancients had no counterpart : the didactic novel, which overlays with a thin coating of the butter of fancy the solid and somewhat stale bread of philosophy, geography, or religion ; and that which the French call *le roman intime*, the novel of character, which rests principally on a delicate and minute analysis of the heart. Perhaps the chief interest of the old novel is an historical interest. It generally reflects pretty

accurately the manners and customs, the notions of piety and morality, the forms of thought and language which prevailed among the people who lived about the place, and the period of its composition, more accurately, it may be, than many of the so-called histories, of which such a reflection is the professed purpose. A straw, says Selden, if it be thrown up into the air will shew you the direction of the wind better than a carved and bulky stone. Distinguished for this historical interest, among many other excellences, are the works of the Italian *novellieri*. In England, these, with the exception of Boccaccio, Sacchetti, and a few others, are but little known. Even in Italy, owing to the difficulty of their ancient language and the obscurity of their involved allusions, they are seldom read. But the Italians are tolerably familiar with their names, at all events, and can quote them to round off a sentence as we quote Milton's "Paradise Lost," and St. Paul's Epistles, if not with the same accurate and complete knowledge of their contents.

While many of the Italian novels seem to be indigenous products of Italian intellect and imagination, many more may be traced to the "Fabliaux," to the "Gesta Romanorum," that rich mine of romantic jewellery, and to the "Fables of Bidpai" and others, the oldest fountains in the far East of all European fiction. But the Italian novels in their turn have not been without effect on subsequent literature, both narrative and dramatic. It is to the spirit of Italian fiction that we owe the shaping of the principal plot of "Cymbeline." Shakespeare had probably seen some translation or English adaptation of Boccaccio's ninth novel of the second day, a pure novel of adventure, and has given us Posthumus for Bernabò da Genova; Iachimo for Ambrogiuolo; and Imogen for Zinevra. The tale of Romeo and Juliet is a twice-told tale; in Italian romance we find it both in Bandello and in Luigi da Porta, who seem themselves to have derived it from the Ephesiaca of Xenophon. The reader will remember how, in that complicated story, whose pictures change with each chapter like those of a kaleidoscope, Habrocomas and Anthia fall in love in the temple of Diana, are married, and afterwards, by an oracle of Apollo, forced to travel over many lands and seas, which afford capital arenas for adventure with robbers and pirates. But the portion of the tale to which we must look for the immortal play of Shakespeare is that in which Anthia has been rescued from one of her numerous misfortunes with brigands, by the gallant young nobleman, Perilaus. Just as Juliet, apprehensive of her marriage with the county Paris, pretends consent, and then takes a strong soporific, so does Anthia to avoid the love of Perilaus. But there is this difference; Anthia

imagines her husband to be dead, and drinks the soporific under the idea that it is poison by the side of her nuptial bed. Deceived even in her desire of death, she is eventually carried away to Alexandria by some more brigands, of which there are incredible numbers in the story, who come to the sepulchre where she has been buried in search of the jewels with which she was adorned. Other plays of our chief dramatist are taken from these Italian novels, to which Chaucer and Dryden are also deeply indebted.

But it is the earliest of these Italian novels with which the present paper is principally concerned. Boccaccio, who is styled the first of the *novellieri*, cannot claim that addition in respect of time. He was preceded by Ser Giovanni, the author of the *Pecorone*, who again was preceded by the author or authors of the *Cento Novelle Antike*, or Hundred Ancient Novels. This collection, which is called by Italians *Il Novellino*, contains probably the oldest specimens of the vulgar idiom, and is regarded with proper respect and reverence as a precious touchstone of the Italian language. Its stories have at least one great advantage over those which succeeded, and were in many cases copied from, them. Most of them combine with their wit that stereotyped amount of decency and morality which is always expected in any anecdote offered up at the pure and spotless shrine of British public virtue. It is for this reason, perhaps, that some wanton writers have declared them to be destitute of any intrinsic excellence. Others again complain of an "utter absence of moral tone," of a want of "that by which the heart is made better;" but then no human work is perfect, and the *Novellino* contains many stories, which, besides being very amusing, have the additional advantage of being very short. Indeed, a long novel is almost as tedious as a sermon; it is its brevity, quite as much as the fact that example is better than precept, which makes a tale so much more instructive and interesting than a treatise on morality. The *Novellino* is, moreover, creditably distinguished by an absence of such satire on the well-known charity, generosity, sincerity, virtue, and true religion of the priests of its time as disgraced the pages of Boccaccio. None of its authors—for the diversity of its style points to more than one—were inspired by such a pretty princess as the Neapolitan Fiammetta to write such love tales as the present age is utterly unable to read. That musical and diffuse style, that *feierliche Geschwätzigkeit*, as it is called by Bouterwek, in which Boccaccio and his imitators enveloped tragedy and comedy alike, will not be heard echoing from its pages; but yet there will be found here and there traces, curious enough considering its time, of careful dissection of character; touches of nature

mingled with a pathos of sound and simplicity of diction, far removed from that style which the Italians call *azzimato*, and which appeal directly to the reader's attention.

The title of the *Novelle Antike* may show it to be a compilation of current stories of the period. In their first edition they are called "Flowers of speech of fair courtesy, valiance, and largess, after the deeds of many men in the olden time." The original text has of course shared the fate of other old texts, and been several times corrupted under pretence of correction, mutilated under pretence of expurgation. Notably, in the rejection of old tales in their entirety, and in the addition of new, there has been such an indulgence of editorial discretion as has attended our own old classics, few of whom, it is sadly to be feared, would recognise, were they condemned to return once more to this world, the changed children of their earthly imaginings.

The authors of the *Novellino*, living, as they probably did, at different times, could not, like the author of the "Decameron," enclose their tales within the frame of another tale, like the wheels within a wheel of the Hebrew poet. Not that this device was an invention of him who, as a writer, was worthy of that praise which Catullus bestowed on Cicero as an orator, *disertissimus Romuli nepotum*. It had been already employed by the monk Giovanni in the Dolopathos of the twelfth century, who probably derived it from the East. The framework in the "Arabian Nights" of the sleepless Scheherazade is familiar to most people. Some such frame is common enough in the early Italian novels. Cintio encloses his Hecatommithi in a sea-voyage from Rome to Marseilles. A similar device has been used by Bisaccioni. This kind of frame seems superior to the celebrated ones either of Chaucer or Boccaccio. In the former it is not easy to understand how over a score of people riding together on horseback could clearly hear the voices, unless unusually loud, of each one of the company in turn. Boccaccio supposes his tales to be told in ten days by an honest assembly of seven ladies and three young men, during that great sickness and mortality which proved the faith of the Florentines about the middle of the fourteenth century. In a meadow, over which the grass grows deep, and fresh, and green, where the sun's heat is tempered by tall and leafy trees, and where from time to time rises and falls a soft and cooling wind, these story-tellers sit in a circle, caring as little for the dead and dying in the doomed city only a few miles behind them, as for the cicada singing in the olive-trees over their heads. The objection to this framework is the want of limitation of time; the tales might as well have lasted, as far as the great sickness is concerned, for

twenty days as for ten. But the description of the sickness itself makes up for this defect. In this, as in the plague of Athens, related by Thucydides, from whom Boccaccio is said to have copied, we have the people dying, even without the doctors; the laws disregarded; excesses of all kinds perpetrated, as is ever the case in imminent peril, when men say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" the patients without assistance; the dead buried in a heap without distinction. But in addition to this there is a minuteness of detail in the Italian poet, an exactness of photographic portraiture, which reveals his own personal acquaintance with the pestilence he has recorded. On the other hand, however, Boccaccio, when he tells of the two pigs, which, after tearing infected rags, eftsoons fell on them, and, as if they had taken poison, gave up the ghost; and of the herd going out to pasture at dawn, and returning with full bellies at dusk, without any guide or shepherd—savours more of the poet than of the historian, though the latter incident must be allowed to add greatly to the graphic effect of the whole composition considered as a scene of sorrow and desolation.

The first stories here taken from the *Novellino* are those which group themselves with more or less foundation about historical characters. More than once, for instance, is that Ezzelin IV., surnamed the Tyrant, brought on the carpet. This "scourge of God," as he called himself, favoured the Ghibelline party. No man, though the world be rich in competitors for that title *par excellence*, seems to have done more to deserve it. Most of the illustrious families of Verona and Padua were exterminated by his means. The slightest suspicion, the most improbable proof, the least distinction of birth, wealth, or wisdom, was the cause of immediate imprisonment, followed by a summary death. He seems to have been distinguished by equal cruelty and courage, fidelity and licentiousness. He supported Frederick II. and his son Conrad in all their difficulties. His head, according to some, was staved in by a club in 1259, and he killed himself by tearing the bandages off the wound, or, as one of the authors of the *Cento Novelli* prefers, by striking his head against the pole of the tent where he was found after the battle of Casciano. Notwithstanding the 50,000 people who, we are told, perished by his orders, he was energetic, intelligent, and had the honour of being excommunicated by three pontiffs in succession. It would be a long yarn, *gran tela*, says one of his chroniclers, to tell you how he was feared, and most people know it already too well. On one occasion he was with the Emperor Frederick II., both on horseback with mounted attendants, and a wager was made

as to which had the fairer sword, and the money staked. The emperor drew his weapon, marvellously adorned with jewels and gold. "Mine," said Messer Azzolino, "is more fair, though not ornamented," and he too drew his sword; on which six hundred of his followers drew theirs at the same instant. But the emperor, seeing this cloud of weapons, confessed he had lost the wager. Azzolino wished that every man should live under his vine and under his fig-tree secure, and without precautions, as in the golden age. Once a countryman complained of his neighbour having stolen his cherries. The accused said: "Sire, send and see if it be not impossible, since the cherry-tree is surrounded with a quick-set hedge?" Azzolino, finding it was so, liberated the defendant forthwith, and condemned the plaintiff in a large sum, because he placed his trust in prickles rather than in the prescripts of his lord. But the best story told in this collection of Messer Azzolino, and one which shows a rare knowledge of human rascality, is that in which he made a proclamation of a general dole, to which he invited all the beggars, both male and female, in his district. They were to assemble and meet together in a meadow, where each was to receive a certain pittance, besides a good dinner. The news spread far and wide, and on the day appointed about a couple of thousand presented themselves at the place of meeting. The seneschals went among them with food and raiment. Each in turn was stripped naked; even their shoes were taken off, and new shoes and clothes were given to them with the promised repast. Then with one accord they all began to try to get their rags back again; but it was of none avail, for the servants, having piled them up in a heap, set fire to the lot. But amongst the cinders was found so much gold and silver as well repaid Azzolino for his expenditure, with something for himself to boot. After which he dismissed them with God's blessing.

The henchmen of Ezzelin, or Azzolino, had one day taken as bail a potter, and on bringing him to the judge, Messer Azzolino, who was in the judgment-hall, said: "Who is this?" One answered: "Sir, it is a potter." The word *olaro*, which he used, Azzolino understood as *ladro*, or "thief." Therefore he said: "Hang him at once." "But, sir," said they, using the same word *olaro*, "he is a potter." "Very good," answered Azzolino, "go and hang him." "But we tell you, sir, he is only a potter!" "And I tell you again, go and hang him." Upon this, he who sat on the judgment-seat, a man scarcely remarkable, it would seem, for quickness of capacity or ready intelligence, explained the *équivoque*; but all to no purpose, for, Messer Azzolino having three times given orders for his execution, the poor potter

was hanged. The story reminds us of Martial's ridicule of the petty pride of a certain barber named Cinnamus, who, by cutting off the end of his hereditary appellation, thought to make himself one of the ancient Cinna family. By the same kind of barbarous apocope, says the poet, if you were called Furius before, you would now be called Fur, or "thief."

Ezzelin, in the intervals of the abominations which the historians lay to his charge, seems to have amused himself with listening to tales. He had his own tale-teller, in fact, from whom, says the *Novellino*, he used to demand a story sometimes in the long nights of summer. One night it chanced that the tale-teller was exceedingly sleepy, nevertheless Azzolino begged him to tell a tale as usual. Then the tale-teller began to tell a tale of a rustic who possessed a hundred bezants. He went to market and bought sheep at half a bezant each. On his way home he found the river, which he had easily crossed before, swollen with a heavy rain. Hard by, however, was a little boat capable of holding only the rustic and one sheep. Into this he passed, quoth the tale-teller, with one sheep, and began rowing. Now, the river was very wide. So he rowed and he rowed, and—and the rest was silence, for here the tale-teller fell asleep. Ezzelin, anxiously expecting the *dénouement*, jogged him with his elbow. But the tale-teller yawned. "There are two hundred sheep: let them all pass over, in God's name; a year at least they'll take about it, and then—why, then, sire, I can tell you the rest of the tale." We are not informed about the issue of this daring observation of the tale-teller; probably, from Azzolino's well-known character, he was prevented from telling any more tales by summary decapitation. Such a punishment would seem to have been perfectly natural and just to his master, especially if there was another *novellatore* to be had of equal anecdotic abilities. The tale itself is of course much the same as that told by Sancho to Don Quixote, though in the mouth of the Father of proverbs it is improved by the accompaniment of extreme solicitude which he shows that the Cavalier of the lions—who happened, indeed, at that juncture to be in no humour for trifling—should keep an exact account of the sheep.

Of the noble Frederick II., the "very glass of form" as he is curiously enough here called, we read how on a day he received an embassy from that mysterious personage yclept Prester John. Whether this be the Grand Negus of Abyssinia, where the name is said to be altogether unknown, or the Emperor of Canguu mentioned by Marco Polo, is not here very material. Prester John is almost hopelessly covered with obscurity and confusion. The

fame of the Khan, says Gibbon, who is supposed to have received the rites of baptism, has long amused the credulity of Europe. In the novel before us, he is entitled a most noble Indian gentleman, who sent ambassadors with the question, "What is the best thing?" to try the wisdom of Frederick, as the Queen of Sheba came personally, with a very long train, to try ~~that~~ of the wisest of the world. The ambassadors presented Frederick with three precious stones, of which he applauded the beauty but inquired not into the virtue. With regard to the question, he replied, "Measure." Prester John said he was wise in word but not in deed, because, though his answer was just and satisfactory, he had asked no question about the real value and properties of the jewels. After an offer to make him Seneschal of his Court, which the Emperor Frederick appears not to have accepted, Prester John began to think the jewels were lost in the possession of one who did not comprehend their true value, and sought about how to recover them. At last he sent a lapidary, one of his dearest friends, with instructions to get them back at all costs. The lapidary opened a shop near the palace of Frederick, and exposed precious stones for sale. But when he saw any courtier, he gave instead of selling. His manner of transacting business procured him great custom in a comparatively brief period. At last this mercantile peculiarity was mentioned to Frederick, who sent for him, and showed him his imperial jewel-box. The lapidary made little account of it, but inquired if he had any other jewels. Then Frederick showed him the three he had received from Prester John. Then the lapidary was glad at heart, and taking up one stone he said: "This, sir, is worth the best city you possess." Taking up another, he said: "This is worth your best province." Lastly, taking up the third, he said: "This, sir, is worth more than your whole empire;" and saying this, he closed his fist on the jewels. Now, the virtue of one of them was to render him that pressed it in his hand invisible; and so the lapidary went away quietly down the steps and out at the palace door, unseen by the emperor or his Court, and came back to his master and gave him the stones, who received them with astonishing delight.

Crescimbeni makes this Frederick II. the father of popular poesy. He certainly wrote several Sicilian and Italian *canzoni*, and, being besides of a generous disposition, was continually surrounded by *trouveurs*, musicians, and skilled men in every art then known. One day he was washing his hands before dinner, when three masters of necromancy, dressed in long robes, approached him. He ordered them to show their skill. Incontinently the sky grew overcast, a heavy rain fell, with thunder and lightning, so that men's hearts failed them

for fear, and all the cavaliers fled into different corners of the room. The hailstones alone were like steel helmets. Again the heavens waxed sunny and serene, and the necromancers asked as a reward the assistance of the young Count of St. Bonifacio against their enemies. The emperor assented; the count went, fought three battles, destroyed the enemy, married and had children. His eldest son was now near forty, and the count, of course, an old man, when the masters of necromancy inquired if he would care to see Frederick again. "By this time he may be dead and buried, and everything will certainly be changed," answered the count. "Why should I return?" The masters began to laugh, and said: "Nevertheless, we will take you." After a long journey they came to the Court of Frederick, and found him still washing his hands before dinner, in every respect as they had left him.

No need for the ancient laws to have decreed such severe punishments against the *Tempestarii*, or those who raise tempests by the aid of devils, if they never employed their power worse than the masters of necromancy in this marvellous history. How well they will bear a contrast with Ovid's old Dipsas, who, like them—

Quum voluit, toto glomerantur nubila cœlo :

Quum voluit, puro fulget in orbe dies.

but also, alas! cleaved the ground with a song, would not allow the village fathers of the Romans to rest in their graves, violated the sanctity of the marriage bed, and never saw sober the mother of Memnon in her rosy chariot.

The tale entitled, "How the Emperor Frederick asked a question of two wise men, and what guerdon he gave them," relates to Frederick Barbarossa, though there is nothing to distinguish him, except the internal evidence of the tale, from that Frederick II. to whom the other tales connected with the Emperor Frederick apply. One of the wise men mentioned in this tale is Messer Bolgaro; the other, by no commendable system of abbreviation, is in all the editions styled simply Messer M. Bolgaro was a celebrated Bolognese lawyer, and flourished about the middle of the twelfth century. The Messer M. is a certain Martino Gosio, who held a rival school of law. Of Bolgaro an interesting fact is recounted, bearing reference to his family history. Having married a second time a woman of mature age, commonly believed to be a widow, but taken by himself for a maiden, he entered the law schools next day to give his usual lecture. His first words unfortunately were, *Rem non novam neque insolitam aggredimur*, which, interpreted by the students of the lady, whom he had found to be other than he

took for, nearly broke the benches with laughter and ironical applause. The question proposed to the wise men in the *Cento Novelle* is: "Can I, according to law, give and take to and from my subjects with no other reason than my will?" To this one of the wise lawyers—we are not told which—answers in the affirmative; and the other, as lawyers have been wont to do from time immemorial, in the negative. Then one is to be rewarded with a scarlet cap and a white palfrey, the other with permission to make a law as he lists. A question arises as to the distribution of these guerdons. It is held that he who replied in the affirmative should receive the cap and palfrey as a jester for saying pleasing things; but the other, who followed after justice, should have the privilege of an act of legislature.

To Frederick II. is also attributed the hanging of that worthy, who was so deeply loved by his chaste and modest wife, and regretted by her with more than wonted and wife-like demonstrations of distress; the wife who, as Jeremy Taylor says, "in the morning of her passion, on the grave of her husband, and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest." We refer to the well-known story of the Ephesian matron, told by Eumolpus on board Lyca's vessel, in Petronius. This Milesian fable seems, from the knowledge it displays of human nature, to have pleased many fabulists. It exists in the Seven Wise Masters, one of the oldest collections of Oriental tales, under the title of "The Widow." Here the conduct of the lady is aggravated by the circumstance of her husband's death from anxiety on her account. One day, while dividing bread for the family dinner, she had carelessly cut her hand. The husband, seeing it, died. This is a curious and touching evidence of the affection of husbands in the old days. But what did the widow? She dragged her husband from his tomb by a rope she had fastened round his neck, and cut his head open with a sword, besides knocking out two of his teeth with a stone, to make him like the body that had been stolen. Then she said to the stranger: "Marry me;" but he refused, as he does in the *Novellino*. The story is also amongst the Fables, that of the *Femme qui se fist putain sur la fosse de son mari*. But perhaps the best version of the legend is where we should least expect to find it—in the Chinese language. There, after some preliminary sentences of Confucius, such as—"Even the affection of blood-relations is often but a shadow," and "Tenderest love turns into most savage hate," we learn that a certain Tchouang-tsen, a philosopher, once upon a time married a certain Tian of Soung, whence the narrative is named "The Matron of the City of Soung." On a day Tchouang, who seems to have

been of a saturnine temperament, walked among the tombs of a neighbouring burial-ground. There he came upon a fresh grave, near which sat a lady in deep mourning entirely dressed in white. With a white fan she was fanning diligently the moist mound. Tchouang, conceiving the matter to be a mystery, politely inquired into the cause. "I am," said the woman, bitterly weeping, "a widow! He who lies here, my lost love, with his last words besought me to wait at least till his grave was dry before I married another;" and while she spoke she went on fanning. Said Tchouang: "Let me assist you in this pious action." He invoked demons accordingly, and the earth very soon became dry. The widow, overjoyed, presented him with her fan as a reward. Tchouang went home and composed some verses on the event. His wife Tian saw the verses, and said: "Where did you get this fan?" He told her, and she loaded the lady with maledictions as a disgrace to her sex and a dishonour to all humanity. She called her, indeed, a heartless monster, an image of insensibility. Tchouang immediately composed some more verses—"A painting shows the exterior but not the interior of an animal; one can see a woman's face but not her heart." His wife was displeased with these lines, and, having abused her husband, broke the white fan in pieces. Tchouang told her he was delighted with this display of vivacity at his idea of her being able to act in the heartless way of the widow. A few days after he fell ill and died. His last words, in spite of his wife's protestations of everlasting fidelity were: "What a pity you broke the fan!" She then appears to have given vent to the most violent grief. "All the neighbourhood," in the graphic words of the original, "resounded with her howls." But soon a young bachelor, in a dress of violet silk, a black bonnet, crimson shoes, and an embroidered girdle, appears. His name is Wangsun. Tian falls desperately in love with him, sends the body of her dead husband, with sundry contemptuous additions, to an old outhouse, and prepares the wedding feast and the bridal chamber. But just before the consummation so devoutly wished by Tian, an accident happens to Wangsun. An acute disorder seizes him, for which the king's physician has told him the only remedy is the brain of a man lately dead dissolved in warm wine. Off runs Tian with a lamp and a chopper to that old outhouse, turns up her sleeves, takes the chopper with both hands, and smashes the coffin, which Tchouang with salutary precaution had ordered of thin boards. Resting, out of breath with her exertion, she is surprised by seeing her husband suddenly sit up. He has recovered from a cataleptic fit. He follows her to his house, which he finds swept and garnished. "My dear," says she, "I have

been lamenting for you ever since you died;" and she hides her face in her handkerchief. Tchouang, after thanking her for this testimony of affection and regard, inquires how it is she has on a wedding garment? With the ready wit of a woman, she tells him she had a secret presentiment of her approaching felicity. "Good," says her husband; "why was my coffin in the outhouse?" As she has no reply, she naturally weeps; while Tchouang, having inspired himself with the warm wine, betakes himself to his wonted solace, and writes several verses on his wife's infidelity, concluding with a couplet, of which the burden is, that it is better to dry up a grave with a fan than to split open a coffin with a chopper. Tian eventually hangs herself. Her husband, with a highly laudable economy of expense, patches up his own old coffin and puts her carcass into it. He then composes more verses, and, having resolved never to marry again, sails on a distant voyage.

To return to the *Novellino*. Of the *Re Currado*, probably Conrad IV., son of Frederick II., and, like his father, excommunicated by Innocent IV., who also did him the honour of causing a crusade to be preached against him, we read that when, as a boy, he did amiss, his companions were beaten—a vicarious punishment, which is said in the novel to have had such good effect on Conrad as is not corroborated by his history. Of Conradin, his son, the last of the Hohenstauffen, who before his judicial murder at the age of seventeen cast his glove, the seed of the Sicilian Vespers, among the crowd, nothing is told. But we have, *en revanche*, a pretty tale of the love—*amar per amare*, as the Italians then called it—of his murderer, Charles d'Anjou.

Of our own history we read many things not known to Hume or Macaulay. Besides the tale of the black horse presented to Richard by Saladin, in which much dramatic effect is lost by the absence of the demon in the charger, there is a story of the great liberality and courtesy of a certain *Re Giovane*, probably the son of Henry II., who governed in Normandy during his father's lifetime. Roscoe, who unfortunately has chosen this story as one of his specimens of translation, renders *Re Giovane*, "King John;" and Dunlop, who wonders how "King John" obtained such high reputation in Italy, unless by his dastardly submission to the Pope, espouses the version of Roscoe. But the incidents of the account correspond little with the history of John, who is not proved to have revolted against his father so evidently as Henry, Geoffrey, and Richard; and Henry actually died at Château Martel of a fever during his father's life, exactly as is related in our story, where the courteous king, being deeply in debt, is made to say, with an affectionate and polite remem-

brance of his craving creditors, to the notary who attends him on his death-bed: "Write that I commit my soul to perpetual imprisonment until these excellent gentlemen are paid." Moreover, there is the correct word for John, *Giovanni*—and therefore *giovane* could scarcely be an orthographical error—in another tale, the old tale of the lean horse pulling at the wild vine attached to the church bell-rope, too short through wear and age, and the subsequent disgrace of the animal's owner.

Several of the fables are old favourites. There is, for instance, that of Narcissus and the fountain; but the fair youth is changed by Cupid, after his death from drowning, into an almond-tree, the tree which bears the first buds of spring and renews the fair time of love. The version is scarcely an improvement on that of Ovid, in which Narcissus is changed into the fruitless flower which is now known by his name, the saffron centre surrounded by snowy petals, which so soon withers and passes away. Nor is there anything in the Italian version about Echo and her unavailing affection; no speech of Narcissus before his death; no touches of poetical description like that of the solitary silver fountain, never ruffled by bird or beast, or falling branch, of which the fable of Ovid is so full. Then there is the story of Hercules, strong above all other men, who had a wife that troubled him sore. One day he went into the forest and there destroyed bears, lions, and all other innumerable wild beasts. But he came home with his clothes torn, and lions' skins on his back. "What news, my dear?" quoth his wife. "I come," said Hercules, "from the forests, where I have found the wildest beasts more manageable than you."

The novel from the *De Consolatione ad Helviam Matrem*, echoes the well-known notes of the Stoical philosophy, familiar to the classical reader, but may be caviare to the general. Seneca, wishing to console a matron whose son had lately died, said: "Were you a woman like the rest, I should not speak to you as I now speak. But since being a woman you have the intellect of a man, I say thus." He goes on to tell her it is wiser to receive consolation than to shut oneself up in a corner and refuse it. If, he says, you tell me you are weeping for your son, I answer it is not so; you weep for your own loss, that is for your own self, and it is a mean thing to do this; but if you say I weep because I loved him well; surely you loved him not less alive than dead; and if you weep for love, why did you not lament when he was alive, knowing he must die? "And thus," concludes the novel, "he consoled her." Of the same Seneca we learn in the *Novellino* that he beat Nero when he was a boy under his

teaching, and Nero, remembering the beating, soon after he became emperor condemned Seneca to death. Seneca's wife said: "How sad to die innocent!" "Surely better than to die guilty," answered the philosopher.

Of tales new to the writer of this article, though possibly old to many of its readers, there is that of the toll imposed in the land of a certain lord on those suffering from any bodily defect—a fruitful source of revenue which has not been sufficiently considered perhaps by the political economists of our time. On a day one comes to pass who is maimed of a foot; the toll-man demands his penny. The passenger refusing it, a scuffle ensues, on which he produces a hook, for he has no hand. "Now you owe me twopence," says he who sits at the receipt of custom. Further scuffling causes the passenger's cap to fall off, which he wore *à la militaire* over one side of his head, and shows him defective in an eye. "Now," says the other, "you owe threepence." Then succeeds mutual tearing of hair, and the toll-man finds his adversary has a scald-head, and demands fourpence. The moral is—submit quietly to legalised extortion and injustice, and get out of a difficulty as quietly and quickly as you can.

The ninetieth tale is the indiscreet action of a housewife, who had made an eel pasty and left it in her kneading trough. A mouse, enticed by the odour, entered the window. The housewife brought her cat and put him into the trough to catch the mouse. But the mouse hid itself among the flour, and the cat ate the pasty; and when the cover of the trough was removed, the mouse jumped out, and the cat was too full to follow him. More ingeniously constructed than this piece of fooling, quoted only to show the variety of subjects in the *Novellino*, is the story of the Greek king and his learned captive. Now, the intelligence of this captive soars above the stars, and from him the king learns that his fine Spanish steed has been nourished on asses' milk, that one of his jewels contains a live worm, and that he himself is a baker's son. The reason of this wisdom in the captive was his faculty of observation. He had noticed that the horse's ears bent downwards; that the jewel was warm; and, as the king had given him half a loaf daily for the first discovery, and for the second a whole loaf, he had correctly formed his conclusion concerning that particular unchastity of the king's mother to which he owed his birth.

Of the novels imitated by Boccaccio, there is that of Filippo Balducci, who, on losing his wife whom he much loved, left the world and took refuge with his only son, a child of two years, in a little hermitage on Mount Asinajo. There the boy saw nobody but his

father, and heard nothing but prayers and holy talk of God and the saints for sixteen years. Then the father, thinking him little likely to be seduced by any influence of this world, took him one day to Florence in his usual quest of provision. Here the youth saw many things, and amongst them a bevy of girls. He inquired of his father what these might be ; who forthwith replied, with a perfect intrepidity of lying only perhaps to be acquired in religious solitude, "Green geese." His son, forgetting all the rest of the wonders he had seen, asked immediately for one of them, and the father repented him of his journey. This story of Boccaccio is taken from one of our ancient novels, where a king brings up his son in a dark cave, because astrologers had told him that if his child saw the sun before he was ten years old he would lose his sight. Afterwards many beautiful jewels and other idle toys are put before the boy, and among them some women, whom the king names—not so unnaturally as Balducci—devils. These the king's son prefers to all the others. This incident has been often imitated—by La Fontaine, amongst other authors, in *La Coupe Enchantée*. Again, Boccace has taken the famous tale of the three Rings, by which the Jew, whom the prince of Italian novelists names Melchizedek, disappoints the greed of Saladin. The story is best known in the German version of Lessing. The tale of the King of Cyprus, Guy de Lusignan, whose character was wholly reformed by a casual observation of a lady of Gascony, occupies two pages in Boccaccio, while in the *Novellino* it is included in about a dozen lines. Several other tales of the *Cento Novelle* have, in like manner, been extended, and almost always improved, by him. But turning over its old pages we fall upon an anecdote which admonishes us of the tediousness of too long an article. A company of cavaliers and other persons were taking supper one evening in a grand house at Florence, where there happened to be present a courtier, a man of exceeding garrulity. After supper he began a tale, which seemed to be interminable. Then one, calling him by name, said : "He who taught you that tale taught you not the whole of it." And the tale-teller asked : "Why not?" But the other answered : "Because he never taught you the end." Upon which the tale-teller, being abashed, straightway became dumb.

JAMES MEW.

OLIVER CROMWELL AT HAMPTON COURT.

FORTY-THREE years ago was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a copy of the lease of the Manor of Hampton Court, granted by Sir Thomas Docwra, prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell, to Cardinal Wolsey. This was the first time that the words of the lease had appeared in print, and whenever since the lease has been required it has been taken from the Magazine.

It is, therefore, a somewhat curious coincidence that the same Magazine is now enabled to publish particulars of the greatest interest relating to Hampton Court, *temp.* Oliver Cromwell, which have, up to the present, never been laid before the public. We refer to what is described as an "Inventory of Goods and Servants at Hampton Court," taken by order of the House of Commons in June 1659. This interesting document is preserved at the State Paper Office, amongst the uncalendared papers of that period. The reason for taking the inventory is set forth in a sort of preamble, and is alleged to have been "so as there be not embezzlement of" the goods. Cromwell died in September of the previous year, and, in anticipation of the arrival of Charles II., it was thought undesirable to allow the palace to be stripped.

The inventory is valuable for many reasons. It links the days of Charles I. with those of Charles II., and encloses much of interest relating to Cromwell, as we are supplied with the names of the occupants of the several apartments, not only during the Protectorate, but also in the time of Charles I. The list enumerates the contents of nearly 100 rooms; but tradition asserts that when the palace was first completed it contained 1,500. Nor is the inventory confined to the palace. The committee who drew it up mention the statues in the gardens; they reported upon the watercourses, numbered the deer in the parks, and named the servants that remained.

The gentlemen entrusted with this work were the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. C. Dendy, and Mr. John Embree; and no auctioneer's clerks ever did their work more thoroughly. Not only are the con-

tents of all the rooms specified, the quality of the curtains, the bedding, the coverings of the chairs, and the hangings on the walls described, but every article in the wardrobes, the pantries, the larders, the pastry room, the kitchens, and the scullery is duly chronicled.

The committee were accompanied over the palace by Mr. Richard Marriott, "who looketh to the wardrobe and house," says the inventory; and he appears to have been the deputy at the time of Mr. Kennersley, "who was of late ordered to be housekeeper as well as wardrobe-keeper." Marriott knew the history of every picture, every piece of furniture, and every culinary article; and the committee under his directions placed a mark against everything that had belonged to Cromwell. By the use of this inventory an antiquary would find no difficulty in furnishing any dwelling-place of that period, from a royal palace to the meanest cottage in the land.

Mr. Marriott not only commended himself to the good opinion of Sergeant Dendy and his friend, but he won favour of those who came in with Charles II.; and we find from a characteristic entry in Pepys's diary that when Charles II. made Hampton Court a residence, Marriott filled the office of housekeeper. Under date July 23, 1665, Pepys says: "To Hampton Court, where I followed the king to chapel, and there heard a good sermon. . . . I was not invited any-whither to dinner, though a stranger, which did also trouble me; but yet I must remember it is a Court, and indeed where most are strangers: but, however, Cutler carried me to Mr. Marriott's, the housekeeper, and there we had a very good dinner and good company, among others Lilly the painter."

It would be wearisome to the reader to give more than a few extracts from this inventory, and a selection is therefore made of some of the principal rooms.

According to tradition, Cromwell's bed-chamber was upon the ground floor; and in the time of Charles I. it was used as a day room. A legend relates that upon one occasion Charles I. was standing with some of his children at the open window of this room when a gipsy woman made her appearance, and solicited permission to tell the fortune of the royal children. This was refused by the king; whereupon the woman, drawing a small steel mirror from her basket, invited the king to look in it. The king took the mirror from the woman's hand, and looking upon the face saw the reflection of a decapitated head. He shuddered, turned pale, and with trembling hand returned the mirror. The woman, seeing the king's agitation, said: "When a dog dies in the room you now stand in, your son will

regain the throne." This was the very room in which Cromwell was first seized with the illness which resulted in his death, and while he lay sick in bed a favourite dog that he possessed was found one morning at the door dead. When Cromwell got a little better he hurried away to Whitehall, where, a few days after his arrival, he died.

The bed-chamber contained, according to the inventory :—

- 5 pieces of fine tapestry hangings of Vulcan and Venus.
- 2 window-curtains, one of scarlet baize, the other of serge.
- 1 small couch of fly-coloured damask, and cased with watchet baize.
- 2 elbow chairs " " "
- 4 back stools " " "
- 1 black table with a turned frame.
- 1 pair of andirons with double brass.
- 1 pair of creepers with fire-shovel and tongs.
- 1 pair of bellows.

In his dressing-room were :—

- 1 old coberd.
- 1 Spanish table.
- 2 small Turkey carpets.
- 1 pair of andirons with double brass.
- 1 pair of creepers, and fire-shovel, tongs, and bellows.
- 4 back stools of Turkey work.

There is a "bed-chamber" inventoried which there is reason to suppose was the one used by Charles I., and which remained unoccupied and unfurnished during the time of Cromwell.

The Earl and Lady Falconberg's bed-room (son-in-law and daughter of Cromwell) had been stripped before the inventory was commenced; but we are told that in one of their rooms, formerly occupied by the Duke of Richmond, the walls were hung about with old green perpetuano; and there were two back stools, three folding stools, and one foot-stool covered with "old green cloth."

The Lady Frances (daughter of Cromwell), widow of Mr. Rich, had "lodgings, formerly the late king's cabinet room;" and the principal room was furnished as follows :—

- 5 pieces of tapestry hangings of Meleager.
- 1 piece of tapestry hangings of Sorteene.
- 1 feather bed and bolster.
- 1 holland quilt.
- 1 pair of andirons with double brasses.
- 1 pair of creepers, and fire-shovel, tongs, and bellows.
- 2 window-curtains of red baize.

All of which belonged to Charles I.

There were three rooms used by Lady Claypole (Cromwell's favourite daughter) as nurseries: one was at the end of the passage

leading to the tennis court; a second was a portion of the armoury, "a room hung round with striped stuff;" and the third was a room formerly belonging to the Bishop of Canterbury, which, from the furniture and hangings, must have been the largest and best.

The principal apartments used by Lord and Lady Claypole were also stripped before the inventory was taken.

Colonel Philip Jones, the Comptroller, occupied as a bed-room that which had formerly been the Lord Chamberlain's.

The lodgings of all the personal attendants on those named are fully described. "In a room below stairs where the servants dyne, formerly called the Vestry," there were five tables and eight forms.

Colonel William Cromwell, and John Howe the preacher, had bed-rooms adjoining each other. Howe's bed-chamber is described as containing the following: "The room hung round in grey-striped stuff; one standing bed, with feather bed and bolster, two blankets and a rug, the furniture of the like striped stuff;" one bed had a "head-cloth and four curtains." Dr. Clarke lay not far from Mr. Howe, and in his room were "one half-headed bedstead, one deal table, and a form."

There were two wardrobes, which were filled with a large assortment of useful articles; and then the inventory descends into the kitchen, scullery, pastry, and flesh larder.

In looking over the inventory it is curious to note that only four looking-glasses are mentioned. This could not have arisen from any scarcity of that article at the period, because in the celebrated inventories of the palaces of Henry VIII. there are fourteen mentioned and fully described. The first mentioned in Hampton Court was in the "rich bed-chamber," and is thus described—"one large looking-glass in an ebony frame." Then, "in the lower wardrobe" were "two small looking-glasses, one of them being broke." The fourth hung in a room which in the time of Charles I. was occupied by the Bishop of Canterbury, and during Cromwell's Protectorate was used by his daughter, Mrs. Claypole, as a nursery. The description is as follows: "One large looking-glass in an ebony frame, with a string of silk and gold." The absence of any further reference to looking-glasses is rather suggestive. Perhaps Oliver Cromwell objected to them on principle, as leading to vanity; or possibly such as were in use were regarded as personal property, and the owners carried them away when they left the place.

After the return of Charles II. an aspirant for royal notice published a book, which he called "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell," in which he charged "Joan"

with being niggardly in the details of her table ; but this inventory tends to dissipate the slander, because it shows her to have possessed a very extensive collection of kitchen utensils and appliances : copper pots and pans, iron crevets, brass pots, scummers of brass, " moulds or pattipans," abound. In the scullery were pewter dishes of five several sizes, while the trencher plates are numbered by dozens. In the pastry every article—dishes, colanders, pans, and chasers—was of brass ; the candlesticks were of pewter, and the snuffers were " lined."

The garden boasted of sun-dials, a large fountain surmounted with a brass statue of Arethusa, and a number of brass and marble statues. The inventory gives the following list of statues as standing on " pedestals of stone :"—" In the Privy Garden, one brass statue of Venus, one brass statue of Cleopatra, one white marble statue of Adonis, and one white marble statue of Apollo." Only one of these statues remains in the grounds of Hampton Court ; and that one, singularly enough, is up to the present time styled erroneously by the guide books and by the palace guides "*Dianna*." This is of brass, and stands upon the summit of a kind of triumphal arch of stone in the middle of the round pond in Bushey Park. The figure is one of extreme beauty. The left hand is upon the breast, supporting the drapery, and in the right hand, which hangs down by the side, is a golden apple. There can be no doubt that this is the figure of Venus mentioned in the inventory, which, by some gross blunder, has been of late dubbed *Diana*. George II. is credited with having removed all the other statues to the grounds of Windsor Castle.

In the House or Home Park there were computed to be 700 head of deer ; and in Bushey Park thirty red deer, and " 1,700 great and small " of other deer.

Hampton Court has been greatly altered since Cromwell's time, and there is not one chamber which is now associated with his memory. The Great Hall of course remains, in which were two organs ; the larger one a gift from Cromwell's friend Dr. Goodwin, president of Magdalen College, Oxford ; but the hall is more closely associated with the grand entertainments given by Wolsey, and the revels of Henry VIII., than with Cromwell. In like manner the chapel is only in a general way associated with his memory.

More interesting reminiscences will occur in " the Mantegna Gallery," as it is called, after the painter of a series of pictures now hung in it. In Cromwell's time this was called the " Long Gallery." The pictures, nine in number and of gigantic size, formed at one time part of a collection belonging to the Marquis of Mantua,

the whole of which Charles I. purchased at a cost of £80,000. They represent the Triumphs of Julius Cæsar, and were painted by Andrea Mantegna. Their excellence and beauty have never been questioned, but this is not the place to say more. Cromwell must have looked upon these grand pictures every time he strode along the gallery. They seem now to identify themselves with his spirit, and to depict the ideal triumphs that he would fain have won for England.

In the Great Hall, also, there are several pieces of tapestry that occur in the inventory. Amongst the relics adorning the Armoury there may be some from the battle-fields of Naseby, Dunbar, or Worcester, but the history of each article is only conjectural. The Mantegna pictures, a few pieces of tapestry, and the statue of Venus are the only things to which we can with certainty attach any reminiscences of Cromwell. We certainly know that he walked about the gardens and hunted the deer in the parks, but neither the gardens nor the trees were then in the form that they are now; and it is only by the valuable aid of Mr. Greenhill, the able Clerk of the Works, that one can distinguish that which is old from that which is new. A large portion of the palace is now occupied by ladies popularly called "The Queen's Pensioners;" and our acquaintance with the palace is limited to the State apartments. But Mrs. Heaton, the Queen's housekeeper, who is solely responsible for the charge of all the rooms, will, upon suitable application and proper reasons given, permit the royal chapel to be inspected.

Seven days after the funeral of the Lady Elizabeth, Cromwell was so far recovered as to go out into the parks, and the good news was circulated throughout the kingdom; yet seven days more, and he traversed the pebbly way that led to the water gallery, and embarked in his barge for Whitehall to resume his place at the head of the Council of State. This was August 24: on September 3 he was dead. Like a hero, he died in harness at his post.

The Palace of Hampton Court has witnessed many vicissitudes in the lives of those who have resided there; it is associated with the pageantries of Wolsey, the revels of Henry VIII., and with many a scene of regal joyousness; but the sorrows and the deaths it has witnessed have cast a gloom over its history, and ultimately caused it to be omitted from the list of royal residences, although it is reputed to stand upon the most healthy spot within twenty miles of London.

Here Edward VI. was born, but here his mother, Jane Seymour,

died. Here Queen Mary and Philip of Spain spent their dull honeymoon; and here Queen Elizabeth held her Christmas festivities. Here James I. sat as Moderator, and listened to the arguments of Presbyterians and Churchmen; and here Queen Anne, his wife, died in 1618. Here Charles I. and Queen Henrietta spent their honeymoon; and here Charles I. was kept a prisoner previous to his trial and execution. Here Mary Cromwell was married to Earl Falconberg in 1657; and here, in 1658, died little Oliver, and his mother, the Lady Elizabeth; while almost at the same time Cromwell himself was seized with the illness which eventually terminated in his death.

These are a few only of the events that have made this palace dear to the nation. The recital might have been lengthened, but it was not necessary. We know how pleasures and sorrows almost mingled together; how music and dancing preceded and followed after suffering and death; but, in the opinion of many, the palace derives a more special interest from its association with the last weeks of Cromwell's life, and the gathering about him there of his relatives and friends, than it does from masques or revels, the honeymoons of queens and kings, or the deaths of many sovereigns.

JOHN B. MARSH.

TABLE-TALK.

ONE great difficulty in the way of obtaining accurate intelligence concerning the particulars of the struggle now beginning in the East arises from the ignorance that prevails concerning the districts in which the more active fighting may be expected. Names of places are spelt according to the caprices of the European traveller or geographer, or according to some effort he makes to reproduce in English the sounds of a different tongue. We thus find two rivers that flow into the Black Sea variously called the Tchorek and the Tchoruk, and the Tschoroch and the Tscholoch. Mr. Valentine Baker, in his "Clouds in the East," gives an account of the astuteness by aid of which the Turks outwitted the Russians at the close of the campaigns of 1828 and 1829. In making a fair copy of the deed which fixed as the limit of Russian possession the more southern river, the clerk substituted that of the more northern. By this trick the port of Batoum, one of the few serviceable harbours in the Black Sea, was retained by the Turks. This story is told also by Count von Thielemann, who about two years ago passed through the Caucasus. It is, however, familiar enough to Englishmen who have any knowledge of Southern Russia. Long before the war was declared I was told by an English resident on the Caucasus that the lightest price at which Russia could be bought off was the port of Batoum, out of which she supposed herself to have been "choused."

THE use of the slang word with which I have closed the preceding sentence is defensible in the present case if in no other, since its origin dates back to a similar exercise of Moslem ingenuity. In 1609 a messenger from the Grand Signior, otherwise a *chiaous*, sent over by Sir Richard Shirley, cheated some English merchants out of four thousand pounds, and the term immediately passed into a synonym for a swindler. In "The Alchemist" of Ben Jonson is a conversation between Dapper and Face, in which the word is shown to be synonymous with a Turk:—

<i>Dapper.</i>	What do you think of me,
That I am a Chiaous?	
<i>Face.</i>	What's that?
<i>Dapper.</i> The Turk was here,	
As one would say, oh you think I am a Turk.	

Ford classes the Chouses with "Tag, rag, or other, hoger-mogen, varden, and skip-jacks." The word is employed in a similar sense by Hakluyt and by Butler in "Hudibras."

I SEE it is "suggested"—what will people *not* "suggest?"—that a yacht should be fitted out as a locomotive club-house, and sent about during the summer months, with its complement of members, instead of their remaining stationary in Pall Mall. The promoter of such a scheme can never have been proposed for a club himself, or, at all events, never could have got in, or he would surely never have entertained such a monstrous notion. Why, one of the chief reasons a man has for leaving town in autumn for a month of peace and quietness is to avoid the club bore; to introduce whom upon shipboard would be as wicked as to place dynamite to explode by machinery, or to invite the inroads of the *Teredo Navalis*. Imagine the being shut up *at sea*—where even the most charming persons become hateful—with the club bore! Perhaps, after all, however, our "promoter" means well; he has his eye upon a good number of horrible people who now infest our social institutions, and who (he knows) will swallow this bait and join this novel yacht club; and he has taken precautions (known only to Mr. Charles Reade and scuttlers) to prevent their returning to their native land. If so, and if his scheme succeeds, he will be a public benefactor.

FROM a paper read by Mr. Frederick Martin before the Statistical Society, on the subject of the Comparative Progress of Population, I glean some curious particulars. Nine European States were passed under review by the lecturer, with the result of showing that, apart from such disturbance as is caused by circumstances like emigration, the average increase of population is greatest in England and Wales. Sweden and Denmark come second and third, Prussia fourth, and the Netherlands fifth. Then follow Austria, Spain, and Italy, and lastly France. It is thus seen that the increase is most rapid in the countries in which the Protestant religion is professed. I have no theory upon this subject, and leave it to those more ingenious in conjecture or more familiar with investigation to form one. As a simple statement of fact, however, the comparison has interest.

COMPLAINT is made—and, I fear, justly—that modesty is growing rare, which makes it the greater pity that where it does exist it should not meet with encouragement. A friend of mine,

Mr. A., in opulent circumstances, but by no means deficient in sagacity, is so painfully shy, that he hardly dares enter a jeweller's shop—though very fond of presenting *cadeaux* to his lady friends—lest the proprietor should think he has some nefarious object—an idea, I must say, which his nervous appearance is calculated to inspire. At one establishment, however, he had made acquaintance, through frequent visits, with one of its foremen, and got to patronise it at last without any embarrassment. A few weeks ago, not having purchased anything at this shop for some time, he repaired thither to buy a bracelet for a bride elect. He inquired as usual for his friend, and was told that Mr. B. was on leave of absence, which very much upset him. He did, however, make his purchase, and presently went home. At his own door he was met face to face by a policeman in plain clothes, who it seems had followed him all the way. "I am Detective C., sir, and I must ask you for all you know about Mr. B., his antecedents, his position, and his present dwelling-place?" My friend had never seen the man except behind the counter, and he said so. "That is unfortunate," sighed the detective; "we were in hopes you were a friend of his, and could give us some information; for the fact is, he has absconded from his employers' with more than £1,000 worth of their property." Poor A. has never set foot in a jeweller's shop since, and entertains a strong impression that he remains permanently under the surveillance of the police.

IF the "*République des Lettres*," which is the organ of the youngest and most enthusiastic school of French literature, is to be trusted, a great man, whose untimely fate has been bewailed, is still in existence. Alexander Petöfi, the Hungarian poet—the Burns of Hungary, as he has sometimes been called—whose songs stimulated to revolt the students at Pesth, and exercised upon the minds of his countrymen an effect that would be better understood if we could combine the influence of Burns in Scotland with that of Dibdin in England and of Béranger in France—was supposed to have died in Transylvania fighting as the aide-de-camp of Bem against the Russians. His body was never found, and rumours that he was living in retirement were from time to time disseminated. Now, however, according to the journal mentioned, the poet is discovered to be a prisoner in Siberia. As Petöfi was born in 1823, he is still, comparatively speaking, young. It is not likely, however, supposing the tale to be true, that Russia will speedily release a man of this stamp. She acquiesces fully in the idea of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, that the man who makes the ballads of a nation is of more importance

than he who makes the laws, and she will keep her Hungarian linnet safely caged. It might not be wise, I think, under certain circumstances, for Mr. Swinburne to venture too near the Russian dominions. Singing birds have always been the victims of exceptional cruelty of treatment.

ONE by one the monuments of Old London are disappearing, and there are few places now remaining, except our public buildings, to which, on account of any association, real or supposed, with past greatness, our imaginations can turn. There are few persons of antiquarian taste who have not once in their lifetime visited the Talbot or Tabard Inn, Southwark, that still preserves the associations of the Canterbury Pilgrims. I use the word "still," since a portion of it yet remains. It is, however, rapidly disappearing before the march of improvement, more than half of it being already destroyed. At the corner of the entrance to the yard a modern luncheon bar has been built, which will serve in some way to mark the spot, since it has taken the name—"The Old Tabard."

IN spite of the artificial condition of society, there are still some charming examples of *naïveté* to be found even in a London club-house. At a very famous one, the other day, two notorious personages were elected "by the committee," as can be done with a certain fixed number per annum of "gentlemen of eminent and meritorious character." One committee-man was asked, why on earth they had elected such people? "Why not?" was the reply; "and besides, if we had not done it, it is certain that they would never have got in by the ordinary way."

I AM glad to hear that Lady Essex, the wife of the fifth Earl, once the famous Kitty Stephens, still graces society. The Lady Essex in whose honour the memorial window was placed in Watford church, was wife to the sixth Earl. If, as may fairly be inferred from Johnson's famous line, that those who "live to please must please to live," the space of life is proportionate to the amount of pleasure accorded, years of existence are still in store for one who, among many other claims to distinction, was the best Polly (in the *Beggar's Opera*) the present century has seen. Leigh Hunt says of her singing in this part, that it is "like nothing else to be heard on the stage, and leaves all competition far behind;" while Talfourd, a scarcely inferior critic, expresses his admiration in such terms as "unaffected simplicity, quiet pathos, and graceful tenderness, which enchant me."

TWO critics were disputing the other day upon the literary merits of a certain well-known, much-read, but slightly "wishy-washy" poet. "You may say what you like," said the counsel for the defence, "but that man has made his mark in the world." "Very true; that is because he can't write," was the reply.

AMONG the matters which the war between the Russ and the Turk seems likely to settle is the question of the importance of torpedoes in naval warfare. At the present moment there is a ferment about these inventions, attributable doubtless to the fact that their powers are as yet unknown, and that the most active element in fear is generally ignorance. An appeal has been made against their use on the ground that, like chain-shot and explosive bullets, they are so terrible an implement of warfare that their employment should be prohibited. I fear a proposal of this kind, coming from the first naval power in Europe, and consequently from the nation that has most cause to dread their action, would move Europe to derision. I think, moreover,

If an enemy's fleet came round by the hill yonder, and, escaping our Channel squadron, got to the mouth of the Thames, there would be little compunction felt in blocking up with torpedoes the channel that led to London. In urging upon the world humanitarian projects, our motives must be above suspicion. So far, the Turks have suffered little from the torpedoes laid down by the Russians. Can it be that Muscovite ingenuity is once more getting the better of Muscovite patriotism, and that the famed torpedoes are, like those picked up after the Italian war, mere dummies?

THE philosophy of dreams has been often investigated without much coming of it. The most curious part of the subject is the confusion of places, persons, and things which takes place in dreams. The other day, however, I heard of a confusion of *ideas* occurring to a dreamer which I believe to be unique in its way. He was a constant whist-player, and it often happened that after a long sitting he was introduced, during what was by no means his "beauty-sleep" (if that takes place only before midnight), to the intimate companionship of the kings and queens and knaves of the four suits, like another "Alice in Wonderland." But once he found himself in *this* unimaginable quandary. He dreamt he was in a very narrow lane, in which he had the misfortune to meet the thirteenth club, and *not being able to pass it, he trumped it.*

SYLVANUS URBAN.

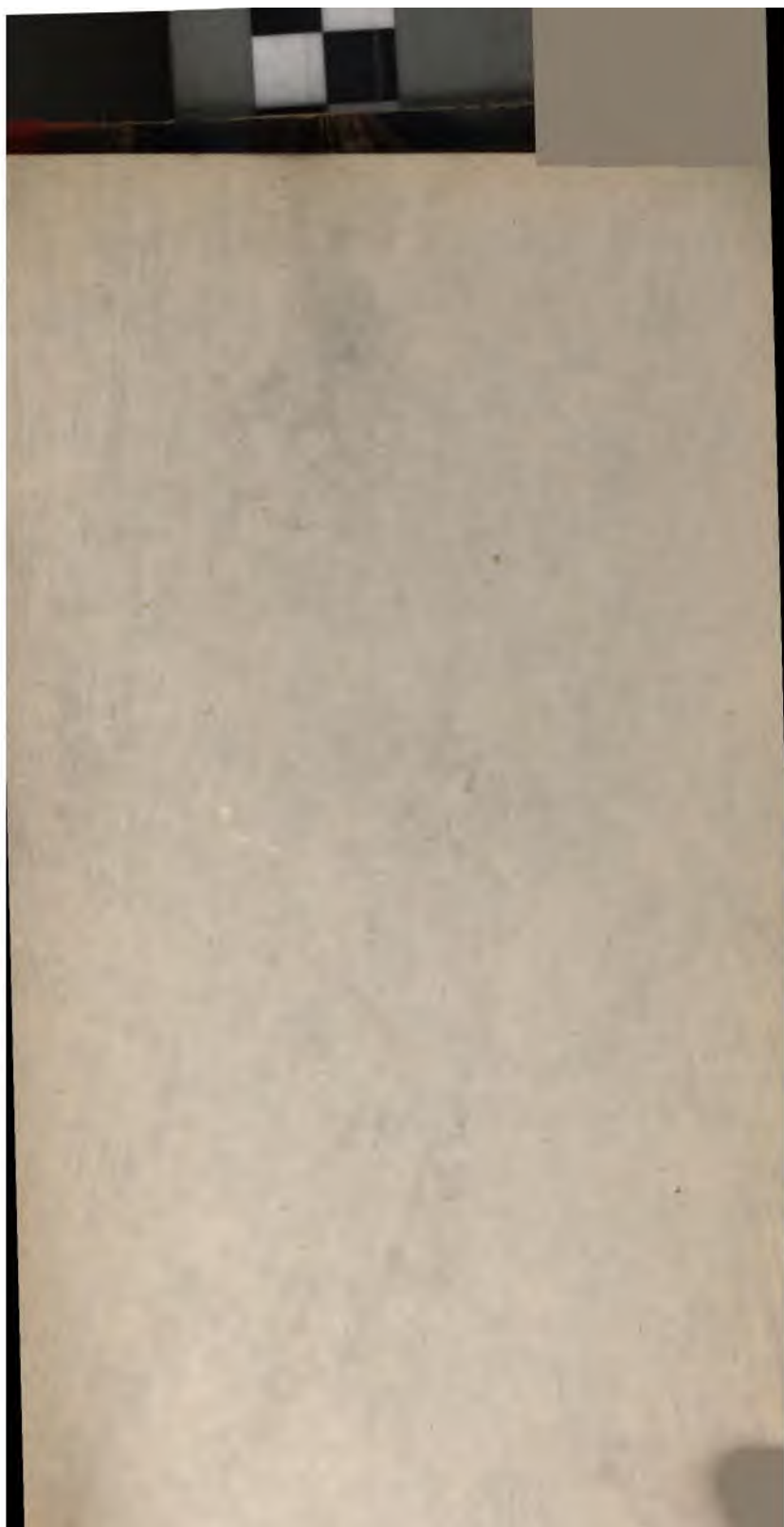


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